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F. J. Blake

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
UN
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME VI

PARTS XXVI. TO XXX. JANUARY—JUNE, 1868.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 25.

JANUARY, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

‘A merry merry Christmas,
And a happy bright New Year!’
These words of joyous greeting
Once fell on many an ear.

But now in fear and trembling
We scarcely dare rejoice;
The memory of past sorrow
Has saddened heart and voice.

Then shall we breathe no wishes
For happier days to come?
And shall no words of greeting
Be uttered in our home?

No—for each voice would falter,
And mingling with our tears,
Our smiles would beam but sadly,
Our hopes would yield to fears.

Then let us change the greeting
That sounded loud and clear,
‘A merry merry Christmas,
And a happy bright New Year,’

To prayers that many a blessing
From Heaven may descend,
To lighten up the pathway
Of every earthly friend;

The faith that shineth brighter
Oft mid the storms of life;
The peace that sometimes dwelleth
Mid scenes of care and strife;

The hope that e'en may lighten
 The darkest clouds of woe;
 The love that ever gleameth
 When hearts are sad below.

These be our Christmas wishes
 For those we love on earth,
 The hearts that feel our sorrow
 As once they shared our mirth.

S. P.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. I.—FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

(In Sapientia disponens omnia Eterna Deitas.)

IN His Wisdom ordering all things well, the Eternal Deity
 Saw and pitied us long bound in chains of dire adversity.
 Then from highest heaven the Angel on his secret errand sped,
 Bearing earthward that the Father of His Son had promised.
 He the Virgin greeteth, saying, Thou shalt God and Man conceive,
 Primal Cause of things created, born the nations to relieve.
 Nor delayed she long, but answered, Be it so; and full of grace
 Bore the Light the Church to lighten, bore the Sun of Righteousness.

Upon the shepherds Light hath shined,
 Not on the proud ones of mankind.

Within a manger He is found
 Whom neither earth nor heaven can bound.

The Star its brilliancy doth shed,
 For Jesse's Rod hath blossomed.

The Royal Sages from afar
 Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Circumcision suffered He
 Who was born to set us free.

He the Jordan's flowing tide
 To our cleansing sanctified.

Him the Virgin offereth,
 Sacrifice to save from death

Simeon in his arms at length
Beareth Israel's Hope and Strength.

By the Saviour's power out-pourèd,
Wine from water-pots hath come ;
Sight is to the blind restored,
Feet to lame, and voice to dumb.

None other unto us is given,
Than God the Son, the King of Heaven.

So let the courts celestial sing
The praise of their exalted King. Amen.

A NEW-YEAR'S PAPER.

ON WISHING TO BE YOUNG AGAIN.

'Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

'If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

'Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come, life and light.'

Lady Nairn.

SOME of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* are probably acquainted with the above lines,* and know something respecting the character of the good and beneficent woman who wrote them.

* See *The Monthly Packet*, July, 1867.

My own particular object in recurring to them at this season is partly because the thoughts they suggest seem to me suitable to a New Year, and partly because I have been led to know, in consequence of an enlarged circulation which has been given to the lines in question, that there are considerable differences in the degree of assent given to Lady Nairn's summary decision in the first two of them: and these differences interest me, and may interest our readers.

There is great unanimity in the feeling of admiration for the little poem itself, and the spirit of its writer—its elevated, yet evidently natural tone; but it has been said to me more than once, 'I am afraid I *do* wish "to be young again!"'—said with a feeling of humility, but with manifest sincerity—said, as if the speaker was fully conscious of an opposition to the decrees of Heaven, (if such a wish were allowed to triumph over better thoughts,) but still as one penetrated by the sense of past short-comings, and willing even to encounter much bygone trouble, for the sake of correcting errors, and acquiring a more elevated present standing-point.

This case (and there have been several such) has, I confess, excited in my mind much of sympathy and tenderness. I dare not say the feeling is wrong; though it may, no doubt, if indulged in, pass on to what is wrong. I cannot think that the past should be excluded from bearing its *present* fruit, even in sad wishes and regretful longings. We have done wrong.—We have lost an opportunity of doing good.—Who says we are not to be sorry for it, though the offence happened long ago?—Who says it is not part of our discipline to wish (though vainly) we could redress the wrong, and recall misspent time?

‘When anxious Memory numbers o’er
Each offer’d prize we fail’d to seize,
Our friends laid low, whom now no more
Our fondest love can serve or please,’ *

surely the dissatisfaction is salutary, and from it we may advance to better things—the higher future may grow out of an unsatisfying past.

Yet I think it is clear that we must not yield readily to dreamy contemplation of these things, when they excite wishes which are doubtless formed in ignorance—perhaps with presumption, only a little disguised. We ‘know not what we ask,’—know not, when we flatter ourselves that we should SOAR, how an earthward force might drag us down lower than in our past beginnings. The clearest, the only clear duty, indeed, presented to us in such retrospects, is to pray that our bygone days may bear their legitimate natural fruits in lowly thoughts of ourselves, and a more earnest perpetual application to the Holy Spirit of our God for newness of purpose and deed. Step by step we may thus advance to a higher state, where we may forget ‘the things that are behind.’

It may be said, however, that our good Lady Nairn was not looking

* Mrs. Barbauld. Ode to Remorse.

so deeply as this into the matter—that she was simply combating the lightness and lowness of mind which could lead some to dwell upon the past *pleasures* of life as objects of desired recall, instead of looking on to nobler objects. Yes; this doubtless *is* the mark she aims at. Who will not agree with her here? and yet I cannot believe that she would have found any fault with pleasurable recollections of a happy youth. I think, if she ever read Henry Vaughan, she would have enjoyed and sympathized in those beautiful lines of his, called ‘The Retreat:’—

‘Happy those early days, when I
Shone in my angel infancy.

* * * *

While yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love;
And, looking back at that short space,
Could catch a glimpse of his bright face;

* * * *

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,’ &c.

The view may be too poetical; but I own I see no harm in such casual ebullitions of memory. Childhood and youth may be, and are sometimes, very beautiful, and not to own them as such is repaying blessings with ingratitude.

‘Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower,’

yet every new spring might reprove us if the sense of its enjoyments were denied or frustrated by our own unnatural efforts to undervalue them.

Varieties in human feeling, on this and kindred subjects, there must be—founded, as they are, upon the habits and characteristics of individuals. Thus we are amused by Mrs. Gaskell’s clever bringing out of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson’s wishes in her ‘Wives and Daughters,’—the former wishing he could live on to see the effect of this or that scientific discovery,—the latter grumbling over her disappointing past, because, when she was young and handsome, as handsome as Cynthia—for ‘though she had not her dark eye-lashes, her nose was straighter’—there are *now* many more rich young men than there were in her time. And here, in quite a different manner and mode, are Lamartine’s beautiful lines, though still French in their mannerism:—

‘Pour moi, quand le destin m’offrirait à mon choix
Le sceptre du génie, on le trône des rois,
La gloire, la beauté, les trésors, la sagesse,
Et joindrait à ces dons l’éternelle jeunesse,
J’en jure par la mort, dans un monde pareil,
Non, je ne voudrais pas rajeunir d’un soleil,

Je ne veux pas d'un monde où tout change où tout passe :
 Où jusqu'au souvenir tout s'use et tout s'efface :
 Où tout est perissable ; fugitif, incertain :
 Et le jour du bonheur n'a pas de lendemain.'

MEDITATION XVIII.—*Lamartine.*

Once more to recur to Lady Nairn, whose *verses* are happily not her all. We know that she gave freely of what she possessed to those who needed it, and that she greatly helped a devoted servant of Christ* in a work designed for the glory of God and the good of men. It cannot be doubted that her heart was in the right place. Her last piece, printed since her death, is on 'The Dead who have died in the Lord;' and thus it ends:—

'Oh! weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
 Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er.
 Let the song be exalted, triumphant the chord,
 And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord.'

It is most refreshing to take to ourselves the memory of such a woman, and to follow where she is gone. It is well known that she scrupulously denied herself any indulgence of personal fame or praise; the good she did was known to very very few—only to those who could help her in her aims. Such cannot, neither need it be, the course of all who minister in various ways to the wants of their fellow-creatures. The great thing is to be ready at all points, public or private, wherever we are needed, caring little whether we are known or unknown—caring only to do God's work in His own way.

Who shall say what claims the coming year may have upon us? the poverty or sickness we may have to grapple with around us—the evils of insubordination, of ignorance, of vice? For these and more, let us strive to be prepared, knowing Whose arm is ever outstretched to defend the right; and that, whatever divisions there may be around us, God and goodness are eternally ONE.

T.

THE EPIPHANY IN SPAIN.

(AFTER THE SPANISH.)

PART I.

It was a cold cloudy December night, raw, dark, and silent.

A detachment of soldiers, on their way to a neighbouring seaport, there to take ship for America,¹ arrived at a retired

* Dr. Chalmers.

¹ 'America,' *par excellence*, denotes South America in Spanish, just as it implies North America among us.

*pueblo*¹ of Andalusia, just as the sun, disappearing behind the distant horizon, cast its lingering rays like a mantle of glory, round the mysterious and fantastic silhouette, outlined against the enameled sky by the buildings for which Roman, Goth, and Moor have contended to create such picturesque types.

The officer in command, as he looked out of the inn window, could not but observe an excitement unusual in so quiet a place, and at so late an hour. Through the utter darkness he could just make out that various groups were busily stirring along the streets, and thickening in the Plaza. He easily contrived to attach himself to one of these groups without being observed, and was soon satisfied that though the voices that emanated from them were soft and low, the fancied conspirators were by no means formidable, and in size quite beneath the notice of his men.

'In tia² Belem's cottage there are plenty of *zambombas*,' said one voice energetically.

'Tia Beatriz has tambourines as well as *zambombas*,' interposed a shrill treble voice, clear as a pipe.

'Tia Belem has got *tortas*,' rejoined the first voice, in a peremptory tone.

'And tia Beatriz has got *buñuelos*,³ and *mistela*,⁴ and *palillos*!'⁵

These extra attractions carried the day.

'Let's be off there!' cried all the voices in chorus; and thither the children fled like a flight of sparrows.

Tia Beatriz was a childless widow, of good age and better proportions, neat, good-natured, charitable, and devout. She lived alone with one old servant—tia Parona—who was in disposition of unmixed vinegar, and in person small, shrunk, skinny, wrinkled; and her squinting eyes, black as *cisco*,⁶ might have startled Fear himself.

The house of tia Beatriz was already full to overflowing when the flight of sparrows arrived.

'Off with you! make yourselves scarce! Begone with your whole swarm!' exclaimed tia Parona, who happened at the moment to be

¹ *Pueblo*—answering to *paese* in Italian, and *bourgade* in French—has no exact equivalent in English. It is of greater importance than a village, without having attained the dignity of a town.

² 'Tia,'—*aunt*. 'Tio,' and 'tia,' are common titles among the Spanish peasantry for those whose age and integrity gives them a position of esteem in their respective villages. It was archly remarked by one of them in allusion to the lavish distribution of titles at the modern court, that that of 'tio' was the only distinction worth having, as it is the only one which was never yet bought or sold.

³ Light sponge-like cakes, made by dropping a ladleful of batter into a deep pan of boiling oil. They are taken out a rich golden colour, and served with pounded sugar.

⁴ Spiced sugar and water, with a touch of brandy.

⁵ Castanets.

⁶ Cakes of fuel, composed of coal-dust mixed with water, which makes a dull black, and suggests none of the sparkle of 'black as a coal.'

standing in the entrance adding oil to the lamp, which was just beginning to close its sleepy eyes.

The new arriviers were in no way intimidated. Crowded as the place was, the warm lustre of many tapers, the balsamic fragrance of spice and pastry, and the gladsome tones of pipe, timbrel, and song, were enticingly perceptible, and not to be so easily renounced.

‘Glide in first, Juancillo,’ said the little one of the treble voice to the biggest of her boyish companions. Juancillo slipped like an eel through the grasp of tia Parona, who tried to eject him, crept between the legs of the men, the others following closely behind him as smoothly as if they had been well soaped.

‘Bad luck to your skins, spawn of the evil one!’ growled tia Parona. ‘Why didn’t you remain quietly in the intention of the Creator, and leave the world at peace!’

‘For shame, tia Parona!’ said the widow; ‘isn’t to-day the very festival of children—to-day the Noche-buena?’¹

‘*Their* festival is *every* day,’ retorted tia Parona; ‘and what spot on earth is there where the little wretches don’t put their eye-lashes? Would that another Herod would come to deliver us!’

‘Tia Parona, let them all in; the *Niño Dios* (the child-GOD) wants to have them round Him.’

Right glad of heart were the children when they found themselves in the brightly lighted room, admiring the handsome *Nacimiento*. And who ever saw a *Nacimiento* without being moved? We smile, and yet we are touched at the fantastic efforts to produce deep caves and grottoes out of cork and gummed paper, where an anachronistic hermit kneels before a crucifix, and an equally anachronistic sportsman climbs and points his fowling-piece at a partridge of the proportions of a swan, while a still more anachronistic smuggler, with cloak and slouched hat, hides himself and his packet of cigars behind a card-board rock, as the cortège of the Magi passes by. Who misses a glance at the willing little donkey, carrying his overpowering load of wood sturdily over an ambitiously-spanned bridge of paper masonry; or the emerald meadows of baize, where the little white lambs are pastured? and who escapes a shiver from the coating of hoar-frost, so well imitated in steel-filings, or a longing to have a good warm at the highly-coloured fire which the shepherds have kindled for the Infant Saviour? Or who fails to look through the broken glass, which so aptly represents a frozen river, for the fishes and tortoises and crabs reposing on the golden sand, their proportions quite other from those a naturalist would ascribe to them? On this side an ass and a rabbit contend for the prize in the size of their ears; and opposite them an ox and a snail have a similar contest as to the length of their horns; while the birds that flutter among the lentisc branches forming the back-ground of this enchanting *tableau*, seem to

¹ *Noche-buena*, emphatically *the good night*, is the Spanish vernacular for Christmas Eve.

have been collected from all the countries of the world. In front is the lowly straw-roofed hut peering out of a blaze of tinsel, where the Divine Infant lies enthroned; and the shepherds approach in mystic dance to the cadence of their pastoral music. For our own part, we never look at one of these representations without seeing reflected in it the innocence, simplicity, and poverty of spirit which form the basis of the whole edifice of Christianity.

As our little flock of sparrows edged their way through the crowded room, a *cancion*, either of those appropriated to the season, or improvised at the moment, as is often the case, was being sung by a young boy, while two little children danced before the *Nacimiento*; at the end of each verse, the voices of the whole party joined in chorus, and the two children, who had been dancing, with glistening eyes and burning cheeks knelt down, and with extended arms sang out, '*Por ti! por ti!*'

Coldly printed on paper the words may seem tame, but if you witnessed the earnestness of the baby faces, and the fervour of the infantile forms, you also would have appreciated its meaning:—'*Through Thee we are Christians; by Thee we are saved; for Thee our hearts beat; from Thee is all our joy; in Thee would we die;*' and then all the throng cries '*Por ti! por ti!*'

Other joyous songs succeed the first; and new groups of children, escaping the vain opposition of tia Parona, effect an entrance from time to time. An especial opportunity is afforded them when the door is opened wide to admit the Alcalde of the village, a robust old man, with a 'comfortable swelling,' a little Cræsus in his way, who managed tia Beatriz's land for her, and went shares with her in her farming speculations. There had been a time when it was thought he might have shared something dearer than her speculations, but the widow was deaf to every suggestion of the sort, her state of widowhood was as the apple of her eye. The Alcalde was followed by his Alguacil, Florin, who of all the village alone could tame the spirit of tia Parona; and as the gamins were perpetually tormenting him on account of his grotesque figure, the two friends found an exhaustless subject of confabulation in abusing every living being under the age of twenty.

'A glass of *mistela* for the Alcalde, tia Parona,' cries tia Beatriz.

'Tia Parona has given it all to Florin!' called out a treble from the group of children, but without any responsible editor.

'It's an abominable falsehood!' retorts tia Parona, as she lifts triumphantly a great jar of *mistela*, and pours out to the Alcalde.

'Mocking our grey hairs! who ever saw the like!' she exclaims, as she again takes her place by Florin's side.

'Ah! the world is upside-down!' sighs Florin sympathetically.

The Alcalde drinks off his *mistela*, and at the earnest appeal of the whole company, and his own great satisfaction, sings with his deep bass voice, while the *zambomba* and *pandereta* keep time—

Pues la noche está fría,
y está serena,
canten los villancicos
de Noche-buena
de Noche-buena.

El Niño ya ha nacido
venid, pastores,
no le temais al frío
ni a sus rigores.

A un portalito pobre
se han retirado
donde el buey y la mula
lo han albergado.

En un portalito
su cama ha sido
una poca de paja
que han recogido
que han recogido.

Aunque en Belen te vea
tan pobrecito
te creo rey poderoso
pero muy rico
pero muy rico.¹

‘Another!’ ‘Another!’ cry all the children; and without more pressing
he intones the following:—

Ha nacido en un portal
tendido de telarañas
entre la mula y el buey
el Redentor de las almas.

Y dijo Melchior
toquen, toquen esos instrumentos
y alégrese el mundo
que ha nacido Dios.

Esta noche nace el niño
entre la paja y el hielo
quien pudiera, niño mio
vestirse de terciopelo.

En Belen tocan á fuego
del portal sali la llama
es una estrella del cielo
que ha caído entre la paja.

Yo soy un pobre gitano
que vengo de Egipto aquí
y al niño de Dios lo traigo
un gallo quiquiriquí.

Yo soy un pobre gallego
que vengo de la Galicia
y al niño de Dios le traigo
lienzo para una camisa.

¹ The night is cold,
The night is clear;
The carols sing
Of Christmas dear.

The Child is born;
Come, shepherds, come;
Fear not the cold,
So far from home.

In out-house poor
He's lain to rest,
Where ox and mule
Have made His nest.

That out-house poor
Contains His bed,
A little straw
They've gathered.

I see Thee here
In Beth'lem, poor,
Yet own Thee rich,
Yet Thee adore.

Al niño recién nacido
 todos le traen un don
 yo soy chico y nada tengo
 le traigo mi corazón.¹

There is an excitement of greetings at the door, and *tio* Gaspar, a shepherd with *zamarra*,² wallet and crook, looking a very shepherd of Bethlehem, comes in. He is an universal favourite, and his entrance is a signal to strike up the pastoral carol with the refrain—

And when the little angels saw
 Their Child-God lying on the straw,
 They danced before Him with their might
 All through that chilly Christmas night.

As its last verse dies away, the *Animas*³ rings; and amid the solemn hush which succeeds, a faint wailing sound is heard without. The contrast between its despairing accent and the glad sounds within is immediately perceived by all in the room. At its first utterance everyone is riveted to his place with horror; at its second sounding there is a simultaneous movement towards the door. The first to reach the street is *tia* Beatriz, at whose heels the *Alcalde* closely follows; there is hardly time for others to make their way out before the widow re-appears with a child in her arms.

¹ Born in an out-house,
 Covered with cobwebs,
 Between the mule and ox
 The Redeemer of souls.

And Melchior said,
 Sound, sound the timbrel,
 And let the world rejoice,
 For God is born.

The Child is born to-night,
 Covered with straw and ice;
 Who could, child of mine,
 Dress himself in velvet?

In Bethlehem they cry 'Fire!'
 That out-house seems in flames;
 A star has fall'n from Heaven,
 And lies among the straw.

I'm but a simple gipsy,
 And come from Egypt here,
 To the Child of God I bring
 A cock, quiquiriqui.

I'm but a poor Galician,
 And I come from Galicia,
 To the Child of God I bring
 Linen for His swaddling.

That tender new-born infant,
 All bring Him gifts from far:
 I'm but a child, who nothing owns,
 I offer Him my heart.*

* In the above meagre attempts, we have endeavoured to convey at the same time an idea of the simplicity, the terseness, and the epigrammatic point of the original carols. To have written them in good metre would have been to destroy their character at once. The terminations, 'far' and 'heart,' are perhaps as good instances as could be found in English of the assonances so much used in Spain in the place of rhymes, and which govern the terminations of the above lines.

² Rough sheep-skin suit.

³ The evening bell rung in many countries an hour after that of the 'Ave Maria,' for the psalm *De Profundis* to be said for the souls in Purgatory.

All who know the charity of women in general, and of Spanish women in particular, and their tender regard for any little one in distress, will readily conceive that all present gathered round the foundling with expressions of compassion, and caresses. Tia Beatriz, all in tears, clasps the infant to her bosom, and exerts herself to restore his warmth. The women vie with each other in seconding her efforts; one fetches him broth, another wine. He might have been two years old, and was poorly clad in a maroon coloured tippet of coarse cloth, and had on his head a knitted cap of crimson wool.

He did not belong to the village; all were sure of that. There, there was no mother who would abandon her offspring. Some one travelling along the road must have deserted him. The poor little thing, far from being reassured by all the kind attention of which he was the subject, seemed alarmed by so many strange faces, and hid his face and sobbed out, 'Mother!' It was the other children who first succeeded in pacifying him. One peeled a chestnut for him; another brought him a cake, another shewed him a doll, and the owner of the shrill treble we have already heard more than once, quite won his heart by singing nursery rhymes.

With the smile on the child's face the good humour of all present returned, and he was soon sufficiently at home to tell that his mother called him 'Meme,' by which it was easily recognized that his name was Manuel.

'And what on earth will you do with the child?' asked the Alcalde.

'What *should* I do with him?' responded the good widow; 'take care of him—adopt him, of course. Is it not the *Niño-Dios* who has sent him to my arms through the cold of this bitter night? Could I leave him out there in the wind!' and turning to the Nacimiento, she exclaimed with great earnestness and feeling, 'Lord, I receive him from Thy hands; and vow that I will be a mother to him—*por ti, por ti!*'

The neighbours highly applauded her intention, quoting the proverb—*quien bien hace, para si hace*, (whoso does a good action, finds his account in the end.)

Tia Parona warmly objected to the arrangement, and declared to Florin she should keep quite aloof from the boy's education. Why did the heretic of a mother leave her child there! Did the Jewess imagine that her mistress's respectable house was a foundling hospital? And what was the use of bringing up children; she had herself brought up two sons, and when they were old enough to work for her, the King had taken them and the French had killed them!

PART II.

Six years passed, and Manuel had grown into a handsome boy of eight years. The widow, now turned forty, was still pleasing, gentle and kind, as of old. The Alcalde had increased somewhat in embonpoint, but had

not gained one inch of ground in pressing his suit with the widow. The parchment-skinned tia Parona was neither more old nor more ugly nor more skinny than before, as she had already reached that degree of each of these three *anti-graces* which knows no 'more,' and in her friendship for Florin she stood likewise at the same degree.

The day when we take up our narration was Twelfth Day, the morning of which had been spent by tia Beatriz in dressing up Manolito as a little angel.

Over a tight-fitting dress of pink silk he wore a little white tunic, trimmed with silver, fastened on the shoulders and breast with brooches of sparkling stones, and confined round the waist with a silver belt; on his head, a wreath of roses. Little slippers were fastened to his feet with silver sandals, and wings of brilliant feathers completed the costume.

As soon as he was duly decked, his adoptive mother led him to the church. The *misterio* was placed at the foot of the altar. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were represented by two handsome effigies, and between them lay the new-born Infant resting on the straw. On each side knelt a little child costumed as an angel, with its hands clasped in an attitude of adoration. Manuel was well adapted to the part he had to play, and it would be impossible to conceive a prettier or more touching *tableau vivant*. Everyone in church was moved almost to tears by it. In the meantime the ceremony proceeded. Men, dressed as shepherds, entered, bearing their offerings to the Divine Child, dancing up to the altar with slow and solemn movements, like the majestic dance of the *seises*¹ of Seville.

After the shepherds, came a deputation of the most important men of the villages, dressed to represent the Magi, mounted on handsomely-caparisoned horses, and followed by a royal suite. A brilliant star preceded them. Arrived at the church door, they dismounted. The first who entered bore the aspect of a venerable old man with white hair and beard. Kneeling before the manger, and making his offering, he exclaimed, 'I bring incense, as to God.' The second, who represented King Gaspar, knelt down in like manner, and after putting down the offering he had brought, said, 'I bring Thee myrrh, as to a priest.' The last, the Negro King Melchior, brought an offering of gold, saying, 'I bring Thee gold, as to a king.'²

¹ *Seises*—choristers. It is said that on one occasion of the Moors invading Seville they were making their way into the Cathedral, when a number of young men thought of the stratagem of pretending to receive them with solemnity; went through one of their elaborate Andalusian dances all the way up the long nave, thus giving the priests and others time to escape with the sacred treasure of the sanctuary. In celebration of this event the unique ceremony above alluded to was instituted.

² Another Spanish custom for the celebration of the Epiphany—but one more jocose than devotional—consists in parties going about the towns with a ladder, which they every now and then induce some credulous clown to ascend, in order to look out for the coming of the Magi and their train! It is very curious to speculate on the condition of a mind from which the element of chronology is so utterly wanting, that the original event and the late celebration of it become identical in its imagina-

If there was anyone present whose eyes were not riveted on this devout and simple ceremony, it would probably be that they were distracted by the entrance of a stranger, who, having taken up his place near one of the pillars of the church, kept his attention closely fixed on Manolito. He was a fine-looking man, apparently about fifty, well dressed, though not in the best taste, and with somewhat of a military bearing.

A middle-aged *lieutenant-captain* might hang about any church in a capital city¹ for a long time, without attracting particular notice. It was far otherwise in our village. Here, as a stranger, and as a soldier, he had two titles to everybody's curiosity.

The congregation no sooner began to disperse, than everybody was inquiring of his neighbour who the military stranger could be. Meanwhile, tia Beatriz, assisted by tia Parona, was endeavouring to deliver Manolito from the caresses of the women who crowded round him, that she might wrap him up in a cloak.

'Whatever ails that *militrouche*?' said one of the girls: 'he never takes his eyes off us for a moment.'

Tia Parona, who felt she had a certain tie to the army, seeing that it had swallowed up her sons, turned round to look at the stranger, and exclaimed, 'He's a *real mozo* indeed!'

'A regal old man, more likely!' retorted the girl.

'Hold your tongue, you young minx; don't you know a soldier never grows old!'

'Take care, tia Parona; what will Florin say?' replied the child archly, but provoking the old woman's fury, and a shower of harsh names.

'Don't mind the young things,' interposed the kind-hearted Beatriz; 'it's nothing but fun, tia Parona.'

One by one the children dropped off as they neared their own dwellings, and Beatriz, with the child and tia Parona, were soon at home in theirs. But the surprise of the retiring widow can hardly be estimated, at seeing

tion. Thus we have seen, preserved in a Spanish sacristy with affectionate reverence, a feather of the wing of St. Michael, that had doubtless fallen from one of the Archangel's representatives in one of the Mystery Plays, which, under the name of Autos Sacramentales, took a greater development in Spain than in any other country—Calderon de la Barca and the best dramatists delighting to dedicate their talents to sacred themes.

We have met with similar anachronistic errors in our own country too. Thus when living in the north of England we have often met with country people, who, pointing to the remains of the Roman wall, would say, 'You see, since the Romans were turned out *at the Reformation* (!) there was no need to keep up the wall longer.'

¹ A capital city. In Spain all the old cities which have ever once ranked as capitals retain the proud appellation to the present day, and Madrid has to find new appellations to distinguish herself from them. Such as the *Corte*, which is the one most in use, or the *coronada villa*, &c.

² A regal lad—the common expression for 'a fine-looking fellow.'

the strange soldier march straight into the room after them without saying 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave.'

Beatriz had begun taking off the cloak in which she had enveloped her boy. At this sight she stopped short, and said, with some warmth—

'What is your pleasure, pray, *caballero*?' (Sir.)

'Señora, allow me to put but one question and I will withdraw, for I never suffer myself to be *de mas*² anywhere.'

'And this question is . . .'

'Is that your child?'

Beatriz shuddered at the unexpected inquiry; but at last, controlling her emotion, she managed to falter out—

'By what right, and with what object, pray, do you come here to ask such a strange question?'

'If you give me your word he is your child, I will face about and beat a retreat, and there will be no need to enter into your questions; but if you tell me he is not your son, I shall have great pleasure in answering them categorically.'

'Then I do not consider I am accountable to anybody as to whether he is my child or not, and I refuse to answer.'

'Ho, ho! so there is a mystery, is there?'

'No, there is no mystery. The child is mine—altogether mine—there's your answer.'

'Pray, then, who is his father? Since I have ascertained that you have been a widow twelve years.'

Poor Beatriz, thus caught, had not a word to say; the blood rushed to her cheeks, and tears to her eyes.

'Señora,' continued the soldier, softened by her distress, 'this child bears his mother's name stamped upon his features, and that mother was—my wife.'

'The creature who so abandoned her offspring can neither be considered a woman nor a wife.'

'Still I am his father, and I never abandoned him.'

'And what proofs have you in support of your assertion? for it is no light matter to tear away a child from the arms of the mother whom Providence set over him, when his own renounced the title and trampled her maternal right under foot.'

'The proofs I will give you,' replied the soldier, sitting down, for, overcome by excitement, he could no longer support himself.

Then, with a great deal of circumlocution, he proceeded to tell his story, which may be thus briefly narrated.

Six years before, his regiment had been ordered to America, and he was thereby obliged to send his young wife and his child, then two years old, to her parents in La Mancha. In America fortune had favoured him; he won two or three grades, and laid by a little money. On his return to Spain, his first thought had been to recall his wife to his side.

² 'De trop.'

To his dismay he found she had never been home at all. All that was known of her was that she had gone off with another soldier, and was hiding somewhere in Seville. The outraged husband and injured father hastened to Seville, where, after many perquisitions, he ultimately found his wife dying in a hospital. He was just in time to give her his pardon to save her from despair, and to learn from her what had become of his son. It appeared that at the instigation of her lover, she had left her child in a village through which the troops had passed in their march. She had selected a house where the *Noche-buena* was being celebrated with joy and festivity, as she augured that *there* would also be compassion and charity. Further, the child was dressed at the time in a maroon-coloured jacket and a knitted cap of crimson wool.

There was no denying these proofs of identity, and all Beatriz could do was to clasp the child more closely to her and sob over him, while the little fellow in his allegorical dress made the group look like a symbolic picture of an angel consoling grief.

‘And so six years of watching and care and tenderness are to go for nothing ; and the object of so many anxieties is to be torn from my bosom. Does not this cry to Heaven !’ she exclaimed at last.

‘I am by no means oblivious,’ replied the soldier, ‘of the sacrifices my son has cost you. Some are of a nature which nothing but gratitude can repay. For the others, Señora, I have money with me, and it is only just that I should settle with you for them.’

‘This is adding insult to injury !’ exclaimed the widow indignantly. ‘To offer *me* money, when I have made the child heir to all I have. Another reason why you cannot remove him without prejudicing his prospects—where can he be so well as with me ?’

‘With his father, Señora ; who of necessity must love him the more of the two. Come, *hijo de mi alma*,¹ come to your father.’

The soldier rose to take the child ; but Manolito, shy of the stranger, only clung the more closely to his mother.

‘You see,’ she hastened to observe, ‘he won’t leave me.’

‘He will have to do it,’ answered the soldier, beginning to feel exasperated at the double opposition.

While this fiery contention was going on, Florin had arrived, and was listening to it all in company with tia Parona.

‘This is how things always happen,’ moralized Florin. ‘One no sooner sets his heart on anyone, than the devil comes and carries him off. So it happened to me when my poor wife died.’

‘And to me also, when my sons were taken.’

In the meantime the soldier, thrown out of his calculation by the opposition of the child to come to him, had been pacing up and down the room, while two or three tears chased each other down his weather-beaten cheeks—perhaps the first they had ever felt. On a sudden he stopped in his march, placing himself opposite the widow.

¹ Son of my soul.

‘Señora,’ he said in his most martial tone, ‘it seems, then, that neither you are inclined to give up the child, nor can I consent to renounce my son. So, Señora, we must go shares; if you must have the boy for your son, you must take his father for your husband.’

At the notion of taking a husband at this time of day, the widow could not restrain a gesture of repugnance.

‘Marry!—I marry?—Heaven forbid!’

‘Very well, let the child go, then!’

‘Leave him to me *por Maria Santísima*, and let us divide the house between us.’

‘No, thank you, that is not my style. I don’t want to have to see my son only by visits, and to stand sentry before his door till some one chooses to admit me to him.’

‘Then come and live in the house altogether, only what need to make a marriage of it?’

‘As a lodger, eh? No, Señora, I’ve no relish for landladies and housekeepers. What I want is a wife; and if you won’t be mine, I must find another, and the boy will get a step-mother.’

‘*Maria Santísima!* That is not to be thought of, *hijo de mi alma.*’

‘Then make yourself his mother really, or let who will believe in your boasted affection for him.’

Confounded by the dilemma in which she found herself, tia Beatriz stammered out an attempt at another compromise. Her yielding so far was sufficient to betray that the prize was won; and so the soldier stood firm, and pronounced his ultimatum.

‘Either you marry me to be my wife for good and all, and put your widow’s garb upon the shelf, or I take my son; and were it not that I happen to be of the village, I would even carry him off to a distance.’

‘How so? do you really belong to this place?’

‘Si, Señora, although it is now thirty-two years since I left home; and it is part of my plan, as soon as I had found my son, to set out in search of my mother, for as to my father he is dead, I know—*en gloria esté.*’

‘What’s your name, pray?’

‘Andres Paron, at your service.’

‘Son of tio Paron, the carpenter—tio Mateo Paron?’

‘The same, in person.’

‘Tia Parona! tia Parona!’ shouted Beatriz; ‘come quickly, your son is here!’

Tia Parona came in, and Beatriz repeated the news.

‘*Andá á paseo!*¹ How should he be my son, when the French killed both my sons for me? *Malditos sean!*’

‘Señora! exclaimed the soldier, ‘don’t you know me? I am Andres!’

‘Heark ’ee, soldier,’ said tia Parona sternly, and with an angry gesture, ‘let your worship go and play with the tail of a cat, and not with a

¹ Go along with your nonsense.

respectful person of my years. I wonder what you'll want to make yourself out next. Not content with being the boy's father and Beatriz's husband, you must needs want to be my son!

'Truly this is hard lines!' exclaimed the soldier impatiently; 'my son won't have me for father, and my mother won't have me for her son. Listen, Señora, your name is Andrea—you see I know that much. My father (*en paz descanse*¹) was called Mateo, my brother José, and I Andres. You, Mother, were always more *cascarrabietas*² than a deaf man; and my father, who was a quiet sheepish sort of a party, had a refrain which he was eternally droning, and every blow of the hammer kept time with it—

Andrea,
Mala ralea,
Muda te vea!³

The picture was drawn to the life. Tia Parona resisted no longer, but threw herself upon her son's neck, shedding an ocean of tears.

'*Hijo mio!* so the French didn't kill you after all?' she broke out between her sobs.

'Here's my certificate of identity, all ready for claiming my pay, to prove it.'

'And how did you come to escape the Frenchmen, *hijo de mis entrañas?*'⁴

'By killing those that would have killed me,' was the reply.

Tia Parona, overcome with astonishment, could do nothing but cross herself with both hands, and squint with both eyes.

'And this boy is really your son?'

'Most really, and your grandson in the right and legitimate line,' replied the soldier, embracing the child, who now aptly symbolized the angel of peace and reconciliation.

'And only think, tia Parona,' said Beatriz in a tone of gentle reproach, 'how unlucky it would have been for us all if I had refused to take in the child that Christmas night!'

'True,' replied the old woman; 'and they said truly on that occasion, *quien bien hace, para si hace.*'

R. H. B.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE AND THE CLOCK.

'Am I 'not a fine fellow?' said the Christmas-tree aloud, one Christmas Eve. 'I grew here in this tub all by myself; and see what lovely fruit I bear! Dolls and Noah's arks, and lollipops, and books, and puzzles, and glass balls, and everything you can think of—even candles, which I

¹ May he rest in peace.

² Dialectic in Andalusia for stubborn, provoking.

³ Andrea, of a bad brood, would thou wert dumb.

⁴ Son of my womb.

can light whenever I please. All this have I produced by my own innate and unassisted strength !’

‘No—no—no—no!’ said the old oak-cased clock, who stood on the landing, and always spoke in monosyllables. ‘No—no—no—no!’

‘What do you mean, old croaker?’ said the Christmas-tree. ‘Have not I produced all these fine things? and shall not I, with this marvellous productive force, stand for ever in my tub, a glorious spectacle, long after your grating old voice has ceased?’

But the respectable old Clock was proof against all abuse. He knew his worth and his duty, and merely observed, ‘No—no—no—no!’

‘That disagreeable old voice of yours,’ re-commenced the Christmas-tree, ‘will be stopped soon. To-morrow everyone will be so taken up with me, that they are pretty sure to forget to wind you up.’

‘No—no—no—no!’ said the Clock, who, though he had a proper sense of his dependent position, felt sure they would *not* forget to wind him up.

Next day the children all came into the room where the Christmas-tree was; and how their faces beamed with delight! But they did not touch a thing.

‘Now,’ thought the Christmas-tree, ‘I am the object of the world’s respectful admiration! I shall stand for ever in my tub to be gazed at!’

But still the voice of the old Clock grated harshly on his ears. ‘No—no—no—no!’

Then the lady of the house came in with a great pair of scissors, and began cutting off the dolls and books and Noah’s arks and lollipops and things, and distributing them among the children, who laughed and chatted and danced and jumped, and seemed half mad with delight.

The Christmas-tree thought this proceeding very impertinent, and protested as loudly as he could; but no one heard him except the scissors, who took no notice; and the presents were all stripped off. Then the candles, which had of course been lighted, were blown out; and the poor Christmas-tree, who had given out that he lighted the candles himself, was left a miserable wreck.

Next day the servants came and pulled him out of his tub, and took him away to be chopped up for fire-wood.

‘But they’ll take the nasty old Clock too,’ muttered the Christmas-tree between his boughs.

‘No—no—no—no!’ said the Clock: and of course that was quite true; for it is not always those who look grandest and talk biggest who remain the longest in office.

H. B. F.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

VII.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN. HYMNS FOR TIMES OF TROUBLE AND
THANKSGIVING.

THE plan of these articles was stated at the outset as a following of the order observed in our Book of Common Prayer. Now, our Church has thought fit to assign a prominent place in her public Service to the Catechizing of children, and has incorporated the Catechism with her Occasional Offices. I have, however, ventured to defer till now considering the hymns which correspond with the Catechism, because children's hymns seem to me too important to be dismissed with a brief notice.

'Hymns,' writes the Rev. E. Monro,¹ 'are peculiarly the voice and expression of childhood. Many a truth has sunk into a child's heart [by their means] which would otherwise have lain cold and barren on its surface. Hymns become the means of conveying them to the inmost soul, and half a child's conscious Christianity often consists in its hymns. We cannot be too careful in selecting them for children, and in storing their minds with them when young.'

The best plan of a child's hymn-book would seem to be one which should treat in turn the subjects of the Catechism. If the doctrinal usefulness of such a book is to be systematic, and not merely occasional and accidental, it must evidently follow closely in the track of that dogmatic teaching which it is intended to impress and enforce. The best writer of a child's hymn-book would be one whose poetical genius has been early developed, and whose sympathies with a child's ways of speaking and thinking have been brought out strongly by circumstances and opportunities. Others may write hymns *about* children, but can scarcely ever succeed in writing hymns *for* them. I must beg leave to illustrate the causes of success by the instance of a lady whose 'Hymns for Little Children' are without question the most successful practical exposition of the Church Catechism that has been ever put forth. It will, I am sure, be most interesting to all true lovers of hymns to know how very early this authoress gave proof of her powers of versification. It was a custom of her father's to receive into a box in his study, called 'The Budget,' contributions composed by all his children, as soon as they could write. The contents were read with criticisms every Saturday evening. The handwriting was to be disguised, but no disguise could conceal from her father and mother that their daughter 'Fanny' was born a poetess. One day, while she was

¹ Parochial Work, p. 111. (Second Edition.)

with a cousin on a visit to the Marquis of Abercorn, someone in the house found one of her poems, and, suppressing the name, sent it up to Lord Abercorn, only stating that it was written by a child of eleven. The Marquis, whose literary judgment was in constant request, received the poem while the authoress was in the room, and rather hastily pushed it away to a friend on the other side of the table, asking him to look at it. The friend was much struck by it; and Lord Abercorn reading it over with him, they agreed that it could never have been written by so young a child. 'But,' said Lord Abercorn, 'let Fanny take it to her mother when she goes home. Her mother will know pretty well whether it is likely that a child could write that poem.' Accordingly 'Fanny' was made the bearer of her own composition to her mother, and, on her reaching home, the authorship was of course at once revealed.

Nearly twenty years ago, the Rev. J. Keble wrote, concerning Mrs. Alexander's 'Hymns for Little Children,'—'[I] think and hope . . . that they will win a high place for themselves in the estimation of all who know how to value true poetry and primitive devotion.' The sale of more than three hundred thousand copies has justified the very high opinion then given. The book consists of forty-one hymns, of which fourteen are on the Creed, nine on the LORD's Prayer, and ten on the Commandments. As instances of the admirable way in which doctrines are brought within the comprehension of children, see the Hymn on the Incarnation, 'Once in Royal David's city,' or the second of those on the Holy Catholic Church, 'The faithful men of every land.' For the practical application of precepts which a false delicacy too often ignores in the instruction of children, see the hymns, 'We were washed in holy water,' and 'I love the little snowdrop flower.' The arguments and illustrations are all not only such as children can be made to understand, but such as they naturally use. To country children especially, the flowers, the birds, the flocks, form the natural poetry of life; and no book will attract them so surely, or fix itself so deeply in their love, as one which presents a counterpart of out-door things, and brings them to bear upon their daily duties, and upon that life *within them* which is ever becoming more and more *conscious*. It is very much to be regretted that the engravings of Messrs. Dalziel in the large edition are in no sense explanatory of the text, and are, with few exceptions, peculiarly unsuited to children. Seven of the hymns are in a metre scarcely to be found elsewhere. The following stanza may be taken as a specimen:—

'If we may turn and cling to Him,
Before Whose Face the angels fall,
Sure we must give Him our whole hearts,
And love Him best of all.'

The argument in these lines I have known quoted, and applied to his own conduct, by a child six years old. For village schools these hymns,

properly explained, are invaluable, and it is a pity that there is not a still cheaper edition for their use. The 'Hymns Descriptive and Devotional' are not nearly so easy, though there are many of them much more suitable in language and in metre than the first morning hymn, 'Once again the radiant morning,' or the first evening hymn, "'Twas at evening when the voice of greeting.' The 'Moral Songs' of the same authoress are excellent; the 'Narrative Hymns for Village Schools' are very good, but suffer somewhat by comparison with the Hymns for Little Children, the ideas of which are made to do duty a second time in the Narrative Hymns.

Isaac Williams attempted with no very great success to present the Paris Breviary Hymns in a translation suited for children's use. He entitled his book 'Ancient Hymns for Children;' but we must remember that few of the Latin hymns there translated are older than the seventeenth century. The 'Child's Christian Year,' published in 1841 with a preface by Keble, contains about thirty hymns by Isaac Williams, mostly translations, and nearly as many by Joseph Anstice. We find there Keble's earliest hymn, 'Our GOD in glory sits on high,' given for the First Sunday after Easter. The hymn for Christmas Day there given was written by the youngest daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who died aged fourteen.

'Think on the mercy of our GOD,
Our great REDEEMER's Love;
How the dim waste of earth He trod,
And left His Throne above!
And all, frail man, His foe, to save,
And show him hopes beyond the grave.

'He came not in a warrior's path,
With mighty armies strong;
He came not as a GOD in wrath
Avenging Judah's wrong:—
To preach on earth His FATHER's Word,
A little Child, came CHRIST the LORD.

'Glad was our SAVIOUR's natal morn,
Angels rejoiced in Heaven
That "unto us a CHILD is born,
To us a SON is given;"
And Angels left their home on high
To tell of CHRIST's Nativity.'

Miss E. Wigglesworth is the author of 'Verses for the Christian Year,'—a child's book of poetry of high average merit, though wanting in originality, and sometimes in appropriateness to the festivals, for which hymns are given. Those for the Sundays of Advent, especially 'Thrice Blessed Word of GOD,' are good, as is also 'FATHER, I my robes would keep,' the poem assigned to S. Bartholomew's Day.

In very strong contrast with the later efforts to provide suitable hymns for children appear Dr. Watts's 'Divine and Moral Songs.'

Scarcely anything can be more injurious to a child of lively imagination than the constant contemplation of horrible things, the oft-recurring pictures of hell, and of sudden death as a punishment to children's sins. Probably no *croquemitaine* of the nursery ever did half the harm that has been wrought in children's minds by such lines as these:—

‘God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.’

Most of the hymns seem to be specially adapted to very naughty children, living in very bad company. The hymns for Sunday Evening, ‘*LORD*, how delightful ’tis to see,’ and the ‘General Song of Praise to *GOD*,’ beginning ‘How glorious is our Heavenly King,’ are perhaps the best. Dr. Watts is sometimes completely a slave to the exigencies of rhyme in his children's hymns, and still more so in the ‘Moral Songs.’ Hence the picture of the ‘madman’ who ‘will fling about fire, And tell you “’Tis all but in sport,”’ is dragged in, and the Rose is called ‘the glory of *April* and *May*.’

An infinite improvement upon Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs were the ‘Hymns for Infant Minds,’ first published by Ann and Jane Taylor about sixty years ago. Ann, the surviving sister, afterward became the wife of Mr. Joseph Gilbert. To her are due the well-known lines beginning ‘I thank the goodness and the grace.’ There are some scattered touches in these hymns which seem to have been derived from the grand scenery of North Devon and Cornwall, among which the writers of them spent many years. A few of the hymns are somewhat deficient in simplicity of *language*, *e. g.*, that entitled ‘The Hay Fields.’ But the *ideas* are almost always simple, and tolerably natural to children's minds. The Hymn of Confession, ‘*LORD*, I confess before Thy Face,’ that of Encouragement, ‘*GOD* is so good that He will hear,’ and that on attending Public Worship, ‘When to the House of *GOD* we go,’ are especially good: indeed, the last approaches very nearly to the excellence of Mrs. Alexander. An apologetic foot-note has been inserted in recent editions concerning the use of the word ‘Sabbath’ in the sense of ‘*LORD*'s Day.’ The two hymns on Pride were greatly admired by Archbishop Whately as one of the best practical descriptions of Christian humility and its opposite; but there is something rather unfair in the first, ‘The way to find out Pride.’ After directing a minute self-examination, the hymn boldly asserts that of the forms of Pride enumerated—

‘Some one will suit you, as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so:
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your Pride.’

The *Lyra Innocentium* of Keble is rather a volume of poetry for parents than of hymns for children. Childish comprehension will,

however, enter into the spirit of such lines as 'The Gleaners,' 'The Boy with the Five Loaves,' and 'The Walk to Church.' The Vespers and Compline poems for Christmas, that for Easter Eve, and the 'Redbreast in Church,' are also suitable pieces for children.

Elizabeth Strafford's 'Hymns for the Collects' are on the whole good and poetical, especially that for the Sunday after Ascension-Day, 'Beyond the star-lit sky.' Dr. Neale's Hymns for Children, in three series, have supplied some hymns for general Church use. Most of them are very beautiful: we may especially notice the Sunday Evening Hymn, 'The Apostles were assembled,' that for Thursday Evening, 'Thou art gone up, O LORD, on high,' the five hymns for various hours of the day, and that for the Holy Innocents, 'Let children, LORD, Thy Presence seek.' These are all in the *first* series; the *second* is for older children, and the *third* series supplements the other two. We have not among these hymns the very curious lines by Dr. Neale, transcribed into the People's Hymnal, which begin 'Christian children, hear me,' and of which the rhymes are in some instances even more painfully unsuitable than in

'How elect your
Architecture!'

and have not, as that couplet has, the excuse of being cramped by a Latin metre.

Dr. Littledale's Eucharistic hymn for children, 'I worship Thee, LORD JESU,' exacts an adoration of the outward Elements of the LORD's Supper, scarcely suitable for a child. 'Come unto Me, ye weary,' by W. C. Dix, is beautiful; as are also Montgomery's 'Glory to the FATHER give,' and Prynne's 'JESU, meek and gentle.' The following lines were contributed to the 'People's Hymnal' by a little boy only ten years old:—

'O GOD, bow down Thine Ear on earth,
And hear Thy children's cry,
And fill our weak and throbbing hearts
With blessing from on high.

'Forsake us not, O loving LORD,
But hear us while we pray;
And, JESU, when at last we die,
Wipe all our tears away.

'O JESU, there is naught to fear,
If Thou Thy blessing give;
Keep us from every danger free,
And guard us, while we live.

'Give us a heart to love Thee, LORD,
And Thine Almighty Son,
And may we love the HOLY GHOST,
While this short life we run. Amen.'

F. T. Palgrave's 'Little Child's Hymn for Night and Morning,' beginning 'Thou that once, on mother's knee,' is rendered almost absurd by its endeavours to be simple and child-like. W. W. How's 'LORD, Thy children guide and keep,' ends every stanza with a couplet from which two lines of Mr. Dix's Epiphany hymn seem to be taken:—

'Holy JESU, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.'

'Seeing I am JESU's lamb,'¹ is Miss Winkworth's translation from Luise H. Von Haym. 'There's a Friend for little children,' given anonymously in the People's Hymnal, is by P. Hood. 'There is a happy land,' is by Andrew Young; 'When, His Salvation bringing,' by King; 'Star of morn and even,' by F. T. Palgrave. Sir H. W. Baker's hymn, 'LORD JESUS, GOD and Man,' begins somewhat like Faber's 'O JESU, GOD and Man,' but the similarity extends little further than the first two lines. 'O Holy LORD, content to *dwell*,' is given almost *unaltered*² from How in Hymns Ancient and Modern. 'Here we suffer grief and pain,'³ is by Thomas Bilby; 'Blessed FATHER! great Creator!' by John Cawood; 'Children of the Heavenly King,' is by John Cennick. Mrs. Hemans's 'Child, amidst the flowers at play,' is scarcely a hymn. Benjamin Gough's address to an afflicted child, 'Gentlest lamb of JESU's fold,' is exceedingly good. Gottfried Hoffman's lines to a dying child, 'Depart, my child! the LORD thy spirit calls,'⁴ will be found in 'Hymns from the Land of Luther,' a Scotch collection of anonymous translations from the German. 'I think, when I read that sweet story of old,' was written by Mrs. Samuel Luke, then Miss Jemima Thompson, in 1841. Several of Anne Shepherd's 'Hymns Adapted to the Comprehension of Young Minds' are good, in spite of a certain flippancy in style, and sometimes in metre:—'GOD has a family on earth,' is perhaps the best. Charles Wesley's 'Gentle JESUS, meek and mild,' is deservedly well known. Dr. Wordsworth has an excellent children's hymn, 'Heavenly FATHER, send Thy blessing.' The Rev. John Moultrie (father of the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, author of 'Hymns and Lyrics,') has written several good hymns for children: 'O LORD, a wondrous story,' is his. 'JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,' is by M. L. Duncan. 'The Children's Home Hymn Book,' edited by Erskine Clarke, contains some beautiful hymns. The 'Hymns for Infant Children,' published by Masters, are not always perfectly poetical, but are good in their way. Sometimes they borrow from Mrs. Alexander, sometimes from Ken; *e. g.*—

¹ Weil ich JESU Schäflein bin.

² The version in the Book of Praise, 'content to *live*,' is an alteration from Mr. How, made without his consent;

³ Perhaps imitated from 'Wird das nicht Freude seyn?' by H. C. von Schweinitz.

⁴ Zeuch-hin, mein Kind.

' Christian child, awake! arise!
 ' Though thy heavy limbs are loth;
 Pay thy morning sacrifice
 By a conquest over sloth!'

Sometimes they are indeed original; *e. g.*—

' Waste not precious time in dressing;
 Be alert, alive, awake.'

For times of trouble, Miss Winkworth's rendering from Paul Eber¹ may be used, 'When in the hour of utmost need,' or Cowper's 'God of my life, to Thee I call.' Sir Robert Grant's 'When gathering clouds around I view,' is better suited for private use, as is also the case with most of Miss C. M. Noel's hymns. In times of war, Sir H. W. Baker's 'O God of Love, O King of Peace,' may be sung, or 'Give us Thy blessed peace, God of all Might,'² a translation from C. B. Garve in Hymns from the Land of Luther. 'Dread JEHOVAH, God of nations,' is by T. Cotterill; 'Great King of nations, hear our prayer,' is by J. H. Gurney. Richard Massie's translation from Spitta,³ 'Our life is often dark,' may be used in a time of dearth; for which Dr. Littledale's 'O God of Mercy, God of Love,' is appropriate, if it results from lack of rain. In a bad harvest, Onderdonk's lines, 'Although the vine its fruit deny,' or Sir H. W. Baker's translation from Benjamin Schmolck, 'What our FATHER does is well,'⁴ may fitly be used. For time of pestilence, Dr. Bullock's 'In grief and fear to Thee, O LORD,' is very suitable, or Mrs. Steele's 'Almighty LORD, before Thy Throne.'

For Harvest Thanksgiving we have Dean Alford's hymn, 'Come, ye thankful people, come,' given, with alterations greatly reprobated by its author, in Hymns Ancient and Modern. The object of the changes there made in the second stanza has evidently been to reduce the somewhat confused ideas derived from different parables to unity and consistency. The purpose of the changes in the last two stanzas is less evident. Anstice's 'LORD of the Harvest! once again,' and Sir H. W. Baker's 'Praise, O praise our God and King,'⁵ may also be used. While the harvest is being gathered in, Neale's hymn, 'God the FATHER, Whose creation,' or Alice [*not Anne*] Flowerdew's 'Fountain of Mercy, God of Love,' or Dix's 'To Thee, O LORD, our hearts we raise,' may be sung in church. 'Praise to God, immortal praise,' is by Mrs. Barbauld; 'LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail,' by J. H. Gurney; 'O FATHER, Whose Almighty Hand,' by Rev. J. W. Hewett. Miss Cox's hymn, 'We come, our hearts with gladness glowing,' is from the

¹ Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein.

² Gib Deinen Frieden uns, O HERR der Stärke!

³ Das Leben wird oft trübe.

⁴ Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

⁵ 'Praise, O praise our Heavenly King,' is evidently only an altered version of Sir H. W. Baker's hymn; it is attributed to Trend in the People's Hymnal.

German¹ of Liebich. For general thanksgiving, perhaps our best hymn is 'Now thank we all our God,'² Miss Winkworth's rendering from Martin Rinckart. 'GOD the LORD has heard our prayer,' by H. H. Wyatt, is also good. For restored public health, we have 'O FATHER of mercies, O SPIRIT of Love,' by M. F. Tupper; for the restoration of peace, Montgomery's 'Come and behold the works of GOD,' and Miss Winkworth's translation from Paul Gerhardt, 'Thank GOD it hath resounded.'³

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON;' 'MAIDEN OF THE ICEBERG,' &c.

I.

DUKES ÁLMOS, ÁRPÁD, ZOLTÁN, TAKSONY, AND GÉZA.

FOR *centuries the Tatar tribes had wandered over the wide plains of central Asia. Many illustrious emperors had ruled over them, so the Chinese chroniclers say; and their dominions had been more extensive than those of Rome in her palmiest days. They had threatened China, forced her to buy peace at immense cost; and at last had obliged her in self-defence to build the Great Wall to stop their incursions. But, at the time of which we are about to speak, the glories of the great Tatar Empire had come to an end. By the intrigues of the Chinese, it had been split into a northern and southern empire, thereby losing much of its former strength. The southern had sunk into a state almost of servitude, in which it remained for centuries; till at length a large portion of it broke away from the Asiatic plains, swept like a torrent down upon Asia Minor and the Holy Land, even forcing its unwelcome way into civilized Europe, where it made the name of 'Turk' terrible to many a nation.

In spite of their divisions and dissensions, the northern Tatars could not refrain from again attacking their Chinese neighbours; but, in their weakened condition, they were this time worsted. The Chinese general carried the war into the enemy's country, defeated them repeatedly, and at last obliged them to abandon their much-loved plains. There was no peace for them, as long as they were within reach of their enraged enemies; so they turned their steps westward, and threatened the Roman Empire

¹ 'Wir kommen Deine zu feiern.' It is omitted in her second edition.

² Nun danket alle Gott.

³ Gott lob, nun ist erschollen.

* Vide 'La Hongrie,' par M. Böldényi.

with an overwhelming tide of immigration. The Goths, settled on the south of the Danube, began to take alarm at their approach, and moved for protection to Thrace and Constantinople. Nor did they stop here. The spirit of ambition and conquest was aroused within them; and soon corrupt Rome bowed her head to the Gothic conqueror Alaric. (A. D. 410.) This was but one of the many waves destined to roll over devoted Italy; and now, following closely in the wake of Alaric, came the Tatar host, led by the great Attila or Etele, whose name was soon known and dreaded throughout Europe. He was the greatest chief the Huns (as this great branch of the Tatar race were called) had ever had. When he was proclaimed their king, his dominions extended from the borders of Western Asia to the centre of the Danube valley, and included the shores and islands of the Baltic Sea. Still he swept on till his tide of victory westwards was checked near Chalons. (A. D. 451.) Then he turned his steps to the south. The inhabitants of Aquileia fled to the islands of the Adriatic, and laid the foundation of the future Venetian Republic; but Pavia, Padua, Verona, and even Milan, received the Huns within their walls. Rome was spared, partly from the superstitious feeling of Attila, who remembered that Alaric had met his death soon after entering the Eternal City; and partly by the intervention of St. Leo, her bishop, who, in the name of the Emperor Valentinian III., promised Attila a large yearly tribute, if he would leave the city untouched. Attila thereupon returned to *Pannonia to organize his vast empire. But he was destined soon to be stopped for ever in his career of victory, by death, not on the battle field, but in his tent, and at the hands of his newly wedded Burgundian wife, Hildegund. His warriors bestowed upon him all the funeral honours of which so great a chief was worthy; tearing their cheeks with their daggers that they might mourn him as he deserved with tears of blood; but they could not keep his vast empire together, and most of them returned to the Asiatic plains; some few remaining among the mountains of Transylvania, and becoming the ancestors of the Szeklers, who pride themselves to this day, on being † descended from the soldiers of Attila, and have many a legend to tell of the great King of the Huns. But the tide of immigration having once set in from the east to the west, did not stop with the Huns. Another wave rolled over Pannonia. This time it was the Avars, a branch of the southern Tatars, who had been encamped for some time near the Black Sea, and now (558 A. D.) crossed over into Europe. They were of pleasanter aspect than the Huns. Their features were more regular,

* Pannonia was first conquered by Augustus Cæsar, and finally subdued by Tiberius. It was bounded on the north and east by the Danube, as far as the mouth of the Save; south by the Albanian mountains, west by the Calenberg, from the Save to Vienna. In the time of Trajan, all Transylvania, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and Hungary, east of the Danube, were united under the name of Dacia.

† According to some writers, the Szeklers are rather descended from a tribe of Magyars.

their skin less yellow, and they wore coloured ribbons woven among their long floating tresses. For nearly three centuries they retained a footing in Europe, till Charlemagne at length succeeded in breaking their power, and drove the greater part of them back to Asia. Their name appears no more in history, but a tradition of them still lingers in Hungary. Long ages before the Hungarian possessed his beautiful land, Rad, King of the Lombards, reigned over Pannonia, as far as the banks of the Danube. He was a very mighty warrior, and so tall and strong that three ordinary men could not carry his hatchet. His face was covered up to the eyes by a rough red beard, and he lived only for war. One day, when he was about to fight a great battle, he called to his aid Csorsz, the gallant King of the Avars, who dwelt on the other side the great river. Together they gained the victory, and Rad proposed to divide the booty with his brave ally. But Csorsz cared not for booty. He had seen Rad's fair daughter Délibaba, and had discovered that she admired him as much as he admired her; so now he asked her for his wife. Rad was in a dilemma. He did not wish to offend his useful neighbour, nor did he wish to give him his daughter, for he was meditating an attack upon the Avars, as soon as he was strong enough to have any chance of success. Therefore he answered cunningly, that Csorsz should have his daughter whenever he could take her to his dominions by water. With this promise the lovers were forced to be contented; and Csorsz, nothing daunted, returned to the banks of the Tisza (Theiss), where he set old and young to work to dig a canal between the two rivers. The work went rapidly forward, for Csorsz was always busy directing it and encouraging the labourers. But alas! one day, as he was galloping along on his fiery steed, he was struck by lightning and killed. Délibaba waited long, looking constantly to the east, but Csorsz never came; and at length, on hearing the news of his sad fate, she died. But still, to this day, when the sun sheds his bright beams over the horizon, Délibaba returns trembling, fluttering on her airy wings over the *puszta* or steppes, looking for the tomb of Csorsz, whom she still mourns with tears which flood the horizon. Again and again she comes, to behold the accomplishment of her lover's vow; for the waters now fill his canal and connect the two rivers. From this tradition, the Hungarian peasant gives the name of Délibaba, or Maid of the South, to the mirage so often seen in the plains of Hungary. Little trace of the Avars remains in Hungary; but some circular trenches made by them between the Danube and Tisza, may still be traced, though in great measure filled up, and grown or built over. *

* Madame Pulszky gives a different version of this legend. Across the great plain, from Transylvania to the Danube, stretch the remains of a wall and canal, doubtless of Roman origin, though called by the shepherds, Csorsz arka (canal of Csorsz). This Csorsz, they say, was the son of the King of the Transylvanian Alps, and possessed vast treasures of gold and salt. Csorsz heard of the beauty of Déli Báb, daughter of the King of the Southern or Adriatic Sea, and sent heralds with splendid

Now we have reached the time of the Magyar invasion. Charles le Gros had re-united the shattered empire of Charlemagne, with the exception of the new kingdoms of Provence and Arragon. Swatopluk was Prince of Moravia; Leo the Wise, Byzantine Emperor; and Hadrian III., Pope. After the expulsion of the Avars, the Croatians, a branch of the great Slavonic race, had migrated from the foot of the Carpathians to the districts now called Croatia and Dalmatia, where they have ever since remained. Suddenly, the Magyars appeared, claiming kinship with Attila, and announcing themselves as the heirs of his vast dominions. Under the leadership of their seven chiefs, the seven tribes had wandered through Asia, encamping on the shores of the Caspian, then near the Volga and the Black Sea; and now, having chosen Alom or Almos, one of the seven chiefs, for their Duke, they crossed the Volga. They were not so hideous as their predecessors; and even their contemporaries, to whom they must needs have been somewhat terrible, have left us a by no means disagreeable portrait of them. They are described as a proud honourable race, sparing of their words, doers rather than talkers; free, noble, despisers of luxury, earnest, reserved, wide-awake, and courageous. Anyone who knows the Magyar of the present day will at once see how much of this description is applicable to him, and how many of their ancient characteristics the nation still preserves. Almos, their Duke, was sixty-four years old, and of noble aspect, tall and slender, with a keen bright eye, and powerful arm. He led them across the Dnieper into Red Russia, (Galicia,) and then over the Carpathian mountains, soon making himself master of the strip of land between the Tisza and the Bodrog. But feeling himself too old to lead the Magyars to further conquest, he presented to them his son Arpád, whom they willingly received as their Duke, declaring at the same time that the leadership should henceforward be hereditary in his family, and binding themselves to follow him whithersoever he should lead them, on certain conditions, which have ever been the basis of the Hungarian constitution.

Each of the seven chiefs pierced his arm with his dagger, and letting the blood flow into a stone basin containing wine, solemnly swore, before the sun, as he wetted his lips with the mixture, (1) that he and his descendants would always acknowledge a prince of the house of Arpád for their chief; (2) that all should share alike in the booty; (3) that

gifts to ask her hand. The Sea King, despising the Earth King, vowed he should never have his daughter, till he came with a fleet from the mountains to fetch her, for her feet were too delicate to touch the rough stones of earth. In this dilemma, Csorsz applied to the Evil One, who, with two buffaloes yoked to a glowing plough, in one night, cut a canal from Transylvania to the Danube, and thence to the sea. Csorsz speedily built a fleet, and went to claim his bride, who left her cool crystal palace with much regret, promising frequently to return on a visit, when the earth was too hot for her. But, as the fleet returned home, the water in the canal dried up behind it. Deli Báb pined away in the golden vaults, and was transformed into the mirage, which, on the wide Hungarian plain, takes the form a boundless sea.

whereas they had elected Arpád of their own free will, they and their descendants should always have a voice in the councils of the nation; (4) treason to their chief should be punished by death; (5) and on the other hand, if any of the descendants of Arpád should attempt to act in opposition to this solemnly established constitution, he should be banished. Arpád was raised aloft on a shield, sword in hand, and was acknowledged with acclamations by his wild subjects.

He had very soon a good pretext, if he wanted one, for marching further. Leo, who in this instance scarcely shewed himself 'wise,' asked Arpád to assist him against the Bulgarians; and then the Emperor Arnulf, seeing how useful the Magyars had been to Leo, invited them to help him against Swatopluk of Moravia, with whom he was at war. (A. D. 892.) The Magyars went, and would have won the day, had they been properly supported by the Emperor's troops. As it was they were obliged to retreat, having gained nothing but a knowledge of the ease with which they might take possession of the country. Accordingly, Arpád soon left his encampment between the Bog and Sereth, and planted himself between the Tisza (Theiss) and Bodrog. By degrees he and the other chiefs overcame all the petty princes reigning in Pannonia, seized on the dominions of Swatopluk, and took possession of Transylvania, part of Wallachia and Austria.

Arpád received for himself a district, of which Alba Regia or Stuhlweissenburg was the centre; but he was constantly engaged till his death, in making incursions into the neighbouring countries. He planted his victorious standard on the summit of Mount Pannonius, the birth-place of St. Martin of Tours, whence there is a very extensive view, comprehending twenty Hungarian counties; but he was not satisfied with contemplation, and soon after subdued the surrounding district as far as the Förtö or Neusiedler Lake.

On the death of Arpád in 907, his son Zoltán succeeded him, and led the Magyars through the Alps against the Venetians, by whom they were defeated. None the less, however, did they spread terror wherever they went, both under him and his son and successor Taksony.

In 950, Conrad, Duke of Lorraine, found himself disturbed, on the one side by the Saracens, who were devastating Provence, and on the other, by the Magyars, who were overrunning Bavaria; so to rid himself of these troublesome and formidable neighbours, he determined to set them upon one another. He invited the Magyars to help him against the Saracens, representing that they would find Provence much better worth having than Bavaria. To the Saracens he sent a similar message, extolling the advantages of Bavaria over Provence. Both accepted his invitation; but, as soon as Conrad saw them engaged in battle, he, the Christian Duke, surrounded and destroyed his heathen and infidel enemies, whom he had so cunningly deceived.

In 955, the progress of the Magyars westward received a final check at Augsburg, where they were defeated by the Emperor Otho the Great.

Ludolf, the son of Otho, had allied himself with Conrad of Lorraine and rebelled against his father, at the same time calling the Magyars to his assistance. They were nothing loth to come; but again they were outmatched by the superior cunning of their pretended allies. They sat down before the town of Augsburg to wait for the approach of Conrad and Ludolf; but, when the latter made their appearance, it was in company with the Emperor, to whom they had meantime been reconciled; and together they fell upon the unsuspecting Magyars. Lehel, son of one of the seven chiefs, bore with him an ivory horn, engraved with strange figures, upon which he blew many a blast to reanimate the sinking courage of his followers. Again and again they returned to the charge, but in vain. Overpowered by superior numbers, all the Magyars were slain or made prisoners, but seven, who, with their ears and noses cut off, were sent in a boat down the Danube to tell of their defeat. Their countrymen did not receive them very kindly; for, accusing them of cowardice, they called them Magyar-kák, false Magyars, and deprived them of their privileges. The poor men led wretched lives, till Stephen, the first Christian king, made them servants in the cloister of St. Lazarus at Gran.

As for Lehel, he was taken prisoner, and, as tradition says, brought before Conrad, who gave him the choice of the manner of his death. For all answer, Lehel asked for his magic horn, whereupon Conrad jeeringly bade him blow his own funeral blast upon it. Lehel grasped it in both hands, and advancing to Conrad, gave him, with the horn, such a blow on the head as stretched him lifeless on the ground, saying as he did so, 'Ha! You are dead first, you shall be my slave in the other world!'

Lehel was instantly struck to the ground and slain; but his horn was preserved, and may still be seen at Jászberény, with the crack, which Conrad's hard head made in it. On days of ceremony, such as a coronation, it is worn by the Captain of the Jazyges, or Jászok.* Duke Géza, who succeeded his father in 972, surrendered the province of Austria, which had hitherto formed part of Hungary, to Leopold, Duke of Suabia; and made peace with all his neighbours, entering into treaties of commerce and alliance with them. He is described by some as a cruel man, who put many of his subjects to death in his fits of passion. Others call him indeed severe to his own subjects, but merciful and generous to others, especially to Christians. The truth appears to be that Géza wished to

* The Jászok claim to be of Magyar origin, though some writers assert that they were a tribe of Slaves, who settled in Hungary in very early times. However this may be, special privileges were granted them; a district, of which Jászberény is the centre, was assigned to them, and they became most patriotic defenders of the liberties of the country. In 1791 their right of sending two deputies to the Diet was confirmed to them. The ancient Jászok were as skilful in the use of the bow as the Parthians, discharging their arrows before and behind at the same time. They and their horses were entirely covered with a curious sort of scale armour, which rendered them well-nigh invulnerable.

break his people of their love of war and plunder, and induce them to settle down peaceably in the rich and fruitful land, which no one now disputed with them; and doubtless he did not set about reducing them to order in the mildest way. Still we hear of no revolt against his authority—no wish even on the part of his subjects to choose another ruler; and we must conclude that Géza's severity was in fact the truest mercy—the punishing of a few, to save the many.

But another element was now about to be introduced, which eventually civilized and softened the Magyars, more than the wisest of human laws could have done. Christianity had once been planted in Pannonia among the Goths by the pious care of Bishop Ulphilas; but a few churches were all that now remained of it. Hungary to this day bears traces of the many nations which have by turns occupied her. There is Trajan's tablet, with its well-worn inscription graven in the living rock, on the right bank of the Danube, by which Rome desired to immortalize the Via Trajana, the passage cut through the rocks by her legions, under the auspices of the conqueror of Dacia. Still farther down the river, near Orsova and the Iron Gate, are the remains of Trajan's famous bridge across the Danube, a magnificent work, which Adrian in a fit of foolish jealousy against his predecessor, caused to be destroyed, under pretence of better defending the boundaries of the empire. On either bank there are the remains of an enormous wall, twenty feet high, and fragments of the twenty arches have been discovered in the bed of the river. More beautiful and equally interesting is the ruined church of Zsámbék, on the road from Buda to Alba Regia, built by the Goths of massive stones, polished and put together almost with the symmetry of mosaic. It had originally two low towers, by which chiefly light was admitted; and the triple nave was supported by a series of pillars and slender pointed arches, in marked contrast with the massive proportions of the whole building. What the heathen Magyars thought of it we do not hear; but at any rate it existed till the Turkish Pashas left both it and the city of Zsámbék in ruins some centuries later. Bishops and Priests had fled from Pannonia when it fell into the hands of the Magyars; but the latter attempted no persecution of the Christians, and left churches and religious houses entirely undisturbed.

On the division of the conquered country, Transylvania had fallen to the share of Tuhutum, one of the seven chiefs, and had ever since been held by him and his descendants as a fief. Gyula was the name of its present prince, who, as some writers assert, was baptized into the Greek Church at Constantinople, whither he had gone to make some treaty of peace with the Emperor. However this may be, Duke Géza married Gyula's daughter Sarolta, who, to say the least of it, if not herself Christian, was well-disposed towards the Christian faith. By her advice, Géza invited artificers and mechanics from Italy and Germany, to settle in Hungary and teach his people useful arts. They willingly came, as soon as Géza had granted permission for priests and monks to accompany

them; and then the work of conversion began. Bruno, Bishop of Verden, had been sent by the Emperor Otto, to beg Géza to allow the free exercise of their religion to the many prisoners carried off by himself and his fathers, from France, Germany, and Italy; and he fully succeeded in his mission. Géza even requested Piligrin, Bishop of Passau, to send a number of monks from Bavaria, who, on their arrival in Hungary, baptized five thousand of the most distinguished Magyars. Whether Géza himself was really converted appears to be very doubtful, though he was very probably baptized. He is said to have declared himself rich enough to serve all gods; but he caused his son Vaik to be brought up as a Christian. Before Vaik's birth, his mother Sarolta had a dream, in which she beheld the proto-martyr St. Stephen, who informed her that her son should be the first King of Hungary, should convert the people to Christianity, and be called after himself, Stephen. The care of Vaik's education was intrusted to two Benedictine monks, but his baptism did not take place till he was sixteen years old, when he received the name of István. (Stephen.) His father, fearing that the Magyars, who still clung to their old heathenish rites and superstitions, might rebel against a ruler of the new religion, caused them to take the oaths of allegiance to his son István during his own lifetime.

But Christianity was not to be established without many a struggle, for the Magyars were deeply attached to the religion of their forefathers; and for many years continued secretly to practise its rites, while openly professing the new faith. In the depths of the Bakony forest, even now may be seen some large square white stones, bearing evident traces of the hand of man. In the tenth century these white stones formed a large altar, on which the sacred fire blazed at daybreak, while the silent forest resounded with the songs of the priest, and the assembled warriors anxiously awaited the rising of the sun, and the predictions of their augurs. At the moment when the first ray shot above the mountains, a thousand spears flashed forth, and a shout of greeting arose to the approaching diety; the priests divided the victims into pieces, threw them into the air; and, as they fell back into the altar-fire, declared from the appearance of the sky what was the humour of the sun-god. A blood-red sunrise denoted war; clouds, misfortune; but a clear bright dawn promised joy and victory.

The blood and entrails of the victims were buried in a deep ditch, as being destined for the evil god Armány, who dwelt beneath the earth. A large black stone, placed over the opening of the trench, was Armány's altar.

One early dawn, the face of the rising sun was concealed from the worshippers by dark black clouds; thunder was heard growling in the distance, and eagerly they inquired from the soothsayers what misfortune was approaching. The most aged of the priests drew near the altar, round which the warriors stood in a semicircle. He took off the leopard-skin mantle he wore over his shoulders, threw it to the ground, and stood upon it. His long robe was fastened down the front by bright buttons

of precious stones; his white beard, intertwined with strings of jewels, reached to his waist, and his snowy hair waved in the morning breeze from beneath a high ermine cap. The aged priest was blind. The things of the visible world were hidden from him; but so much the more was he believed to have the power of beholding things invisible. The fire was burning upon the altar; and the priest, taking his spear, made three cuts with it in the air, listening the while attentively to the ill-omened 'whirr' it made. Then a snow-white horse, upon whose back no rider had ever sat, was brought out and slaughtered; the priests threw the best parts upon the altar; and then, as soon as the hymns ceased, the venerable priest, fixing his sightless eyes upon the distance, began to speak, as if some vision passed before him:—'Beyond these mountains, where the oak forest ends, some aged men, clad in rough hair garments, are moving on, with heads humbly bowed. The strange songs they sing make the heart tremble. The most aged of them walks at the head of the procession, bearing in his hand a cross—the victorious symbol of the strange god.'

'Let them die!' shouted the whole assembly. But the priest, signing to them to hold their peace, continued, 'You cannot injure them. There are three chiefs among them; one is the Emperor Otto, the second, Duke Henrik, (of Bavaria,) and the third is the great-grandson of Arpád—Géza, our chief, against whom no Magyar may lift his hand.' A suppressed sigh was heard among the people, but still the old man went calmly on. 'In the White City (Alba Regia or Stuhlweissenburg) are assembled the Magyar nobles, for * Bajnok, the Chief's son, is celebrating his betrothal amid great rejoicing. But now from the brow of the hill they hear strange hymns; the pilgrims approach, holding out the cross to the revellers. At once they rise, leaving untouched their cups of wine—'

'And grasp their spears?—is it not so?' asked Kupa, the chief of the worshippers.

'And fall down on their knees,' answered the priest.

A cry of sorrow burst from every lip.

'A great building, raised in honour of the Christian god, opens before them. Within it stands a marble basin filled with holy water. A youth, with bare feet, and clad in a white dress, draws near to the holy water, his hands clasped, his eyes raised to heaven. The youth's name is Bajnok.'

'Bajnok!' shouted the assembly in horror. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed as the priest continued, 'Before the basin stands an old man, in a long golden robe, in one hand a shepherd's staff set with diamonds, in the other a golden cup. The Prince kneels on the brink of the basin. The old man fills the cup with holy water, while wonderful songs resound through the building, which is flooded with starry light. The Prince bows his head to receive the holy water.'

At this moment, amid the flashing of the lightning, a sudden torrent of rain fell from the dark clouds above, and the sacred fire on the altar was speedily extinguished. The worshippers bowed their heads in terror.

* Or Vaik; both mean 'Wrestler.'

The water which thus extinguished the sacred fire, was, to their excited imaginations, an image of the holy water, which was at that moment transforming their Prince Bajnok into the Christian István.*

Besides the one supreme God, Isten, the Magyars revered, though in less degree, the four ancient elements, three of which, earth, air, and fire, are symbolized by their national tricolour flag of green, white, red.† They still use, to signify God, the word 'Isten,' the derivation of which appears very obscure; but, with Christianity, they adopted the Hebrew 'Satan' as the name of the evil spirit. Much may be learnt concerning their character and habits, by a careful study of their language, many a fact being there recorded, which has escaped the pen of the historian. But passing over this with but slight notice, we may remark that, as our 'Sunday,' though now bearing a higher signification, may remind us of a time when our ancestors adored the sun; so 'vásárnap,' or 'iron-market-day,' the Hungarian name for Sunday, carries us back to the time when the Magyars dwelt near the Altai mountains, and their most important traffic was in iron. That they reckoned time by the sun and moon is evident, 'moon' and 'month' having the same derivation, and 'sun' and 'day' being identical.

The Magyar language is generally considered to be one of the Altai group, to which also belong the Turkish, Finn, Mongol, Mantchu, &c. It has, at all events, nothing in common with the languages of Europe, though very melodious and powerfully expressive. In the previous sketch it has been shown that the Magyars came originally from central Asia, that seeming to be the best supported opinion; but, in conclusion, it may be just to state, that their origin is involved in such a mist of obscurity, that many widely different views are entertained; and one author even asserts that they were originally Jews, and the Jászok, Philistines. There are no records extant of their early history, previous to their appearance in Europe; so that speculation on the subject can hardly be otherwise than unsatisfactory.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.

PROWESS OF MAITRE LOYS.

REINE had only time to throw herself back, and lean against the exterior wall of the dungeon; from within she heard a loud and joyous voice saying,

* Jókai Mór. 'Magyar Nemzet története; regényes rajzokban.'

† These colours are also symbolical of the three cardinal virtues, Hope, Faith, and Charity.

‘I have caught you—always gaping at the moon; have not you light enough to dream with? If my duty did not call me here, at this time, I should be snoring like the loudest bass of our choir.’

‘But, good Brother Bruno, I am not sleepy,’ said Aubry, who wished him a hundred feet under ground.

‘Well! I don’t understand it,’ cried the lay brother; ‘in my time, young men slept better than old ones. But after all, it is sadness that disturbs you, my gentleman; I understand that. St. Michael keep me! I was a soldier before I was a monk; and I tell you that you did well to cast your sword at the feet of that pale rogue who poisoned his brother.’

‘Bruno,’ interrupted the young man, ‘you must not speak thus before me of my lord.’

‘Well, well, I know that you are as loyal as steel. Messire Aubry, I love you; and if I were master, you should be free directly, for it is a shame to the Abbey of St. Michael’s to be made a prison by this vile Francis.—Well, well, I restrain my tongue, Messire; I said you were a fine man-at-arms, my son, and I would not vex you for the world; and,’ he added, in quite a fatherly voice, ‘if you were to say to me sometimes, “Brother Bruno, I should like to drink a bottle of Gascon wine,” provided it were neither ember day nor vigil, I should not be displeased with you.’

The excellent Brother Bruno spoke volubly, without stops, and while he spoke his honest face smiled kindly. He was almost an old man; a pale and bald head, which had perhaps been formerly the head of a boon companion. Bruno had done all he could to soften the rigour of his captivity ever since Aubry had been confined in the dungeon of the Abbey. In his rounds he never passed Aubry’s cell without coming in for a little chat; and Aubry liked it, because he knew he had a good heart. He allowed Brother Bruno to tell him all the details of the last siege of the Mount; the good monk had made himself a soldier again for the occasion; he would have liked the Mount to be always besieged, but the conquered English had abandoned even their fortress at Tombelaine, after having first ruined it. These happy days were gone.

Aubry usually received the monk’s visit with pleasure and cordiality, but now we know that he would not enter into conversation; while Bruno talked, he thought. Bruno perceived it, and began to laugh.

‘I am sure I do not disturb you, for I know that you do not receive visits.’

Aubry forced himself to keep a serene countenance.

‘But now I think of it,’ the monk went on, laughing still more, ‘they say that the Fairy of the Sands, who had disappeared for a hundred years, is come back. The fishermen of the Mount have talked of nothing else for the last fortnight. You were there perched at the window when I came in; perhaps the Fairy, riding upon a moonbeam, had come to see you.’

‘Surely Brother Bruno did not suspect how right he was,’ Aubry thought.

‘Apropôs to this Fairy of the Sands,’ he continued, ‘there are thousands of legends, each more diverting than the other. You, who love old legends so much, should you like to hear one?’ So saying, Bruno sat down upon the straw that made Aubry’s bed, and placed his lamp upon the ground. The idea of telling a story rejoiced his heart. Aubry devoted him to the devil.

‘At the time of the First Crusade,’ began Bruno, ‘the Lord of Chateaufort, who was Jean de Rieux, sold all, even to his wife’s gold chain, to equip a hundred lances. Do you listen, Messire Aubry?’

‘Not much, good Father Bruno.’

‘The legend I am telling you is called the Grotto of Sapphires, and shows all the treasures that are hid at the bottom of the sea.’

‘I shall not go after them, Brother Bruno.’

‘Jean de Rieux, having then equipped his hundred lances, went to Dinan to suspend a medallion, that had been blessed, to the altar of our Lady. Then he went off, leaving his wife, the beautiful Alionor, to the care of his seneschal.’ Aubry yawned. ‘I never saw a Christian yawn while listening to this legend, Messire Aubry,’ said the monk, somewhat offended, ‘and that reminds me of another adventure.’

‘Oh! good Brother Bruno, if you knew how sleepy I am!’

‘Just now you pretended—’

‘Certainly, but since—’

‘Then it is I who make you sleepy, Messire?’ said the monk, rising.

‘My excellent brother, you cannot believe that?’ Aubry offered his hand.

The monk took it without any anger, and shook it heartily. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘to punish you, you shall never hear the legend of the Sapphire Grotto at the bottom of the sea. Good-night, Messire Aubry; do not forget your prayers, and have pleasant dreams.’

The door was hardly closed before Aubry suspended himself again to the sill of the loophole. ‘Reine! Reine!’ said he, ‘bless you for having thought of bringing me a file; we are saved!’

‘May you not be mistaken, Aubry.’

‘To-morrow night this bar will be cut through.’

‘But could you pass through that narrow opening?’

‘My adored Reine, I will pass if I leave the skin of my shoulders.’

‘And shall we have one enemy the fewer?’

‘You will have one defender the more, Reine!’ he cried, ‘Listen; while the good monk was there, I thought and remembered, what cannot a brave man do, even against a host? With Loys to fight the Rieux bloodhounds, and me to fight the men-at-arms of that miscreant Méloir, by St. Briec, Reine, I should go to battle with a joyful mind.’

‘I do not know,’ the girl would have said, but Aubry continued, with increasing warmth—

Listen, listen, Reine; you do not know Maitre Loys; he is a noble fellow in his way. Once—it was two years ago—my noble father, who was near death, had a fancy to eat a loin of buck venison; the deer are getting scarce in our Brittany, but there are some left in the forest of Jugon. I said to my father, ‘Messire, I am going to kill a buck.’ He smiled, and gave me his feeble hand; when a man is dying, he has longings like a child or a woman. I took Maitre Loys, and we went towards Lamballe; we walked on all day. On the opposite side of the forest of Jugon is the house of the ancient lords of Kermal, now inhabited by the Jew, Isaac Holles, silversmith to the late Duke. Isaac had six sons, who considered themselves masters of the forest, all robust and tall men, dark, mouth depressed, nose like an eagle’s beak, like the eastern nations. If anyone, gentle or simple, hunted in this forest, the sons of Isaac Holles came and killed him, so no one did hunt there, for that was well known. They had a pack trained to rush upon poachers and their dogs. I arrived at night on the borders of the forest; Maitre Loys found scent at the first step, but it was too late to hunt. I knew their tracks, and I walked a league to get a good station. My arms were my knife and my spear—a good spear, Reine, strong as a lance, and sharp as a needle. I tied Maitre Loys to a chestnut tree, and I told him to lie down and not to move; the buck came trotting in the copse; Maitre Loys pretended to be dead. When the buck passed, I planted my spear under his shoulder; he fell on his knees, and I despatched him with my knife. Maitre Loys made a long and joyful howl, and then, as if this cry had called up an army of demons, the forest was lighted up suddenly; torches shone through the trees, the trumpet sounded; I saw men on horseback galloping, exciting the hounds to their fullest speed. I said to myself, ‘Here come the Jew’s six sons with their dogs, to kill me.’ With a back-stroke I cut the leather strap which held Loys, and I took my spear in my hand. Loys did not spring; he stood before me, his legs stretched, his head raised. The Jews were already crying, ‘At him!’ There was a large oak tree at the right of the path, and I placed my back against it, that I might not be massacred from behind. At that moment Isaac’s six sons, their dogs and their servants, came upon me like thunder. I still see their long faces, made copper-coloured by the red light of the torches. I cannot tell you exactly what happened, Reine, for I scarcely know myself; there was a whirlwind around me. I had wounds in all parts of my body; my forehead was covered with sweat and blood. I only remember encouraging Maitre Loys from time to time, I also remember that I saw him always before me, mute amidst the pack, and working nobly. My spear rose and fell; I began not to feel my wounds, which is a sign that one is going to faint or die.’

Aubry stopped to take breath. Reine listened breathless. She was in the forest, at the foot of the great oak; the torches dazzled her, the noise stunned her. ‘Brave Maitre Loys, defend your master.’ Aubry went on—

‘I wished so much to take the venison to my father. I felt that I was going to fall; I said to myself, “Come, Aubry, one last stroke!” and I quitted my post as a besieged garrison makes a sally; I brandished my lance, I struck as well as I could. It seemed to me that the torches went out, and there was no one before me; I thought it was the mist of death before my eyes; I let myself sink. I stayed there a very long time; when I awoke, the rising sun was gilding the higher branches of the trees. Maitre Loys, with bloody coat, was licking my wounds. Around me, lying on the grass, were six dead bodies, the six sons of Isaac Holles; for his share, Maitre Loys had strangled two Jews and half a dozen dogs; Maitre Loys is a good beast! I cut up the buck; I could not carry it all home, so I took the loin, and came home, somewhat maltreated, but well pleased. My father, whose eyes were failing, never knew that I was wounded; he made his last repast upon the venison, smiling, and finding it very good.’

Thus concluded Aubry’s history; as Reine still listened he continued,

‘Could I but see myself in the midst of Méloir’s men-at-arms, with a weapon in my hand, and Maitre Loys by my side, I should ask nothing else of Heaven.’

‘You are brave, Aubry,’ said Reine softly; ‘yes, you are right; if you were free, we could save my father.’

‘Well, then, my Reine,’ he cried, beginning to file the bar, ‘let us work at my liberation.’

The steel ground upon the iron; Aubry was in a very uneasy position, but he worked with all his heart.

‘And now, Aubry,’ said Reine presently, ‘Heaven be with you; I am going.’

‘Already?’

‘My father has been expecting me these two days.’

‘But the tide is up.’

‘It is going down; and if any water remains at dawn between the Mount and Tombelaine, I must swim.’

‘Swim!’ cried Aubry; ‘do not, Reine; the current is strong.’

‘If I wait for daylight, I shall be seen, and my father’s retreat discovered.’

Aubry could make no objection, but all his gaiety was gone. The moon now appeared round an angle of the fortification; a ray came to Reine’s shoulder; then the light rose slowly, and playing among the folds of her black veil, and fair hair weighed down with the dews of night, reached her cheek at last, and sparkled in her tender soft blue eyes. Aubry was in ecstasy.

‘Oh! Reine,’ said he, ‘I have not seen you like this for two long weeks. Night has always been between us, and I never saw you so beautiful; what have I done to deserve your love? when I think of that I tremble, and my heart is sad.’

There was an angelic smile on the young maiden’s face.

‘If I were swimming across the sea,’ she said, ‘I should be in less danger than I am in here, my poor Aubry.’

‘Why?’

‘Because the moon shines for everyone—the archer on the platform.’

‘He sees you!’ Aubry interrupted, in a voice smothered with terror.

‘Yes,’ Reine answered; ‘he bends his bow.’

‘Fly! oh, fly!’

Reine made her adieux with her hand, and let herself down; the bolt whistled, and rebounded from the rocks. Aubry let himself fall to the bottom of his dungeon. Then he leaned out again from the little stone loop-hole.

‘Reine! Reine! one word, for pity.’

A second bolt struck the extreme point of the rock, broke it, and out flew a sheaf of sparks. Aubry’s heart ceased to beat. At this moment, in the silence of the night, a voice already far off was heard, even in the cell, ‘*Au revoir.*’ Aubry, on his knees, made a more hearty thanksgiving than he ever had in his life before.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN WILL THE WEDDING BE?

LITTLE Jeannin had stayed long watching the Fairy on the sands; when at last she disappeared in the shadow of the Mount, Jeannin seemed to awake; he shook his long curls, weighed the purse in his hand, and cut a fine caper. His joy grew greater as he walked, his head proudly thrown back, his chin in the air, his step that of a wealthy man; the joy mounted to his brain and intoxicated him.

He made absurd antics, he chanted Christmas carols learnt at Cherieux, then he went head over heels; when tired of this pastime, he threw back the mass of hair that blinded him, shouted, jumped, and capered; he took a large draught of joy. Then he put his fist upon his hip, like the halberdier at Dol Cathedral; he marched with measured tread. See how great a man he is now! but his gravity did not last long. ‘Sweet Simonette, it makes me mad to think of you!’

Jeannin lived at Quatre Salines; his old mother had a little cottage that let in the wind everywhere. That night, Jeannin built her a comfortable house; as to him, we know he rarely slept at home. There was a farm at the end of the village, and in the orchard was a great heap of straw, six times as big as his mother’s cabin, and that was Jeannin’s domicile; he had made a very comfortable hole in the straw, and there he slept soundly. His mother had a goat that took up his place in the cottage, so he was obliged to find a lodging elsewhere.

Beyond Mount Dol, the dawn tinted the outline of the horizon with white when Jeannin reached the end of the sands; so, as it was too

early to present himself to Simon le Prioul, he jumped into his straw bed head foremost, and went to sleep at the same moment. How well he slept! and what fine dreams he had! He saw the nuptial torches lighted in the church. Fanchon was leading her daughter to the altar, and Simon le Prioul had on his feast-day doublet; and Simonette smiled sily, with a blush on her cheek; she was so happy, as happy as Jeannin himself, and so beautiful!

When Jeannin went to sleep, it was for good; the sun rose and set, and still he slept! When he waked, the fog had come on. 'Oh,' said he, 'the day is very long in coming.' He crept out of his hole, expecting the sunrise; but it was the moon that came. 'Well,' he said to himself, 'I have had a long nap. I must go to Simon, and ask his daughter in marriage.'

It was a cheerful walk; with his purse under his sheep-skin he knocked at Simon's door.

'Hallo, young one!' said Simon as he entered, 'whenever did you knock at people's doors as if you were somebody?'

In fact, it was not his way to knock; he came in softly like a cat, without giving notice. His knocking on this occasion was really because he felt that he had become somebody, though that was not in his thoughts.

'Good-day, Simon le Prioul,' he said, his cheeks all one blush. 'Good-day, Dame Fanchon, and all the household.' The household was composed of two cows and four pigs, for Simonette was out, and all the Gothons and Mathurins were absent.

Simon and Fanchon looked at each other, and the wife said, 'What is the matter with the boy? he looks bewildered.'

'Are you ill, young one?' said Simon kindly.

Jeannin did not know whether he was well or ill; his tongue was paralyzed. In his eyes Simon and his wife were more formidable than a king and queen: he had not prepared his speech. It had seemed so easy to say as he went in, 'Good morning to you all; I am come to marry Simonette;' now he could not utter a word.

'Wife,' said Simon, 'he is pale, and he has the shiver of an ague fit upon him; give him a cup of hot cider to warm his heart.'

'Oh, thank you all the same,' said Jeannin, 'but my heart is not cold, quite the reverse; not that I refuse the cider, but I am come to tell you both that a piece of good fortune has come to me.'

The door grated on its hinges, and the face of Maitre Vincent Gueffès appeared. It was a pity, for Jeannin had made a beginning, and was going to tell his whole story at once.

Vincent Gueffès gave a pull to the lock of hair that hung over his forehead, which was his way of salutation. He then sat down on a block of wood at the fire, and made a friendly sign to Jeannin. He had been thinking all day of some way of getting the little cockle-picker hanged. Jeannin stood with his mouth open.

‘Well, my boy,’ said Fanchon, ‘what is this good luck that you have met with?’

Jeannin began to twist the wool of his sheep-skin; Gueffès saw that he was uneasy, and that was a real pleasure to him.

‘Come, speak quickly,’ said Simon; ‘we cannot attend to you all day!’

‘Oh no, Master Simon,’ said Jeannin humbly. ‘Though, really and truly, I never should have thought of it but for you.’

‘What should you never have thought of?’

‘The fifty crowns.’

‘Would you sell the head of our good seigneur?’ cried Fanchon, quite red with indignation.

Maitre Gueffès pricked up his ears—and they were long ones.

Jeannin answered, employing the most vehement negative in the language of that country, and added,

‘The chief of the soldiers did propose it to me, but I was deaf with that ear. It is about other crowns, crowns which—in short, that is what I was going to tell you—these crowns.’ He looked up quite satisfied with the clear explanation he had made.

‘That gives us no information,’ Maitre Gueffès began; but Jeannin did not let him proceed, and said gruffly,

‘No one speaks to you, man, and if you also want to talk, go and wait at the door.’

Simon and his wife looked at each other again. Could this be little Jeannin the coward? Maitre, in trying to smile, made a frightful grimace. Jeannin turned to the farmer and his wife, and said in explanation, ‘You see, I do not like this Norman, for he is always following Simonette.’

‘What is that to you, young one?’ said Simon, laughing.

Jeannin’s face expressed great astonishment.

‘What is that to me!’ he said; ‘have I told you nothing, then, since we have been talking here? How it concerns me, is that Simonette is my promised bride.’

Simon and his wife at this speech burst into a loud laugh; and Fanchon, holding her sides, cried, ‘Oh, poor Jeannin has certainly been walking upon four-leaved trefoil.’

Less than that would have disconcerted Jeannin; with tears in his eyes, and all his courage gone, he said, ‘It needed only to have fifty crowns to have Simonette.’

‘Where will you get fifty gold crowns, my boy?’

Jeannin drew from under his sheep-skin the purse of fine iron network that sparkled in the fire-light. Simon and his wife opened their eyes wide, and Gueffès stretched his neck to see better.

‘What is that?’ they asked in a breath.

Jeannin smiled. ‘Ah, ah,’ he said, ‘when one lays hold of the Fairy of the Sands, she gives all one asks.’

‘The Fairy!’ they repeated in amazement; but Simon was like a conjuror, who, when invoking paper phantoms to amuse his audience, sees a real spectre.

‘The Fairy of the Sands! my man, but those are only fairy tales.’

‘What! the history of the Breton knight!’

‘Nothing but a fiction.’

‘Are these fictions?’ Jeannin answered triumphantly, as he shook the gold in the purse. ‘The Fairy might have transported the knight over the sea to the Mount as easily as she gave me the means of marrying Simonette.’

So saying, he opened the purse, and poured out the crowns on the table; there were many more than fifty, and Simon and Fanchon were fairly dazzled.

Vincent Gueffès, quiet in his corner, said to himself, ‘So these are the fine new crowns that I was very near being hung for myself; the young lady must have taken the purse, and the young rogue must have run after her with his head full of Simon’s stories, and so here they are.’

It is evident that Maitre Gueffès was a clever man, by his making so complete an abridgement of the story we have told in many chapters. Simon and his wife were very far from having so clear a view of this obscure mystery. They looked at the crowns suspiciously; but crowns they were, and Simon loved crowns, and so did Fanchon. Simon consulted his wife with his eyes, and she answered, ‘Well, my man, all the same, Jeannin is a handsome fellow.’

‘That is true,’ said Simon, looking attentively at him, as he had never done before in his life.

‘The boy has fine blue eyes,’ added Fanchon, in a voice almost caressing.

‘And hair like a glory,’ said Simon, going beyond her in praise.

Jeannin, rosy with delight, was highly gratified. Maitre Gueffès had risen quietly, and placed himself amongst them unheeded.

‘When will the marriage be?’ said he, with such a crafty expression as made the good people tremble.

‘That is nothing to you,’ said Jeannin, ‘as you will not be at the wedding—go.’

Maitre Gueffès gave a pull to his lock, and departed, but turned at the door, and said without anger,

‘Well, well, little Jeannin, your bride will be the halter, and I shall be at the wedding.’

As he disappeared, they heard his bitter laugh, and Fanchon exclaimed, ‘Jealousy!’

‘Spite!’ said Simon le Prioul; and they placed Jeannin in the seat of honour, to talk over the marriage, for it was settled from that moment. The crowns and the open purse remained on the table.

There was a great noise without; a horn sounded, and the tread of horses was heard on the road, and vague distant sounds came down the chimney. Simon, his wife, and Jeannin went on talking of the marriage, till there was a loud knock at the door.

‘In the name of the Duke our Seigneur.’

Simon, quite scared, ran to open it. The red cow and the black lowed from their straw beds. The men entered, commanded by Keraval, and conducted by Maitre Vincent Gueffès, and followed by all the village—the four Mathurins, the four Gothons, three Catiches, one Perine, and two Josons. Simonette and her brother were still absent.

‘What do you want?’ asked Simon.

The archer Morray, without ceremony, threw himself to the other end of the room.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Gueffès, ‘there is the purse, and there is the thief.’

All the men-at-arms knew the Chevalier Méloir’s purse. Gueffès pointed to Jeannin; they seized him, and Keraval said, ‘Fasten the halter to the apple tree in front;’—the apple tree under which Jeannin came by night to dream of love.

The halter was fastened to hang the thief. Maitre Vincent Gueffès came behind Jeannin, whispering in his ear, ‘I told you, young one, that I would be at the wedding.’

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE Abbey Farm was looking at its best one Michaelmas morning, early enough in the day to give full effect to the masses of light and shadow thrown from the picturesque building on the turfed quadrangle that had once, said history, been the cloister of a large monastery. Many a reminder of those far back times might have been seen, not only in the massive architecture of the building that yet survived, but in remnants of old carvings ‘cropping up’ in unexpected places—in mullioned window-frames built into the modern wall of a cart-house, pointed arches, with half-effaced date of centuries ago, surrounding a stable-door; while in the fields around large stones had from time to time been turned up by the plough, that antiquarians recognized as the grave-stones of prior or monk.

So, through long years of spoliation and desecration, the ‘Abbey,’ like many another coeval institution, had disappeared, and ‘Abbey Farm’ was turning into new channels the wealth of the richest and most fertile of the Church lands of the county.

It was beautiful even now in its diminished size, never more so than at the present time of year, when autumn shadows were varying the too uniform greenness of the summer in that rich plain, and autumn colouring was lying on the yellow stubble fields, and crimsoning the first dying leaves.

‘It is beautiful!’ said a voice full of that hearty enjoyment that invalids feel so intensely in the rare delight of going out into the fresh open air from the sameness of small rooms and monotonous routine; and a low basket pony-chaise drew up before the gateway of the Abbey Farm, the wrapped-up figure of a lady bending forwards to look through the shadow of the covered archway, at the stretch of turf and flower-beds leading up to the grey-tinted porch.

‘It was so kind of you to send this for me, Mr. Hatherly,’ as a young-looking man came forward with a hearty welcome. A fair light-haired man of about thirty, with nothing of the ‘farmer’ in his rather delicate and refined face; tenant-farmer though he was of the Abbey lands, as for four generations his family had been before him.

Rich enough to stand on equal terms with many of the families around, who, on the strength of his wealth, would have gladly admitted him into a better class of society than his predecessors had enjoyed, he was accused of pride in ‘keeping himself to himself,’ as the provincial idiom said, and finding occupation and amusement enough in carrying out scientific principles in the management of his land.

The Marvins—they had just driven up—made an exception. Mr. Marvin, as the vicar of the parish of which the Abbey Farm and surrounding cottages formed an outlying hamlet, had had opportunities enough of breaking through the young farmer’s shyness, or pride, or humility, whichever his unsociableness resulted from; and Shilcote Vicarage was the only clerical house that Edward Hatherly would visit at; and even there he came under a protest.

It was pleasant to see him help Mrs. Marvin to move from the easy seat of the pony-chaise, running into the house for a chair to rest in in the porch, thanking her again for coming.

‘It was a great pleasure,’ Mr. Marvin said, though rather anxious as to the possible result of such a departure from established precedents; ‘Annie hopes it will do her great benefit.’

‘Of course it will!’ said a bright girl’s voice; and Annie squeezed herself out of the tiny back seat of the little carriage, regardless of offers of help, and gave a merry answer to Mr. Hatherly’s demure ‘Good morning, Miss Mavin.’

She had a pleasant face, bright black eyes, and pink and white complexion, making her almost pretty; in spite of an awkward style of dress that gave her a look of overgrown childishness, by its attempt at realizing the girl’s idea of what was ‘the correct thing,’ with very, very little money to spend on her wardrobe. Poor Annie’s scanty dresses and old-fashioned hats were one of her little troubles. She laughed and

coloured as Mr. Hatherly spoke to her; she was not quite used to the change from the familiar 'Annie;' 'Miss' being a new dignity accorded to her eighteen years. For she had just passed her eighteenth birth-day; and, childish as in some respects she was, she was womanish beyond her years in others, with the responsibility of household cares, and the charge of a bevy of brothers and sisters, the weight of which had come early upon her, through her mother's perpetual ill-health.

'Where are those children?' said Annie; 'I *told* them to be here by this time. Tiresome boys!'

'Never fear, Annie,' said her father; 'they will not be very late to-day. Mr. Hatherly's Harvest-home is too much of a treat to be wasted. And there they are.'

A crowd of children seemed to fill up the bend in the lane, visible beyond the arch of the gateway. Four boys, from eight to fifteen, and three girls, from six to thirteen, made a formidable show, which they made the most of by rushing about from side to side of the high-hedged lane, to Annie's alarm.

'Edith's frock! I *told* them not to let her tumble it. Her white one, too! Just look at it!'

And, as the noisy group ran up, poor Annie discovered suspiciously red stains on the little one's best frock, explained by the offender as 'only some mould out of the hedge!'

'Annie's charge,' said Mr. Marvin, with a little sadness in his smile, as he and Mr. Hatherly watched her busily wiping dusty frocks, putting hair to rights, and getting the frisky troop into as much outward order as possible under the circumstances, 'I am almost tempted to think sometimes that it is too great a burden for her; she ought to be hardly more than a child herself.'

'She is better as it is,' said the young host. Annie's cares for the little ones were a pleasant sight to him always; the pleasanter for the contrast that the noisy but loving children made with his quiet loneliness.

'I say, Mr. Hatherly, what's up for to-day?' roared one of the boys, clinging round the young man's arm in great excitement; 'what shall we do?'

'First, we are going to the Service, Fred; afterwards, you must ask your Papa.'

It was always young Hatherly's custom to put Mr. Marvin forward as the leader of the festivities; rather a trial to the Vicar's retiring disposition.

'I think we must give the work-people an early dinner, Mr. Marvin, don't you think so? The men like a quiet hour afterwards over their pipes; such a stock of tobacco I have laid in!'

'I say, though, that's slow work!' broke in Master Freddy; 'we want some fun.'

'Which means, putting your limbs in danger,' returned Mr. Hatherly, turning aside Mr. Marvin's quiet observation on Fred's manners; 'that

was my notion of fun when I was a boy—and a very good notion, Fred, wasn't it? What do you think of clearing a few apple trees, now?’

‘Picking apples?’ said the boy, as if that were the height of happiness.

‘And pocketing them,’ interposed Mr. Hatherly.

‘Hooray! I say!’ was the very satisfactory answer; and Master Fred retreated peaceably, on the strength of the expected amusement, and even volunteered to walk quietly to the Service, and ‘behave first-rate’ there.

The only drawback to that morning Harvest Service was in Mrs. Marvin's absence. It was decided by the authorities, with Annie at their head, that it would not do to risk too much, and that she must lie down and rest for the next hour or two.

She did, in the most comfortable and prettiest of all the numerous rooms. Mr. Hatherly had chosen it for her, as looking out from a large oriel window on the turfed quadrangle, where the preparations for the feast were beginning merrily, and where all the fun—as the boys said—would be going on. There she lay, on the largest of old-fashioned couches, wheeled up to the window by Mr. Hatherly himself in readiness; a modern drawing-room table at her side, with breakfast-things, and urn; and the old housekeeper waiting on her with the utmost devotion.

‘Well, you do look pretty comfortable, Mamma,’ said Annie, coming in for a last look before the Service began. ‘Mr. Hatherly sent me to see if there is anything else you would like.’

‘Anything else, dear? Why, I am being spoiled already!’ said the cheerful invalid; ‘*such* a breakfast, Annie, I have not made for years; look at this delicious cream—*real* cream, and this home-made bread and butter. I have eaten a piece of bread as large as that, I have indeed!’

It was not an alarming amount; but Annie gave a congratulating kiss, and ran away to report that the drive had already done wonders.

The Service was held in a large room, or rather hall, that tradition said had been known once by the name of the tithe store-room. It was well adapted for its present purpose, to which it had been given up for the five years of Edward Hatherly's tenantry. Up to that time the cottagers of the Abbey hamlet had had no nearer opportunities of church-going than the Parish Church; but on his earnest representation to the Bishop of the difficulty the old and infirm among his work-people found in walking the ‘long mile’ to Shilcote Church, in many cases absolutely cutting them off, when they most needed it, from Church ministration, the best of the Abbey rooms had been licensed, and three weekly Services had been held there.

‘We have been attempting some decorations,’ Mr. Hatherly said, as he was walking with Annie and her flock to the tithe-room; ‘very primitive, I am afraid; but I like to see a beginning, and have been encouraging my folks. I wish they had not used *quite* so many glaring flowers.’

‘Ah, I thought the bed of sunflowers looked very deplorable,’ laughed Annie.

‘Yes, I did suggest that they were a trifle large for the purpose ; but old Stephen was too much for me. “Why, Sir, we be picking out the best of all we’ve got, and the prettiest ; and we can’t put ’em to a better use,” said the poor old fellow ; and I let him take on his armful of sunflowers and dahlias without another remonstrance. He had the spirit of Church-work in him ; I could not run the risk of checking it, by suggesting faults, could I ?’

‘I suppose not,’ said Annie carelessly.

She had taken up the popular subject of church decoration, and was rather fond of laying down the law, on the correct way of doing things ; and to say the truth, she looked down with great disdain on Mr. Hatherly’s confession of imperfection.

She had not time to say more, for the tithe-room was very near the house, and in a few moments the Service had begun ; Mr. Hatherly in his usual place at the small harmonium, that had been his gift to his congregation of work-people, and the words of the well-known Harvest Hymn, ringing out with their burden of joy and thankfulness, present and future.

‘Come, with thousand angels come !
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home.’

Many a look of delight at the decorated walls told of the pride of the decorators in their handiwork ; and, after all, the dahlias and sunflowers were less obtrusive than Annie expected. For the room being wainscoted with old panellings, and lighted by thickly-mullioned windows, was dark enough to swallow up a large amount of glaringness ; and while the gaudiest wreaths had been kept to the lower part of the room, there were proofs enough at the east end that Mr. Hatherly had not left *all* the work to his ‘old folks,’ which satisfied even Annie’s critical eye. Vine leaves and grasses were there, and small sheaves of golden corn clustered round the Altar text :

‘The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.’

‘I never knew you were such a good illuminator,’ Annie commented, when the Service was over, as she passed Mr. Hatherly at the door on her way to hunt up her dispersed charge.

Mr. Hatherly turned to look at the words, and when Mr. Marvin joined him, began speaking as if in connection with them.

‘Inappropriate here, are they not ? But I have really a little hope for next year. Did you know that the Salternes are coming back to the estate ?’

‘Are they, indeed ?’ returned the Vicar, in a tone of great interest ; ‘it will be a great excitement for the neighbourhood, and for you.’

‘It will not affect me, except as there is a chance that a little personal acquaintance with our circumstances may have a good effect. When Mr. Salterne is on the spot, he can hardly “pooh-pooh” the question, as he

does with my letters. No man with common sense can deny that we want a church here, and that we *ought* to have one.'

'Unfortunately, there are so many different criterions of deciding on a want of that kind; and I am afraid Mr. Salterne's estimate will be very unlike yours.'

'There ought to be no difficulty in the matter,' went on Mr. Hatherly, who could always talk fluently on subjects of the required church, if on nothing else. His 'hobby,' people called it; and it would have been, if it had not been so much more to him. 'The site should be no loss of income to him, if he was inclined to make it an objection; he should have his full rent during my tenantry. The endowment *ought* not to be a serious matter; it would be a small thing to give back to the Church from what was Church property once; and the building should be no expense to him. There is money ready and waiting for it—money from Church lands.'

Mr. Marvin was the only person who knew how that sum of money had been accumulating, year by year.

'From *Church* lands, remember,' repeated the young farmer, in a kind of apology.

'*You* have not appropriated them,' said Mr. Marvin, understanding him.

'No, but I get a profit from them; and'—he hesitated—'I must let a fair share of that profit go back to its original use, as nearly as I can. It is the only way I can justify myself for having anything to do with the secularization of property such as this. Yes, I know all the arguments that laymen ease their conscience with in such things; the length of time since the evil began—rather a shaky argument *that*—the impossibility of bringing back exactly the old state of things—and so on. But look at the plain facts. Some three hundred years ago, this property went to maintain a religious house; whatever evil was mixed up with it, there was at least a consecrated place fit for Divine Service. Now, the whole wealth of this valley goes to keep up the Salterne estate, and the poor have no church.'

'The question is, how is such a state of things to be remedied?' said Mr. Marvin's quiet voice.

'That is the very question I have put to my landlord, and the one I hope to have answered soon. I want to see it answered by a church standing *there*, built and endowed from the profits of the Church's lands. That will be but a small item compared with the sums alienated from the Abbey; but in individual hands, an individual effort is all we must hope for.'

'I hope it will be so,' answered Mr. Marvin. 'I agree with you that a church ought to be built; restored, I suppose I should say, as there once was one. And yet, I think you look upon the question too seriously; I mean as regards your own share in the evil. You almost seem to feel the responsibility.'

‘If I share in the profits, I must share in the responsibility,’ interrupted Mr. Hatherly.

‘Possibly; but yours is only an individual responsibility; and as far as I can judge, you have done all that it involves. You have put a Service here, the infant school that feeds our Shilcote one, the night school for your workmen—all that must go a long way in making up for what has been lost long ago; it probably does much more good than was done here when the Abbey was in its glory. For the Church is no weaker now than then; on the contrary, purer and better, we believe.’

‘Ah, but you don’t know how guilty it makes one feel,’ said Mr. Hatherly in a lighter tone, ‘to live at one’s ease in solitary dignity in an Abbey, even if it has come down to be an Abbey Farm! When I can look out of my window at your new church, I will be more contented with my prosperity.’

It was the last chance Mr. Hatherly had of a ride on his hobby for that day. The tribe of children broke into the discussion with clamorous summons to the dinner; and quiet talk was at an end.

Long tables, laid in the shadiest side of the green quadrangle; sheaves of flowers of the gaudy kind, in primitive pitchers, brightening up the cut-and-come-again joints of beef and mutton; half-shy, half-enjoying faces of workmen and workmen’s wives in Sunday country fashions, contrasting with the children’s looks of perfect delight at the fun of the open-air dinner; this was what Mrs. Marvin looked out on from the oriel ivy-leaved window.

She was quite alone, precedents being ruthlessly broken to-day; and Mr. Marvin’s frequent glances at the pale face looking through the open casement, were satisfactory enough to let him throw himself into the hearty pleasure of the day with more enjoyment than he often felt.

While the boys and girls conducted themselves in such an unusually decorous way, as being on their dignity in the present society, that Annie had a respite from her anxieties till the Grace was sung, and the afternoon’s work had begun. Then her attempt to discover the probable perils her charge were likely to put themselves into, resulted in a satisfactory conviction, that two in the apple-trees, with unlimited powers of climbing, two more in the field devoted to cricket and foot-ball, and two others on the banks of the pond, were effectually beyond her watch; and rescuing Edith unwillingly from dangerous companionship, she indulged herself in a wandering exploration of the old rooms and panelled galleries of the Abbey.

‘I have had the boat taken away, Miss Marvin,’ said Mr. Hatherly, coming up to Annie, amid the din of preparations for the cricket-field; ‘I thought you would be more comfortable if these little pickles had one chance less of suicide.’

‘What a horrid shame!’ was Master Fred’s ungrateful reception of this care for his safety.

‘And,’ continued Mr. Hatherly, ‘I will keep a look-out on them, and do my best to give them up to you with unbroken necks this evening.’

It was wonderfully pleasant to Annie to feel this thoughtfulness for her little anxieties, so much a matter of course to other people.

‘Thanks,’ she answered brightly; ‘it is very good of you; but don’t trouble about them. They will turn up all right at last, as they always do. Luckily, I am not given to nervousness.’

It was something like a weight off her sisterly mind to know that somebody else was taking her responsibility from her; and the long autumn afternoon went by almost too quickly in the pretty oriel room, where her mother could look out between the crimson sprays of Virginian creeper into the rich sunset sky, and watch the merry groups of holiday-keepers growing dim at last in the shadowy ‘twilight fields.’

Illness has great compensations, as Annie realized, hearing the invalidish voice repeat, over and over again—

‘You cannot tell what an enjoyment it is, to look out on this lovely view! Annie, I think it has grown prettier than ever!’

‘Not so very wonderful, Mamma,’ laughed Annie; ‘flat, I should say, and too choked up with trees.’

‘But such colours on the elms!’ said her mother—the autumn tinting was no everyday sight to her on such an expanse of country—‘a slight crimson here and there, dear, and then the yellow of the corn-fields reaching quite up to the foot of Salterne Park. No wonder they are coming back to it; how could they have left it?’

‘Who are coming back, Mamma?—where?’ asked Annie, jumping up in a state of excitement; ‘you don’t mean the Salternes?’

‘Yes, dear. Mr. Hatherly has heard.’

‘Mamma! and aren’t you glad?’

Mr. Marvin had been quite right in saying that the neighbourhood would be excited at such a break in the uneventfulness of the country life, as the re-occupation of the shut-up mansion. Annie was full of it already; and when her father came in on one of his frequent visits to the oriel room, asked him more questions than he was at all able to answer.

‘It will be nice,’ chattered the girl; ‘that poor old house, with its great big rooms and conservatories; how glad I am it is going to be lived in! And there is one daughter—only one, isn’t it, Papa? how old is she?’

‘About your age, or perhaps a year or two older; yes, I remember when I came to Shilcote she was a mere child.’

‘Delightful!’ said Annie.

Mrs. Marvin looked a little uneasy at Annie’s demonstrations of pleasure. Mr. Marvin answered them in that quiet manner of his that was an effectual damper to any unwholesome amount of excitement.

‘It will hardly make any difference to you, my dear. The Salternes coming home will scarcely affect us in any way, unless we can induce them to enlarge our charity resources; as I hope we shall.’

‘Not in *that* way, Papa,’ said Annie, vexed with herself for a little feeling of mortification; ‘I meant, visiting them, you know, being friends with Miss Salterne. If she is about my age, it will be pleasant, won’t it, Papa dear?’

‘Miss Salterne is in a different society from anything you have to mix with, my dear; you forget that.’

‘Well, but we should have visited that sort of people before, only Salterne is the only place of that sort near; of course we must visit there now.’

‘You may call there once, my dear, and Mrs. Salterne will call once at the Vicarage; there will hardly be more intercourse, except that I, as vicar of the parish, may dine at the Park occasionally.’

‘Papa!’ said Annie indignantly; her father’s matter-of-fact remark had demolished certain castles in the air. ‘Papa! why, *you* are a clergyman, fit for any society; and Mamma!’

Annie thought it needless to finish the sentence; one glance at the thoroughly ladylike, even aristocratic, figure of the clergyman’s wife was, she would have said, quite enough to make a well-founded claim on an admission to the Salterne society. Everyone could see in a moment that she belonged to a high family. Had not Annie often revelled in the Lord and Lady So-and-So, that were mixed up familiarly with the tales of two generations ago? And was not a living Earl to be proved, by abstruse calculation, to be only a fourth cousin to the poor Vicar’s wife?

‘Well, dear?’ asked Mrs. Marvin uneasily, as Annie paused.

‘I was going to say, think of your family, Mamma. You are a cousin to the Earl ——.’

‘Fourth or fifth, perhaps, dear! And I am a clergyman’s wife. *That* is my station, Annie, and a happy station it has been to me, in spite of poverty and some little difficulties; ay, even though it makes me give up Salterne Park visiting!’

Mrs. Marvin finished with a laugh, but Annie noticed that her voice sounded weak.

‘Oh! I have been a bad nurse!’ she said, ‘letting you talk at this rate. I don’t often forget, do I, Mamma dear? It was only because I was so foolish, full of that stupid Park. And you ought to have had your wine ten minutes ago. What *would* Mr. Hatherly say?’

In her penitence at having spoiled even a quarter of an hour of her mother’s unwonted holiday by letting her over-exert herself, Annie’s fancies vanished quite away in the better reality of the duties and cares so close to her; and she forgot Salterne Park, riches, and family, in making the invalid’s afternoon rest as quiet as possible. Till, exactly at the moment of Mrs. Marvin waking up from a comfortable sleep, the housekeeper appeared with a tempting little tea, sent up ‘by Master’s orders; with a particular message to Miss Annie, that all the young ladies and gentlemen were with him, and enjoying themselves very much.’

‘No fear of that, Mrs. Brown!’ said Annie to the kind old house-

keeper; and added to herself, 'How thoughtful he is! and what a little goose I *have* been!'

'I think I have kept my word, Miss Annie,' said Mr. Hatherly, coming in when the evening was at last over, at the head of the six youngsters, and making them each stand out in order for a critical examination. 'Six necks, twelve legs, and as many arms, unbroken. You will trust me another time?'

'Yes,' laughed Annie; 'and only one jacket torn half through, one frock ruined—Emmy, where *have* you been?—and one pair of knickerbockers covered with green from the apple trees! Yes, I call it a great success!'

'Never mind, Annie!' pleaded the children's excited voices; 'it *has* been so jolly! Hasn't it, Mr. Hatherly?'

'Indeed it has,' he said warmly, when he had packed Mrs. Marvin carefully into the fly—he insisted on sending for the best fly in the village to avoid any risk in the drive home—and was filling up the available space with as many children as could be squeezed into it; 'a very jolly day, as you say; even though I *did* forget to look properly after the jackets, Miss Annie!'

'Never mind,' laughed Annie merrily; she was not in a humour to trouble much about the torn jackets and dirty frocks; her day had been too pleasant; and her charge talked away to their hearts' content, undisturbed by any reproaches on the subject of rents and stains.

It was a bright end to the holiday, to discover that Mrs. Marvin was by no means overtired, and was even more than usually comfortable.

'Run down, dear,' she said, when Annie had settled her for the night; 'I shall like to be alone, and think about that beautiful place.'

'I wish this was like it,' said Annie, looking round. The small bed-room, very poorly furnished, was smaller in appearance than ever, contrasted with the oriel room at the Abbey; and Annie could not help making those kind of contrasts.

'This is better to me, for everyday use, dear,' was the gentle answer. '"No place like home," you know. And look, the moonlight is as bright here as at the Abbey; just look at the shadows of the leaves moving on the blind.'

'What a wonderful knack you have of finding out everything just as you like it, Mamma!' said Annie. 'I do believe if you were in prison you would say it was a delightful place.'

Annie's laugh was not quite natural. She was quite conscious enough of her failing, to feel her mother's cheerful contentment something like a reproach to herself, and did not like to be obliged to admit, even to herself, that she was vexed by the little things that on other days were a matter of course.

But the dining-room *did* look very poor this evening; the curtains of the solitary window seemed faded and shrunk since the day before; the supper, just laid out, was as uninviting as a piece of substantial cheese

and a not very new loaf could be ; and Arthur, the only one of the young ones privileged to sit up late, was in a teasing humour, and would persist in answering her reminders about certain lessons, with wonderings about what was going on at the Abbey, and strong hints as to the stupidity of coming away at eight o'clock, before the fun was half over.

'Oh, don't go on like that, Arthur, for goodness sake!' said Annie pettishly ; 'look at Papa.'

Mr. Marvin—another grievance—had taken out an enormous desk, and was busily pulling out innumerable little drawers, and consulting account-books ; a signal for silence among the young ones.

'Have you your books at hand, my dear?' he asked.

Annie got up unwillingly.

'I didn't think you would do it to-night, Papa ; it is so late, and supper—'

'We must not let our day's pleasure interfere with our day's work, my dear ; I shall be too busy to attend to this to-morrow, and it will be the last day of the month.'

'All right!' said Annie, quite cheerfully, 'I'm ready. Butcher's, baker's, and grocer's.'

It was Annie's work to keep the tradesmen's books, which her father checked monthly. It was always carefully and neatly done ; and she rather delighted in the monthly examination, exulting considerably when she could, now and then, show a smaller expenditure.

'Is it all right, Papa?' she asked, rather anxiously, noticing that her father was making a longer business than usual of the accounts, and that he looked worried at the results ; though the inspection of the 'house-keeping-desk' was seldom a satisfactory one, the money-drawers were so empty, the account-books so full. 'The butcher's bill is three-and-sixpence less than last month ; to be sure the milk is a little more, but we cannot help it ; they use such a quantity in the nursery.'

'Yes, my dear, your books are perfectly right, and you have been an economical little housekeeper.'

'Then you must *not* worry, Papa dear!' said Annie, in her merriest voice ; 'I won't have it—not to-night, at any rate. May I stuff these horrid little books away, and shut up this old thing, please?'

'Not yet, my dear. You shall look at this first.'

He was just putting down some figures ; Annie looked over his shoulder.

'Monthly account—and all that on the wrong side ; oh, Papa, how comes that about? Oh, it was that wretched doctor ; he came to Mamma two or three times. But, Papa, we can't help *that*.'

'No, dear ; it is quite an unavoidable expense ; but I think we can bear *that* expense more easily than some others, because—'

'Oh yes, Papa, anything to give Mamma the least bit of comfort!' cried Annie eagerly.

'Yes, and I was thinking of another reason ; because, my dear, illness

is one of the cares that come so direct from God. We can bear *them* easily, can we not, Annie?

'You can, Papa, because you are better than some people; but, do you know, it does seem very hard to me that one can't even have a doctor without bothering about the expense.'

'We might be unable to have a doctor at all, my dear,' said Mr. Marvin; 'there is much to be thankful for in knowing that we can do it, with only a little more economy. We must try to save in other ways.'

'I don't know how we are to, then,' said Annie.

'Look here!' exclaimed Arthur; 'drop my allowance; that would help, and I don't care about it a bit. Do, Papa!'

Arthur's allowance was but a weekly fourpence.

'Thank you, my boy,' said his father sadly; 'not unless I am quite obliged. Why, what would Tracy say?'

Tracy was a pupil of Mr. Marvin, and his parade of a liberal allowance of pocket-money had long been poor Arthur's great trouble.

'Oh, bother Tracy! I won't mind him; I could kick him or knock him down, or something, if he was to bother about it,' said the boy.

'I hope you will!' said Annie warmly. 'Horrid fellow, always bragging about his money!'

'Hush, my dear,' said Mr. Marvin quietly.

'Well, but, Papa, *doesn't* it seem too bad, that people like those Tracys should have more money than they know what to do with, and we—'

'Hush, my dear!' interrupted her father, more seriously; 'that is very wrong.'

'I know,' said Annie penitently; 'but sometimes, Papa dear, it seems as if all the saving and saving was of no use, just for a shilling or two; and then—I know it's very naughty, but I just feel inclined to give up trying, and to let the account-books get wrong, and not trouble any more.'

'It is rather hard for you, my dear child,' said the father, looking up at the tearful eyes bending over him; 'I feel it for you. But, Annie, we must think of "Thou hast been faithful in a very little;" that was the "good and faithful servant," Annie.'

'But I never thought that things in the Bible meant such little worries as these—my account-books!'

'I think that your account-books *are* the very little you have to be faithful in, my dear. I think if you do the best you can with them, though it is but a very small duty, you will—'

'Have "many things!"' interrupted Annie; 'the text says so. It is very funny. I should like to have the "many things," Papa. It would be very pleasant, after all our saving and contriving.'

'The "many things" would not be such a great reward, if they were no more than what you would make them, my dear,' was the grave answer.

And the thought that had troubled her father many times of late, that

he had spoken of to Mr. Hatherly that very day, came into his mind with greater force than ever. Was the weight of household care and poverty becoming too great for his little girl? was the struggling life of a poor vicarage re-acting upon her, by giving her a love for the ease and wealth that God had withheld from her? It might be; she was very young, and the burden of poverty was heavy, and the cares of life had come upon her early.

(*To be continued.*)

BERTRAM ; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER I.

‘ A long-forgotten path is here once more,
I cannot close mine aching eyes ;
Sleep brings my spirit no forgetfulness,
Sin’s gnawing mem’ry never dies.’

Songs of the People.

Two little children are sleeping under the shade of a hedge, on a hot and dusty afternoon. The pleasant road by the side of which they lie is situated in the county of Kent, near to the once market town of Westerleigh.

The shadow of the hedge is over the children, and another shade or two, which will not disappear, but will seem more strongly marked, when they come forth into the sunlight ; a shade which your soap and water, good nursery guardians, would make an end of as soon as seen. But soap is scarce, and water is unsought for, and the shade hangs over the children to-day, and there it will be to-morrow.

The children’s faces are dark, and so is their profusion of hair. Their eyes—they are opening now—are not a match perhaps to the dingy complexion; dark only as the very darkest of rich blue, with the longest of sable lashes—both alike. There are the children, wide awake now, two dirty little things ; perhaps you will not care to learn any more about them.

Yet my story can scarcely end quite so soon, and you may like them better as time goes on. A little scrubbing by a practised official, and they would soon look like their neighbours *outside*. As our hearts too have a greater Purifier and Refiner, and we are cleansed and made white *within*, under the training of His Hand.

The children are awake now, and they roll over upon their faces, and lift up their heads, gazing at each other ; one has his chest and arms Sphinx fashion, the other has elbows implanted in the ground and hands supporting the chin. This is a girl about eight years old; the boy is her senior, but not much ; probably he is not far from ten.

‘ Oh, I have dreamed such a beautiful dream, Amy ! I was in a great

room, in a great house, and a beautiful white nurse had such a lovely white baby, just like the one that went into the Church. And there was a grand lady in silks and satins, like her that gave me the silver money; and she kissed me, she did, just as Mother does; and then I was so frightened, or surprised, or something, that I woke up. Oh! I wish I could dream it again, though! Perhaps I could if I tried now directly, and I would not be frightened and wake, but go on dreaming about lords and ladies, and golden money, and perhaps *queens*.'

'Nonsense, Robin, you can't dream just what you like; perhaps it will be something very ugly if you go to sleep again. And here's a carriage! Did you dream a carriage, Robin?'

'No, Amy, I never dreamt a carriage, but I will try next time;' and rising with his sister, (for thus they were related to each other,) they found no more time for words, before the carriage, containing two persons, arrived where the children stood.

'Oh, I cannot find my purse! Give me some money, Clement; for here are the children again,' said the lady eagerly.

'My dear Anna, they are Gipsies, you will really do no good,' replied the gentleman addressed.

'If they are Gipsies, at least I shall do no harm,' replied the lady, smiling. 'We shall never persuade them to live like other people by any amount of wholesome neglect.'

'Not while they can live better than those other people by visiting our poultry-houses,' rejoined her husband good-naturedly; 'but here is a sixpence for the sauce, if they must have it,' he added, laughing.

'Yes, they must have it this time.'

The children, with faces upturned, were endeavouring to keep pace with the carriage until the coin fell.

'They have blue eyes, both of them—they cannot be Gipsies,' observed the lady.

'Tramps, love, scarcely so respectable,' returned her husband; 'but as your friends, I must give them a greeting, I suppose, in or out of the grounds, *hen-house included*.'

'No slander, Clement; the fowls may be sleeping at home to-night.' And the carriage rolled on towards Westerleigh.

'Another silver piece! where is it, Robin?' But Robin was staring after the carriage.

''Twas she who gave us the money before, Amy. And, Amy, I saw *her* in the dream—in the silk and satin gown—and *she* kissed me.'

'In the road, Robin?' said Amy, very much astonished.

'No, in the dream. You know what she did before in the road. She only said, "What do they call you?" and then she gave us the money. I think she was *going* to pat us on the head, for she did put out her hand, and then she changed her mind and didn't do it.'

'Mother will like the money, Robin.'

'She doesn't seem to like anything much now,' replied Robin sadly.

‘Except us, Robin, when she puts her arms round us, and says “my darlings,” and cries.’

‘Yes, and then you cry too,’ said Robin, with his own blue eyes all suffused.

‘And so do you, Robin,’ returned the little girl; and she closed her eyes firmly to keep in the tears. Then the two looked at each other for a moment with heavy hearts.

‘Let us go to her.’

And Robin taking his sister’s hand, they followed in the direction of the carriage a short distance towards the town.

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER VACATION.

WHERE shall we spend the vacation? This was a question of great interest to a family with whom we are already a little acquainted.

The vacation was a very long one—of more than three months. Where should it be spent?

Edward Grey, the hero of the scholarship, at St. Cuthbert’s; Frederick, his elder brother, at Christ Church; and Harry, at Eton, reiterated this question; while Johnny and Emily echoed the same at home. So Mr. and Mrs. Grey were at last forced into a consideration of the subject. It was brought forward at the family meals, and debated openly with equal interest by parents and children; and gradually, out of a chaos of plans, arose one which was approved by all the family. And the three absent ones were speedily informed by Emily that—‘What do you think? It is settled that we are to spend the summer at Moorlands!’

And where was Moorlands?

It was a village in Yorkshire, not far from the sea, and beside a great extent of moor. It stood on a spur of high land, between two still higher ranges of hills. The village itself was a collection of scattered cottages—not even boasting a street; with unenclosed turf on each side of the road, and with limes and elms standing in the hedges. And just beyond this village stood a large old house, built of stone, which belonged, with some small farms and other lands, to Mr. Grey. This house went by the name of the High Hall, and commanded a view all down the valley of Cludesdale. It had been let to a farmer on lease before it came into Mr. Grey’s possession; and as he could not live there himself, he thought it as well not to disturb the tenant, especially as the rent was of importance to Mr. Grey, now that his sons at Oxford and Eton were a cause of increased expense to him. But as the farmer’s wife let out the best part of the house in lodgings, and as these lodgings were disengaged,

Mr. Grey wrote to secure them for the summer months ; and, as I said before, the news was speedily told to all the family.

‘ I don’t know that I *extremely* like,’ said Johnny to his sister, ‘ the thought of being in a lodging in what is our own house. What right has Mrs. Grandly to let lodgings to us when it is our own house ?’

To which Emily, who had more sense, replied, ‘ There are owls in the old barns. Mamma once heard them in the dead of night uttering the most dreary cries ; and the wind was moaning at the same time in the tops of the trees.’

‘ Oh, gru ! gru !’ said Johnny, shuddering. ‘ I wonder if there are ghosts ?’

‘ At all events, there are the most grisly garrets, and long long dreary passages, dimly lighted ; and as you go, the floors creak under you ; and when you are going to bed, all by yourself, there are gusts of wind that all but blow out the candle, leaving only a little blue flame round the wick, and the darkness is terrible ; and just then, when you are at the foot of the garret stairs, where your bed-room is—’

‘ It isn’t !’ cried Johnny. ‘ I am not going to sleep up that stair-case !’ And he flew upon Emily to beat her ; but Emily was beforehand with him, and darted away.

Then Johnny ran after her, and Emily ran faster ; and as she ran, she said, ‘ And there is a cupboard in your room, up those dark stairs, where a ghost lives, who eats up all little boys. Oh, oh ! don’t tear me !’ for Johnny had overtaken her, and was clutching at her dress.

‘ Then say it isn’t true—say so directly !’ cried Johnny. And here the two were nearly suffocated with laughter ; both struggling in one of those delightful squabbles, which fortunately left them always on the best possible understanding. ‘ Now then, Emily,’ said Johnny, when they were quiet again, ‘ tell me all you remember about it.’

‘ I don’t remember anything,’ said his sister. ‘ I was only five weeks old when I was there. Can you remember what happened to you when you were five weeks old ?’

‘ Perfectly well,’ said Johnny. ‘ We were living in a house, with a most beautiful garden, in Madeira. I was carried about by a Portuguese nurse ; and there were lots of oranges and bananas.’

‘ Oh, come,’ said Emily, ‘ that is all nonsense ! that is not remembering.’

‘ Well then, tell me what you have *heard* about it,’ said Johnny.

So Emily sat down to give him some idea of the place, as her mother had described it to her. The home of her husband’s childhood, of his father’s, and his grandfather’s, for three or four generations. The children then bewailed the diminished fortunes of the family, which prevented their keeping it in their own hands ; and Johnny settled that he would make a great fortune when he was a man, by inventing some new kind of steam-engine, and restore the place to his papa.

And thus they talked many times together, until the eventful 20th of June, when they were to set off to the north.

A pouring rain beat on the carriage windows, as the train dashed along the beautiful valley of Cludesdale. Nothing could be seen but a haze outside, and streams of rain trickling down the glass. Mr. Grey in vain tried to point out to the boys the spots he remembered. At last they arrived at the little station, where they saw 'Moorlands' written up.

So in all the pouring rain they got out; and then the station-master, who was Mr. Slingsby, and the porter, who was 'Bob,' came running to assist. And Mr. Grandly also was there, with a spring-cart for the luggage; but as it rains, would Mr. and Mrs. Grey and the young lady ride? and shall Bob take charge of the luggage? Meantime Mr. Slingsby, who is not at all particular about the tickets, is putting up umbrellas, and anxiously hopes the ladies will not suffer from the wet; for at Moorlands the railway officials are still human.

So Mrs. Grey and Emily and Johnny get into the covered cart; while Mr. Grey and his sons set off walking up the steep hill to the spur before mentioned, on which stood the little village, with its green unenclosed, and the old hall surrounded with tall limes, in which even now the wind moaned sadly.

To Johnny, as fond of adventure as children generally are, this arrival all in the wet was delightful; and Emily also did not dislike it. Mrs. Grandly, a fat, good-natured, untidy looking woman, met them at the door, full of hearty welcome. She had lighted a great fire in the dining-room, where tea was spread out; and she took Mrs. Grey at once all over the house to see the arrangements she had made, and of which she was very proud. Johnny, who followed close behind, was a little solemnized by a long passage, precisely like that which Emily had described, very dark and creaky, from which several doors led into bedrooms and closets; and at the very end was a stair-case, narrower and more crooked than any he had ever seen before, up which Mrs. Grandly scrambled, followed by Johnny and his mamma; and there actually was a room where were two little beds, one for Henry (when he came from Eton) and one for Johnny.

Fearful to relate, there was a door in the wall; and when Mrs. Grandly saw Johnny's eyes fixed upon it, she said, 'Ay, little Master, 'tis a dark closet to hing thy claes!' and she opened it wide, so that Johnny could look into the dark depths; and he looked and shuddered. Then they went down, and through all the rooms; and finally to the dining-room.

Mr. Grey and the boys had now arrived, very wet and comfortless; but everything looked so bright and cheerful inside, that the wet walk was soon forgotten; and as they sat round the table, enjoying the simple food in its country sweetness and purity, all the party brightened up, spite of the darkness and rain, and the melancholy wind outside.

Mr. Grey began to tell of his early exploits on the moors, and of the grouse he shot; of the streams in which trout were caught by the dozen when he was a boy; of the little coves, two or three miles

distant, where he used to bathe; and so on, until they were all as merry as could be—all, except poor little Johnny, who, the sleepier he became, and the nearer his bed-time approached, the more did he dislike the thought of the desolate great bed-room and the dark closet.

However, the miserable moment came at last. Mamma heard him his prayers in an adjoining room, then kissed him, and gave him a loving good night.

‘Mamma, I suppose you *couldn't* come,’ said he longingly.

‘Not to-night, my darling,’ said Mamma. ‘I have so much unpacking to do.’

Johnny gave a desperate sigh, and set off alone up the stairs. But on the landing-place above, what was his delight to see Emily standing with her hand held out to him.

‘O Emily!’ he cried, ‘are you going with me to bed?’ and he sprang up the stairs, and caught her hand.

‘I thought you would like it; so come along.’

‘I wish there wasn’t a closet in the room,’ said Johnny: ‘it is a very dark and horrid closet, and I don’t like it. Will you open the door wide, Emily, and put the candle so that the light may go in?’

So when they got up, Emily opened the door, and put the candle near it. Then sitting down on a chair, she said deliberately, ‘I am no more afraid of that closet than I am of my old doll. I should not mind, if it was twelve o’clock at night, getting into it, and creeping on to the very end, and sitting down where it is darkest.’

In answer, Johnny, who was undressing as fast as ever he could, shuddered all over, and said, ‘I wouldn’t even look into it for ten million billion guineas!’

‘It will be a splendid closet for your toys! There are actually some lovely shelves; and—dear me,’ she cried, peering in, ‘if there is not an old spinning-wheel at the very end!’

‘A spinning-wheel!’ cried Johnny, jumping off the side of the bed, and running to see.

Then Emily went in, and began pulling the old machine; while her little brother, in his long night-gown, stood at the door watching, and anticipating an examination of its construction. Emily at last succeeded in dragging out the old dilapidated concern, herself all covered with dust; while Johnny fell upon it with the avidity so often seen in boys of a mechanical turn.

Then Emily did not even say, ‘What is become of all your fears and terrors?’ She merely said, ‘Johnny, I want, as soon as I can, to go and help Mamma; so I will put this where you can play with it in the morning.’

Then Johnny got into bed, and Emily tucked him up tightly on both sides; while Johnny said, ‘Oh, this bed is so comfortable! and I *am* so sleepy! Give my best love to Papa and Mamma: and good night, Emily.’ Then the kind dear sister shut very gently the cupboard door,

and took the candle, and went down, leaving Johnny in the dark, but no doubt with the angels of God watching over him.

So ended the first day at Moorlands.

The second was rain, and the third was rain, and the fourth was rain.

During these wet days, Mr. Grey and his sons had unpacked two cases of books, and put them in order. A great many letters were written; and the postman's horn was the only interest. Mrs. Grandly was very good natured, and made hot cakes for tea, which they all agreed were a mitigation of the doleful melancholy.

Suddenly, a new interest arose out of this terrible amount of rain. The river had overflowed its banks, and was tearing down the valley, carrying everything in its course. Now, the boys could no longer be kept in; and all rushed to the river. Even Mrs. Grey and Emily 'kilted their coats,' as Mrs. Grandly called it, and followed them. Truly, it was worth going to see. The water rushed, copper-coloured and boiling, under the bridge, which seemed to shake with the pressure. The worse it was, so much the more delightful to the young people. And when they heard that a cow and some sheep had been caught by the floods, and swept out to sea, the interest became quite tragic. Then the boys wanted to walk on to Scaleby, the seaport three miles further; and Mrs. Grey, not liking to coddle such great fellows, gave them leave to go, only charging them to take care of accidents; and then she returned home with Emily and Johnny.

The consequence of this walk in the wet and rain was, that Johnny woke the next morning with a cold, which was very bad all day, but seemed better towards evening; and when Mrs. Grey went up the last thing at night to see him, he seemed in a very quiet sleep. Still she was touched to observe how very pale he was; and she wished he had been sleeping nearer to her room, instead of alone in this great desolate attic. She looked through the window in the slanting roof, at the black night and the ever-pouring rain; then placing the candle on the drawers, she knelt down in the middle of the room, and prayed, not only for the beloved child, but for all sick and suffering people everywhere. Then she returned to her own room.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour later, she was suddenly startled by hearing a frightful cough in the passage outside. She seized the candle, and rushed to the door; half way down the passage stood poor little Johnny in his night-gown, and barefooted. He was leaning forward, with his hand to his mouth, and gasping frightfully.

'Charles, Charles!' cried Mrs. Grey, 'oh, come!' Then, putting down the candle, she lifted Johnny in her arms, and feeling strong in that moment of great agitation to carry him easily, though he was ten years old. And she took him to her room, and placed him in bed, propped by pillows.

Meanwhile, Mr. Grey, who had been mixing a dose of ipecacuanha

wine and water, brought it to his wife, and said, 'Make him drink this at once—instantly.'

She held it to his lips. 'Johnny, my darling, drink, directly.'

Johnny was gasping most frightfully, with a rattling sound. But even in that moment of agony, the blessed instinct of obedience saved his life; he took the glass, and drank to the last drop.

'And now, Mary, try and get some hot water for him to inhale the vapour. I will watch him.'

Down-stairs Mrs. Grey ran, only stopping a moment at the door of the servants' room, for they and Mrs. Grandly had been in bed more than an hour, to waken them, and entreat them to get up as quick as possible; then down to the kitchen. Oh, what a comfort to see a kettle on the hob, and to find it full of hot water! She quickly filled a jug, and ran up again; but it seemed as if there were leaden weights tied to her feet; nay, as if she were being dragged back, as if the moments were hours. It is a feeling understood by those who know that in prompt and instant action may depend the saving of some precious life. As she ran along the passage, she heard Johnny's heavy breathings. But his father's presence, and the words he now and then said to his little boy in a reassuring and quite natural voice, had done as much as anything could to calm his terror; and as soon as he began to inhale the hot vapour, he found relief.

Still Mr. Grey drew his wife aside, and said, 'Mary, we must send into Scaleby for a doctor. Ask Mrs. Grandly who is best. And then wake Frederick: we must depend upon him.'

So again Mrs. Grey was off.

'Mrs. Grandly! pray, pray wake!' and she knocked loudly. 'Johnny is ill. Tell me who is the best doctor in Scaleby?'

A great scrambling was heard, and creaking of the bed, and groans, whence at last issued, 'Dr. Fletcher, Cape Street, near t' post-office.' And with this the door opened, and Mrs. Grandly appeared, in a very short night-gown, with a monstrous night-cap, and a flannel shawl on.

'Wha'll gang to fetch doctor?'

'One of my own sons. Pray give me a lantern as quick as you can. And—oh, have you a pony he could ride?'

'Na! T' powney's lame; and farm-men are ower far off; but I'll gi'e ye a lantern: and I'll gi'e ye t' het watter for t' bairn.'

Then Mrs. Grey hurried to her boy's room. 'Frederick, Frederick! wake up! you have to go to Scaleby for a doctor. Johnny is threatened with croup.'

Frederick started up. 'What doctor? and where does he live?'

Mrs. Grey told him the address. 'Would you like Edward to go with you?'

'No, no,' said Frederick, 'he is very tired. I can manage. Poor little Johnny!'

And so it was, that Frederick, just as the clock struck twelve, stood

at the hall door, ready to set off. Mrs. Grey was there too. As the door was unbarred, and opened, a rush of wind and rain came in: the lantern threw a broad patch of light on the gravel path, on each side of which was a stream of water, and beyond all was pitch dark. It was a desperate night for a long walk of three miles; and the sound of the distant river, mingled with the howling wind, froze Mrs. Grey's heart.

'O Frederick, take care of yourself! take care of the river!'

These words reached her son, as he plunged into the darkness beyond the gate. But he turned to say, 'I will, I will indeed, Mamma. Don't be fretting about me; and don't stand at the door.'

Mrs. Grey shut it, and went back to her room.

Now all the house was astir, and assistance freely offered. Emily had got up, and was standing 'by Johnny, holding the jug for him. He was now burning with fever; but his breathing was better.

About an hour afterwards, as Mr. and Mrs. Grey were watching beside their little boy, and thankfully noting a gradual improvement, a sound as of gravel thrown against the window was heard. It was the only window on that side of the house where a light burned, and the window looked towards the road. Mrs. Grey looked out. A man stood on the gravel outside, who beckoned to her. With a feeling of terror, she flew down, and opening the dining-room window, looked out. The man looked up.

'T' brig's washed away; and young gentleman's walked on to t' ferry.'

'Could you—could you stop him?' cried Mrs. Grey, hardly able to command her words. 'The little boy is better; we can do without the doctor. Oh, if you would stop him!'

'I'll try. I thout I wad see how t' bairn was; and he was gone.

Poor Mrs. Grey! what a night of terrors!

She ran to her husband. 'O Charles, the bridge is washed away, and Frederick is gone on to the ferry, and he will cross, and—'

'Well, what will happen?' said Mr. Grey. 'The ferry is safe. Are you afraid he will be carried down the stream, and into the sea?'

'Yes; that is exactly what I am afraid of.'

'But I am much more afraid of your catching cold, with that thin dressing-gown, and that pale face and chattering teeth. Go, Mary,' added her husband tenderly, 'go, and lie down beside Johnny, and get warm. I know that ferry of old.'

Those were comforting words. But on the way to her room another trouble awaited Mrs. Grey. Edward had overheard the conference between his mother and the man, and was rushing down, dressed. 'Where are you going?' she cried, in a low whisper.

'Do let me, Mamma; I will overtake that fellow, and keep him running till we catch up Frederick.'

So he was off; and an additional anxiety for this dear son was on Mrs. Grey.

‘Now, Emily,’ said she, with a wan smile, ‘if you are wanting to go after Edward, like all the family in the fairy tale, just tell me first.’

‘Mamma,’ said Emily, ‘look at Johnny. He is fairly asleep, and almost his natural colour. Lie down, Mamma, and have some sleep, and I will watch beside him.’

Then there was quiet for an hour or two. The wind abated, the rain ceased, and now the distant roaring of the river could still more plainly be heard. Mrs. Grey’s whole heart went up in prayers for her two sons.

But Emily sat in the window-seat, and looking up into the breaking clouds, watched for the stars, which every now and then were seen far, far away. Then came the first faint dawn of morning; and as it broke in the east, she saw two figures in the distance, advancing. Very soon she was sure—yes; her two brothers!

‘Mamma, Mamma,’ she whispered, ‘there are the boys: now sleep happily, while I run and open the door for them.’

And as again the hall door was unbarred and opened, the first bright beams of the sun poured forth, glittering on the path, and shining on the two young men.

They told their adventures. Frederick had been on the point of crossing, when a loud distant shouting was heard, and recognized by the ferry-man. He waited a moment or two—it was enough. Edward and the man soon appeared, running, and brought the joyful news that the doctor was not wanted, as Johnny was better.

Emily lost no time in getting breakfast for her brothers. She took up a hot cup of tea to her mother, and then every one of them went to bed, and slept for several hours.

But when the much needed rest was over, they looked out on a new world. All the mists and rain had vanished; nothing but fleecy, delicate, shining clouds remained on the broad expanse of pale pure blue. They looked also on the wide-spread and beautiful landscape, hitherto concealed under mists and fog; and at the purple hills, which closed up the valley of Cludesdale.

As sweet a change had passed over their hearts and spirits. Johnny, though still in bed, was playing with the spinning-wheel; and when Mrs. Grey took him a cup of broth for his dinner, he was leaning out of bed, over a refractory wheel which would not turn, and apparently nearly well.

That he should be so well, and none of the others the worse for all that they had done, may be very uninteresting in print; but such are the circumstances that make up the sum of human happiness in real life. And as Mrs. Grey oiled the wheel that would not go, and listened to Johnny’s explanations of how it should act, she was as happy as she could be, and only longing for some opportunity of showing her thankfulness.

Such an opportunity offered itself the next day, when Mr. Wilson, the vicar, called to congratulate.

Before leaving, he said to Mrs. Grey, 'I want to ask if you would give me a little help in my parish-work. I have a few people who would value an occasional call.'

'Oh, most gladly!' replied Mrs. Grey. 'Who are the people?'

'Thank you,' said the Vicar, taking out his pocket-book. 'You see, I anticipated your assent, and have made a note of their names and residences. First: Miss Walls, who lives on Burnhead. She is a solitary old maid, who has known better days. I am not sure, but I fancy she is ill; and I know she is very poor.'

'How is it you are not sure whether she is ill?'

'There are some people who complain a good deal. She is one of them; and I never know how much is real in her complaints. But, Mrs. Grey, if you can bear with her, it will be a comfort to Miss Walls to see you now and then.'

Mrs. Grey readily assented, adding, 'I have had some experience of those solitary and suffering women: a new listener, if nothing more, is a comfort and relief to them.'

'The next,' continued Mr. Wilson, referring to his note-book, 'is old Peter Hill; an excellent old fellow, rheumatic, living on the way down to the station. He seldom leaves his chair. He cannot read—nor can his wife; and his children are all married, or dead. If you would let Miss Grey read to him sometimes, I know he would like it very much. The third is Philip Pardoe. He lives up Silverbank; and, poor lad! has white-swelling in the knee. I am afraid it must end in amputation. He is about fifteen, and a very nice lad. There are some more; but that is troubling you enough for the present.'

Mr. Wilson closed his book, and then took leave, after pointing out from the window the direction of Miss Walls' house.

That very afternoon, when the elder boys (as they still were often called) were gone on the river, Mrs. Grey and Emily set off on their visitations. The way led along a terrace road; on one side rose the moor, with many a quarry breaking the heather banks; and on the other was the valley of Cludesdale, where flowed the Clude, like a broad silver ribbon, often concealed by trees, of which there are many, some standing alone, others in groups, so that it was all very beautiful; and, as ever, Mrs. Grey and her daughter found plenty to think and talk about.

They soon reached the tidy little house where Miss Walls lodged; and the woman of the house came to open the door. She looked respectable and good-natured. Mrs. Grey was shown into a little sitting-room, neatly furnished, where sat a small, faded, and sickly woman, with pale thin curls hanging on each side of her face. She was leaning back in her chair, as if she was feeling faint. Mrs. Grey introduced herself, adding, that Mr. Wilson had asked her to call.

‘I am sure, Ma’am, I thank you,’ said Miss Walls, in a faint voice. ‘I lead such a very lonely life, seeing no one from day to day, that I am glad of a little variety.’

Here she coughed a good deal; and Mrs. Grey said she was afraid that she was not very well.

‘O Ma’am, far from it! I am dangerously ill. You can see I am nothing but skin and bone. And my sufferings—they are not to be told! the agony I endure! and no compassion from anybody!—My dear, (turning to Emily,) will you oblige me by shutting to the door?—The want of feeling I experience, (pointing to the door, and shaking her head mysteriously,) no tongue could tell! O Mrs. Grey! only this morning she reproached me because my cough was troublesome, and I rang for a drop of water—and I so particular! Weak as I am, I always crawl to the door, and stand to call to Jemima for what I want.’

‘What does the doctor say of your case?’ put in Mrs. Grey, at the moment Miss Walls stopped to take breath.

‘O Ma’am, he wonders to see me live! “Miss Walls,” he said, “your case is beyond the power of medicine. Nothing can alleviate your sufferings in this world.” But what I feel, Ma’am, is unkindness. I could cheerfully bear anything, if I was treated with respect such as I deserve, and was shown me, Ma’am, in former days.’

This was all very discouraging. Mrs. Grey endeavoured to turn the conversation, and praised the lovely view from the window.

Miss Walls feebly assented.

‘And how nicely your canary sings!’ said Emily; for it was making a deafening noise.

Again she assented.

‘And you have some very pretty little ornaments.’

‘Ah, Miss Grey! the remnants of former days! And now I am reduced indeed. Oh, if you knew my history, and how cruelly I have been used by a brother, who is well, well to do!’

Here followed, broken by many gasps and coughs, a recital of her wrongs, carried on with a pertinacity which astonished Mrs. Grey, and which no efforts on her part could interrupt. But I will be less cruel to my readers, especially as I am sure they would be less patient than Mrs. Grey was.

As soon as she could, she got up; and taking Miss Walls’ hand, she said firmly, and yet tenderly, “For our sakes He became poor. He was despised and rejected of men; a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

Was there indeed, lying below that crust of discontent, a feeling, perhaps a loving, heart? Or why was it that this poor lonely woman looked up with a sudden, bright, and tearful smile? It was a great relief to Mrs. Grey, to catch just that little hint of a higher and better nature; and it was easier than she had expected to promise to call again.

'Now, Emily dear, let us go on, and see what kind of an old man Peter Hill is.'

'Mamma, do you think he will complain as much as Miss Walls? I never heard such a cross old woman.'

'Dear Emily,' said her mother, 'let us make this use of poor friendless Miss Walls: not to talk of her infirmities more than we need, and to be indulgent to them, as Mr. Wilson is. Here now is Peter Hill's cottage. What a very little bit of a place! and a pig-stye at the gate, just like a lodge!'

They opened the gate, and went up the little path. Over the door of the house was trained a creeping-rose. Mrs. Grey knocked. A cheerful old voice cried out, 'Come in! come in!' And they opened the door into a kitchen, with a brick floor, where was sitting by the fire an old man, so bent, that it was not easy to see his face. However, he turned it up sideways—a ruddy brown face; and then, with an effort, he tried to take off his hat.

'Don't, pray don't take it off!' said Mrs. Grey. Then saying who she was, she sat down beside the old man.

'Ay, ay, I have heard tell on ye. Ye'r up at t' Hall. How's landlord?'

'Very well, thank you; quite well.'

'And is that lassie yours?'

'Yes, she is my only daughter.'

The old man looked up as well as he could, and said, 'She's a bonnie one. She's like her fayther when he was a boy.'

'O Emily, do you hear what Mr. Hill says? He says you are like what Papa was when he was a boy!'

'Do you remember Papa?' said Emily.

'Ay, do I! and thy grandfather; and thy great-grandfather, wha was drowned by the mill, a skating to church.' Then the old man told Emily of that event, well known to all the family as a legend of the past, and now of deepest interest, as told by one who had been living on the spot at the time, and who, indeed, had been present at the dreadful sight. Then turning to Mrs. Grey, he said, 'Ha' you ony lads?'

'Oh yes, indeed! I have two older than my daughter, and two younger.'

'Ye'll let me see 'em?'

'Oh, that I will!'

'I can tell 'em where's best fishing in the breck; and I've a fishin'-rod somewheres; they're welcome to it: many's the trout that rod has caught!—Missus!'

In answer to this summons, one heard from a distance, 'Comin', Master!' And presently, a neat little ruddy woman appeared at the back door, curtsying to Mrs. Grey and Emily.

'Missus, bring the "Ripstons" from yon cupboard.'

And the old lady immediately produced a plate, on which were several beautiful apples. The hospitable old man watched with interest.

‘Pray, Ma’am, let the young leddy tak’ ’em heam to her brothers. A’ wad fain see ’em.’

‘Have you any sons or daughters of your own?’ said Mrs. Grey.

‘We’ve had twelve on ’em. Three’s married and gone, and nine’s in churchyard. Praise God that they are safe!’ He bowed his head. ‘I ha’ but one care i’ life—I canna read.’

‘Would you like my daughter to come and read to you sometimes?’

‘Ay, A’ sud like it weel.’

So ended this second visit, leaving a most sweet impression on Mrs. Grey’s mind.

‘What a very nice old man, Emily!’ said she.

‘Mamma, let me come very often to see him.’

‘Will you, dear, come regularly? If so, you may come often.’

Emily smiled. ‘I suppose I am rather influenced by first feelings. I wonder if my liking for this old man will survive our summer vacation. Mamma, I will try and come regularly.’

After going on a little way, Mrs. Grey looked at her watch. ‘We have half an hour to spare,’ said she. ‘Suppose we go up Silverbank at once, and see Philip Pardoe.’

Emily was delighted to lengthen the walk; and they began the ascent. It was a broad road, curving upwards round a spur of the cliff, and leading to the moor. On the left was a valley, called Arrondale, with a stream at the bottom, unseen, by reason of the trees growing on the margin, here and there spreading out into little copses. As they ascended still higher, they got sight of the pale line of distant sea on the horizon, and the seaport town of Scaleby, with its minster rising high above the lesser buildings. It was a beautiful view; and the air was exquisitely fresh and invigorating.

‘Mamma,’ said Emily, ‘these visits bring their own reward. How pleasant it is going from one poor person to another in this airy lovely country!’

‘Ah, Emily! If you knew how different were the places and people whom I used to visit when I was a girl! That was the time when Uncle Geoffrey had a curacy in Nottingham, and I went to live with him. Oh, I seem to see the squalor, the misery, the poverty, of those back streets—what the people lived in! I remember a sick woman in bed; her grandmother nursing the baby, two days old, and feeding it with skim milk in a rusty iron table-spoon. It seems to me now, as if they were living at the top of a ladder, leading to a wretched little attic. I remember also an infidel shoemaker—what a countenance he had! how he raged at me for offering him a tract! And oh, there were other things! the tender motherly kindness of some of the women towards me, and the way in which sometimes people listened to me. I have seen the artizans slipping in at the back door, and standing to listen, while I read the Bible to the women inside. And there was such a reality about it all. To me, change of heart and their salvation was

everything; and indeed, I think it was so to many of them. But on the whole, it was a time I should not like you, my darling, to go through. It took a great deal out of me. I am better pleased that you should have the sunny path before you.'

'I don't know, Mamma, but what I should have enjoyed all that. This appears to me only play, and that the real work.'

'Do you remember the Bishop of New Zealand saying much the same about his diocese and that of the Bishop of London? He described the clergy in London penetrating courts and alleys, compared to which that long back street of mine was as it were a royal path. He described the famine, pestilence, and sin of those terrible places, impure in every possible sense; and then the contrast in his own diocese; and one could see, as he described it, his beautiful little sloop dancing and bounding over the blue waves of those southern seas, and bearing the Bishop, with his message of salvation, from island to island, where all was fresh and bright. That, however, was many years ago. I dare say the Bishop has tasted since then enough of the bitterness which war and strife have caused.'

'I suppose, Mamma, he wanted to induce clergymen to go out. I do always pity colonial bishops, when they come home, entreating so earnestly for more help. When I hear them, I always wish I was a boy that I might become a missionary. But then, Mamma, I do delight in enterprise!'

'Well, my darling, you may do something. You may pray to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest.'

Here they reached the cottage where Mrs. Pardoe lived. Through the open door they saw her washing in the back yard. She wiped off the soap-suds, and came forward to meet the ladies. Her boy, she said, was up-stairs, if Madam would like to see him. And she preceded them, warning her visitors, as they mounted the dark stairs, of here a beam, and there a turning, until they emerged into the light of a small room; on the low bed of which lay a boy of about fifteen, beautiful, perfectly pale, with dark eyebrows and lashes, but with sunny yellow hair. He was asleep.

'Ah!' said the woman, 'he niver wakkens with me steppin' up and down.'

'Poor boy!' said Mrs. Grey, in a low voice, 'he looks very ill.'

'He's nobbut sickly; he niver knows nout but pain.'

'How long has he been ill?'

'He's been badly a'most nine months.'

Here the boy's brow contracted with pain; and he slowly turned, and opened on his visitors two such blue eyes as they had never seen before, and with an expression of suffering, such as they never wished to see again.

'He oftenst wakkens in pain.' And then, with a tenderness of manner, unlike her rough speech, the mother leaned towards him, and raised him into a sitting posture.

Then Mrs. Grey sat down, and took the thin hand which lay on the patched quilt, and held it for a minute in hers, while she told Philip who she was, and that Mr. Wilson had asked her to call.

The boy looked up, and smiled.

‘Mamma,’ whispered Emily, ‘I should like so much to give him Buttercup.’

Mrs. Grey spoke for her. ‘Would you like to have a bird in a cage? My daughter wishes to give you her canary.’

Philip again looked up. And Emily, with her artistic eye, thought she had never seen anything so pretty as the rosy glow which came over his pale face, and lighted the large sad eyes.

‘A wad like it weel,’ said the poor lad. ‘It sall hing from yon peg i’ the rafter.’

‘It is a very pretty bird,’ said Emily, ‘and sings extremely well. When you grow tired of its singing, your mother can put a handkerchief over the cage, and it will stop him in a minute.’

‘A wadn’t like to stop him.’

Then Mrs. Grey asked if he would like her to read to him, and looked round for a book. To her surprise, the boy put his hand under the bolster and brought out a beautiful Bible, which he gave to Mrs. Grey; and on opening it, she saw that it had been given to Philip Pardoe by Mr. Hazelden, the lord of the manor.

‘I suppose you can read quite well?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, sin’ I were eight.’

Then she opened, and read to him.

* * * * *

When she closed the book, and returned it to Philip, a sweet glow was over his face; and he looked round at her with a smile, which seemed to reveal to her that she had been reading and explaining to one who was standing on the very threshold of Heaven.

‘Emily,’ said she, when they were again outside, ‘we must come here to learn, and not to teach.’

‘He looks, Mamma, as if he did not belong to that poor cottage, any more than those little golden clouds belong to this earth.’

For the sun was now setting, and the sky in the east was like a sea of light, upon which lay those little golden clouds, of which Emily spoke. They walked on silently for some time, feeling more and more awed and touched by the thought of that poor boy, lying for a little while in pain and weakness, and then suddenly exchanging the corruptible for incorruption, and the mortal for immortality. And just then, from far away, came the sound of church bells breaking on the stillness. They stopped short, and listened.

‘Mamma! the Minster bells! How beautiful!’

Mrs. Grey’s eyes were full of tears. Truly the sight of that poor boy had touched her heart; and now the bells were like some affecting strain of music in harmony with her feelings. She thought of her own

dear sons, just entering life, gifted with health, energy, and talent, but with the things of the present engaging and pressing on their attention as the great reality, and in danger of forgetting the one thing needful: then she thought of this poor boy, lying with an incurable malady, yet with his soul freed from earthly trammels, and perhaps longing to depart. She fancied what would be her anguish to see them laid prostrate with illness; yet what was this life, compared with what might be awaiting Philip in perhaps a few weeks more?

‘Emily,’ said she at last, ‘let us say, “The Will of the Lord be done.”’

Emily looked up, uncertain what her mother meant.

And then Mrs. Grey added, ‘Oh, I was thinking of the boys.’

‘Mamma, it is God’s Will, is it not, that they should be strong and well?’

‘Yes; I thank God indeed that it is so. If only they are working in His vineyard, be the work what it may, all will be well. But, O Emily, it seems as if there were so many many things to draw away the hearts of young men in these days! I sometimes tremble for the boys.’

‘But they have so much to draw them right. Think, Mamma, of Christ Church Cathedral, and the daily service; and at St. Cuthbert’s it is just the same.’

Mrs. Grey smiled on her dear daughter.

‘My darling, it is true: they are being drawn by cords of love every day, and all day long. And I trust, I fully trust, that they will not miss attaining the great end; and that with all their getting, they may above all get understanding.’

And so, as the shades of evening drew on, and one after another the stars appeared twinkling in the sky, they reached the gate of their house; and out rushed Frederick and Edward, to know where Mamma had been so long, and to complain of how dreadfully dull it was when she was away; all which complaints had an inexpressible sweetness to her just then, when her heart was overcharged with that deep love, which only a mother can know. And as she looked up at their bright faces, so full of health and happiness, yet with a shade of discontent because of her long absence, she was moved to an almost uncontrollable fit of amusement. Then the boys laughed too; and all went in talking and laughing together.

‘And what do you think?’ said they in their turn; ‘we have been into Scaleby to see if Carlton is come; and he is; and he said the sight of us had made him delirious with joy. And he wants you to invite him to a pic-nic as soon as you possibly can.’

‘We must wait,’ replied Mrs. Grey, ‘until Harry comes; he will be here in a fortnight; and beautiful as it has been to-day, the weather is still unsettled!’

Edward, who was always very prompt in his ways and doings, would have preferred fixing on the next morning to a moment for a *first* pic-nic—forgetting that the next day was Sunday—and then another when Harry came. He expressed his views on the subject, got laughed at, laughed himself, and then the question was dropped.

The next day was as beautiful a Sunday as one could possibly desire. It was the first since they had arrived at Moorlands. The church was at some little distance; and this was just the day to enjoy a walk through lanes and fields, fragrant with bean blossoms and wild roses. And as they went along, enjoying the balmy softness of the air, the bells from the old church tower began their chimes—not like those which Mrs. Grey and Emily had heard the day before from the Minster. These bells were less artistic, less beautiful; but perhaps they had more associations of a home-like character about them. Such are the chimes which emigrants or wanderers from our country sometimes fancy they hear in the solitudes of the backwoods of America, or in the wilds of Australia, bringing back remembrances full of inexpressible tenderness, of the days which would never return, or of the country and the home they would never see again. And as Mrs. Grey listened to them, she remembered how once, many years before, standing one night at an open window, in the Island of Madeira, and looking out at the moon-lit sea, she seemed to hear the bells of her village home in England all across the waters of the Atlantic.

They had now reached the church. A crowd of men and boys stood outside the porch, waiting till the service should begin. It was a beautiful building, and had lately been restored. In the chancel there were a number of monuments of the Hazelden family—of these, some were of great age and beauty; but what interested Mr. Grey's family still more were two tablets of white marble, one to the memory of the great-grandfather, who was drowned when skating to church, and another, of still more remote date, to *his* grandfather; and on this last were the names of several of their sons and daughters, some of whom died when they were quite young. While their descendants, seated in the same church where they had sat, were reading over with intense interest the names, ages, and dates above them, they heard a distant Amen from the vestry; and presently a choir of men and boys, followed by Mr. Wilson, came down the aisle, and took their places in the chancel.

The service was read in a clear and distinct voice, and the responses were made, not by the choir alone, but by everyone in the church. When they sung it was just the same, everyone sang. The chants and hymn tunes were all of the best kind, full of good melody, and the singing was in good time and tune. Mrs. Grey observed with surprise that there was no instrument to help the voices; but it did not seem wanted where such unanimity of feeling prevailed, and where everyone joined as if his part was needed to make the service perfect. After this Mr. Wilson went into the pulpit, and began his sermon. Without being eloquent, which sermons rarely are, it was full of forcible truth, and riveted the attention. The farmers, many of them, sat from beginning to end of the sermon in a set rigid posture, listening as if they would not lose a word; the school-children, too, the young Greys, their father and mother, all

appeared impressed by the interest and importance of what fell from the Vicar's lips. .

When they were again outside, Mrs. Grey said to her husband, 'Oh, Charles, how happy I am! What a blessing to have such services as these every Sunday, and such sermons! Now the boys will be happy whenever Sunday comes; and what a difference that makes!'

'You are thinking how different it is from our Sundays last summer at Abantey?'

'Yes, that was in my mind. I saw some old men listening and enjoying the singing, as they did afterwards that wise and excellent sermon.'

'Mr. Wilson was minor canon at the Minster before he was presented to this living, and that explains the good singing.'

'I wonder they have no organ?'

'They will have one as soon as they have money enough to buy a really good one; until then he means to go on with his choir and his tuning-fork.'

The young people had gathered round, and were listening with much interest.

'It would be very nice,' said their mother, 'if we could all help a little while we are here towards the new organ.'

'Oh yes, Mamma,' cried the younger ones, 'do let us!'

'We might put by a little every week; anything you like to bring me I will put in a bag, and before we go away I will give it to Mr. Wilson.'

'And I,' said Mr. Grey, 'will double whatever the sum may be which you all have collected together.'

'Oh, Papa! that will be nice!'

They went on talking about it all the way home; and under the excitement of present feeling, the dear children would gladly have given all their weekly allowance, and all the little sums which they earned in various small ways from their parents. Indeed, they had no sooner reached home than Johnny ran to examine his purse. It contained twopence; with this sum he hastened to his mother, but she said she should prefer waiting until Saturday for his first contribution, and she wondered to herself how much Johnny would bring then!

The evening service was at six o'clock, in an adjoining hamlet some distance along the burnside road. We know how beautiful the view of Cludesdale was from that road—with the Clude winding along—with the beautiful groupings of trees—with the purple hills in the distance. And now all was bathed in a glow of declining sunshine. As Mrs. Grey sat in the very little church, where everything was of the most primitive order, the door being wide open, she saw this beautiful view as in a frame. It was the twelfth evening of the month, and the latter verses of the sixty-fifth Psalm were very suitable to the smiling fertile scene before her.

The children and their mother went in to see Miss Walls on the way home; and in the evening they sang hymns for some time. It was a

lovely Sunday, and followed by many more just the same. They were indeed the happiest days of the week; never had they found, at any place where their summers had been spent, so much to make Sunday delightful to them as here. The services were looked forward to, and the sermons valued by Mr. and Mrs. Grey as much for themselves as for their children.

And was there one other interest—silently, unconsciously, shared by them all, and especially felt during the Creed and the Prayer for the Church Militant? That tablet, with the many names, and all the thoughts to which those names gave rise.

* * * * *

As to the weekly collection for the organ, that also prospered, although occasionally Johnny would look at his penny or halfpenny in a wistful way peculiar to himself, and balancing it on the tip of his finger, would say, 'I did certainly feel uncommonly hungry when I went past the cake-shop just now, but still I suppose I had better give it.' And then Mrs. Grey would kiss him and take his offering, knowing what precious gifts God bestows in return for the halfpence which children spare from their own indulgence, to give in charity, or in any way which is intended to promote the glory and honour of God.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

I.

It will probably be the opinion of many that such a subject as the decking of our persons, either for use or for ornament, is too trivial to have a philosophy. Two answers may at once be opposed to such an opinion; first, that nothing, and especially nothing so widely-spread as the practice of devoting a certain time to the tire-room, can be too trivial to be susceptible of a philosophic interpretation; and second, that the subject of dress is an important, and not a trivial one. The object of the present article is merely to throw out a few hints on the importance of dress, in all ages, as an index of the state and tendencies of society, and a not inconsiderable agent in modifying such state and tendencies. It is desired to shew that dress may be made either a useful organ or a machine of baneful influence; and, further, to apply to the present day such principles as may be built on the analysis of bygone times.

It will be useful to glance first at three or four striking points in the history of costume, with the view of seeing how far matters of dress are dependent on a principle not particular to any age. In doing this, it

will not be necessary to occupy much space, or to take a chronological survey, which would of course involve a preliminary glance at the negative costume of the primitive savage. We will not shock our eyes with such a peep, as the advantages and disadvantages of that initial style of undress are not particularly interesting or instructive.

II.

ALL who have been in the habit of observing and analysing, even to a very limited extent, must have noticed, not only in the course of their own existence and contact with the world, but also in turning carefully over the pages of minute history, that there is always a certain correspondence between the style of dress among any given people at any given time, on the one hand, and the essential characteristics of that time on the other. I believe this correspondence to be so intimate that, if we could be provided with a sufficiently minute and clear statement of the aggregate tendencies of any age, we should be able to deduce approximately the style of dress of the people of that age; and conversely, given the style of dress, we should have no great difficulty in arriving at many of the tendencies of the age.

For instance, if we were told that a people at a given time were undomestic, and devoted to pageantry and out-of-door show—that they did not care, as a body, for the amenities of the household, but expended much of their time in the practice of arms and of athletic exercises—that they left alone the study of science,* and gave the studious portion of their lives to elegant art and elegant literature—we should expect to find such a people revelling in gorgeous velvets and silks, paying every attention to elegance of form in the selection of their clothes, and keeping in view a certain freedom of action that must be unimpeded by any embarrassing style of garment. And this is precisely what we find to be the case if we look at the records of the state of society in Italy in the sixteenth century, and for some time on each side of that epoch. What can be more gorgeous, more elegant, or more comfortable (as far as elaborate clothes can be comfortable), than the dresses handed down to us in the pictures of the great Italian Renaissance masters of the Florentine, Roman, and Venetian schools? and what race is there in modern history more undomestic, pageant-loving, and athletic, than the Italians of the times represented in those pictures, as described in the plentiful supply of records which we have of the character and details of life at that time?

Take another example—that of the ancient Greeks, a people whose constant wars demanded that they should live almost entirely in the

* Such stars in science as Galileo and Leonardo da Vinci are not overlooked; but these men, lights to all ages, are not included in the category of orthodox *Italians of the period*.

free exercise of their bodies, in the open air, and whose great artists studied nothing but the human frame. To be good warriors and good models, they had to be excellent athletes; accordingly, as Monsieur Taine has pointed out to the artistic youth of Paris, and as is well known, their garments were of so simple and unembarrassing a character, that they could be thrown off in a moment for the purpose of aquatic or other exercises calling for the completely nude state.

Again, there is a complete correspondence between the licentiousness of the court of Charles II. and the indecent manner in which the ladies of that court attired—or rather neglected to attire—themselves; and the parallel is equally exact in the case of the dismal rigid Puritans and their dismal rigid garments.

This first principle—that the style of dress at any period may be considered as an index of the feelings and tendencies at that period—does not, I think, need any further demonstration. I wish to point out next that, as the social state acts on the style of dress, so the style of dress, in a less degree, re-acts on the social state; and this second principle will become evident by examining the instances already adduced in support of the first.

As the Italians vied with each other in the splendour of their attire and the costliness of their displays, they became more and more undomestic, and developed a stronger and stronger passion for the dramatic and processional life in which they so excelled, and which has left its traces stamped in indelible and unmistakeable characters on the Italian of the present day.

The ancient Greek, whose social state actually demanded the simplicity of costume which characterized him, contemplated constantly the perfection of his own form and that of his neighbour, developed for warlike purposes, and became enamoured of the athletic and symmetrical body, as well as of the robe cast away instantly at will. Corporeal perfection and simplicity of attire, first sought as a means, came to look highly desirable as an end, and both simple robe and athletic body continued.

The dress of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, born of license, gave birth in turn to license; and the dingy Puritanical costume, resulting from dingy Puritanical notions, unquestionably fostered such notions.

III. *

No one who has taste and feeling for pictures on panel and canvas, can fail to be affected in some way or another by the real pictures of actual life. The pictorial position of costume is a very important one, as

* Thus far the costume of men as well as women has been kept in view; but, as we shall now have to deal with the costumes of the present day, the clothes of the male portion of the population will be left unnoticed, as being too hopelessly ugly and abnormal for any treatment whatever.

influencing the general effect of a composition; and, in like manner, the pleasantness or unpleasantness, as objects, of the innumerable groups of people whom we are daily contemplating, must depend vastly on the clothes worn by such groups. As one of Watteau's or Lancret's assemblages of ladies and gentlemen arrayed with such delicacy of taste would be rendered incomplete and only partially pleasing by the introduction of even one tasteless individual, and as a composition of Nicholas Poussin would be vitiated by any departure from the stern classicism which characterizes his serious pieces, or the mythic freshness and fragrance which spreads itself over his Bacchanalian festivals and dances—so the effect of a group of real live persons is easily ruined by the bad taste of one or two of its component members; and there can be no doubt that the amount of pleasure derived from contemplating a tastefully-dressed assemblage of people is much more considerable than most of us sober Englishmen would be inclined to admit.

In applying, therefore, to ourselves the two principles enunciated, let us discard frankly and unceremoniously all idea that it is an unworthy folly to be moved pleasurably by the sight of well-dressed people, and unpleasurably by the reverse.

It would be very interesting to hear the impression of a person of average intelligence, brought up remote from fashionable circles, who should be turned loose for the first time among a crowd of people dressed in accordance with the fashions of the present day. Such a person would probably be at once struck with the preposterous extravagance with which an idea of costume, not inelegant in itself, is constantly put into execution; and if he were thoughtfully inclined, he would return to his native nook and consider what was the meaning and what the tendency of this preposterous extravagance. He would see, upon reflection, that the style of dress completely corresponded with the outcry raised in our middle classes against the extravagant notions of the rising generation in matters more important; and he would say that the outcry was not likely to have *less* cause under such a state of fashion.

To illustrate what is meant, it will be best to instance one or two special points of costume. Take the bonnet. Hardly any bonnet that is brought out is not pretty at first; but as each shape is subjected to the competition of those who aspire to be in the van of fashion, the leading idea of the bonnet is so exaggerated, that anything like symmetry is destroyed, and the effect spoiled. Go a little lower; look at the chignon. As long as this was what its name implies, a *nape*-ornament, and of dimensions proportionate to the wearer, it was sightly enough; but now each chignon-wearer, irrespective of her size or the style of her head, aims at the construction of a chignon unparalleled in bigness, and buys one if she cannot have it otherwise; so that most young ladies who persist in that style of wearing the hair, now look as if they had two heads, and would fall by reason of the displacement of their centres of gravity. The same with the dresses; there is nothing like moderation.

If crinolines are the fashion, they grow and grow till they almost fill the road, the room, or the carriage, as the case may be; and if trains are in favour, they are worn trailing further and further, until the perfection of absurdity and inconvenience arrived at dooms them to the limbo of rejected modes.

All these things indicate an unhealthy extravagance of ideas, and cannot fail to foster a recklessness of fancy injurious both to taste and to the general habit of thought. But there are other states of mind no less clearly apparent through the flimsy veil of fashion. What is the meaning of the masculine stamp of garments that spring into use from time to time—never, happily, for a great while? Sometimes we have a manly style of hat, getting more and more unmistakeably male; sometimes a masculine sort of jacket, getting gradually to a regular coat of purely male cut. If this sort of dress has no relation to the smouldering ‘woman’s rights’ feeling that breaks out now and then, the co-existence of the two phenomena must be cast aside as a strange and unexplained coincidence. Granting, however, that the two things are related, it is indeed a matter of congratulation that these approaches to male attire never obtain to any wide extent, leaving the impression that the bulk of our countrywomen, at all events, are not imbued with the unhealthy notion that it is woman’s right to be on the same footing as man, but rather accept the doctrine that her right is where her heart leads her—in the home of man, not in his public life—and occupying in her private capacity a place at least as high as his, though not so prominent—with functions often excelling his in pureness and nobility.

The masculine style of dress is not only objectionable as an index of a certain state of mind. Doubtless, many have dressed in this style, who never themselves had an idea about ‘woman’s rights;’ but it is quite conceivable that a woman might from habit get so imbued with the idea of imitating man as to become gradually blind to the radical differences deeper than those of costume.

If these connections between the style of dress and the state of mind are recognized, there cannot of course be any question as to the importance of our attire; but I fear we are not yet sufficiently alive to pictorial effects and their inner significance to make the pleasure or displeasure derived from good or bad costume an important element in our happiness or unhappiness; hence the smothered contempt of Englishmen, hinted above, for any discussion of the subject. As, however, our æsthetic proclivities develope—and they are undeniably doing so—the question will assume a more prominent aspect on artistic grounds.

IV.

THERE is a notion abroad that the costumes of the present day are not susceptible of fine pictorial effect, even if such effect were, as is contended, exceedingly desirable, and that they are intrinsically inelegant and

deficient in grace. This would perhaps be brought forward by many a fair one as an excuse for adopting extremeness (to coin a word) and extravagance as aims in dressing. The argument would be, 'We must have some principle to guide us in dressing; and as we cannot hope to attain the picturesque, we must strive to be as fashionable as possible, in order to be striking.'

Now, I hold this line of argument to be utterly false, both in basis and in method. There seems to be no adequate reason for attributing the lack of good effect to any vice inherent in the style of any contemporary costume, which I believe to be in itself graceful and picturesque. The full flowing skirt seems to me to be a graceful object when not blown out into a balloon; and the train, when not too long, strikes me as particularly elegant. The modern shawl or jacket, when worn by a woman who regards intrinsic appearance more than accordance with fashion, are often very pleasing. Many of the constantly changing methods of dressing the hair are, in their elementary stage, not unbecoming, till competition has developed them into ugliness, in the same way that cattle are fed till the maximum hideousness desired by cattle-show exhibitors is attained.

Whatever fashion may be started, there are always certain limits within which it may be modified to suit the individual case, without any fear of reproach for being 'behind the fashion'; and it should be the object of each, in decorating, to ascertain precisely what particular variety of the fashionable thing, whatever it may be, will best become her. She should not go to Regent Street for instruction how to wear such and such an article of dress, but simply to her own looking-glass. For instance, a slim lady, with a fairly large head, should not wear her hair in any way calculated to throw the rest of her person into inconspicuousness; a plump subject should see that her dress is not too loose, and a slender subject that hers is not too tight. The same remarks may be applied to colour. There are always many colours fashionable, but generally one that is considered quite *the* thing. Now, if one colour be adopted by a large body of fashionable dressers, it is sure not to suit the majority; and vices in colour are more glaringly disagreeable than those in form. Not only does the extensive preponderance of one particular colour ensure a large proportion of unbecomingly-dressed individuals, but it also spoils the *general* effect of an assemblage; whereas the adoption by each of the most becoming tint must secure a good general distribution of colours, by virtue of the variety of persons to be suited.

V.

BEFORE relinquishing the subject, I will give an extreme example of perfect success in dressing, so as to make the utmost of the gifts of nature—an example from actual experience.

The subject of this example was going to a fancy ball; and the great topic of discussion with her friends for some time beforehand, was what costume to select. All kinds of shepherdesses and Hungarians and Queens of Night were suggested, and all were rejected either as unsuitable or as likely to be 'too general.' Before describing the costume finally hit on, it will be as well to sketch the wearer. She was a slim girl of two or three and twenty, with rich complexion, dark eyes and hair, and arms and neck rather more spare than would have appeared to the best advantage in ordinary evening costume; and, being studious, but not of the most robust bodily strength, she had acquired a *souppçon* of a stoop in the shoulders, just enough to throw the lines of her form slightly out.

It will be seen at once that the decoration was not entirely free from difficulty: the costume chosen as most suitable, was that of a young lady at the time of the Protectorate, a time when the style of the Stuarts was under a wholesomely modest restraint, and was nevertheless not overpowered by the sombre grimness of Puritanism. The costume consisted of a white silk under-skirt with brocaded bunches of bright flowers, reaching to the ankles, and falling there upon white boots with amber and black rosettes. Over this skirt was a black satin tunic, with a slight train, and with a close body of the same material, cut very low both in front and behind, the neck being covered to the throat by a white cambric chemisette, set in full, and finished by a small frill collar, tied with a black silk cord and tassels. The brocaded under-skirt was almost hidden by the black tunic; and lest the costume should be open to the charge of ultra-sobriety, the wearer availed herself of the fashion of wearing bright sleeves not matching either skirt or tunic. These sleeves were of amber satin, and covered the arms closely to the wrists, where there were cuffs of point-lace; and the shoulders were ornamented with crimson velvet epaulettes, subdued by a net-work of pearl beads. Across the shoulders was a frill ruff, of the moderate dimensions of the period from which the costume was taken; and this concealed not only the defined line of the black satin against the white cambric, but also the irregularity of the shoulders. The defined line in front was broken by a trimming of pearl beads; and the waist was similarly ornamented. The hair was drawn up from the forehead and from the back of the head, and made up in a knot on the crown, tied with amber and black ribbons. It is almost needless to say that the effect was a complete success, and that the young lady had the pleasure of being, by general consent, one of the most strikingly, tastefully, and modestly dressed of the masqueraders.

Now we could not of course expect to produce such effects in ordinary every-day life; but the principle kept in view in that instance, might be used in every case to great advantage.

Besides the great satisfaction it is to see our wives and daughters about us suitably attired, and free from any appearance of folly or

extravagance—besides the pleasure we should all have in walking the street, the drawing-room, or the ball-room, if each who has it in her power were a pleasing spectacle, and in a measure a work of art (and dressing must be regarded as a branch of art)—there would be the solid benefit of fostering a healthy desire to please, quite opposed to the desire for extreme fashionableness as an ultimatum. If this principle were made the one canon of the tire-room, the aim of dressing would be eminently utilitarian; but at present the whole object is to sacrifice, not even at the altar of pageantry, but at that of an imaginary Juggernaut known by the name of 'Fashion.' Let no one be disquieted with the notion that the abolition of this Juggernaut is aimed at, or even contemplated as a possible or desirable innovation; it is not suggested that she should be dethroned altogether, only—

'Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.'

H. B. F.

A VISIT TO ASSISI.

THERE is a beautiful picture by a French artist, the late M. Benonville, representing St. Francis gazing from a height upon the distant towers of Assisi, his native city:

The saint is under the shade of some trees, half lying on a sort of litter, half supported by one of the monks who are with him, around whose neck he has thrown one feeble emaciated arm, while the other is slightly raised as he seems to be addressing the fair town. Beautiful to look upon, it rises from its craggy foundations, backed by the purple range of the Appenines, its walls and buildings golden in the low beams of the sinking sun; scene of his birth, his labours, as it will soon be of his death. The monk who is kneeling and supporting him looks into his face with earnest sorrowful eyes. Perhaps he is his bosom friend, Leoni, who has been with him during his sojourn in the mountain region of Alvernia, where, it is said, took place that wondrous interview, of which his worn and wasted body, his hands and feet, bear mystic tokens, and whence he returns, worn out with fasts and vigils and hours of rapt communing, to Assisi. He will never recover strength again; hardly again will his voice be heard through the Umbrian plains—only feebly, as the strength to utter the fervent words grows less and less. The delicate countenance, through which already the spirit seems to shine, will be gazed on soon for the last time by the crowds of the poor and sick people who love him. The monks standing round seem to know this as they sadly listen to him, deep in thought, or with hands raised in the attitude of prayer. They feel they shall soon lose their head, their preacher of soul-inspiring words, their beloved and loving friend. The future lies before them without him.

It would be difficult to imagine a more different scene to this than that of a party of nineteenth century English travellers, stopping in their way from Foligno as they come in sight of the grand dome of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and thence looking up at Assisi! The actual surroundings—the town, the mountains, and the valley beneath—are much the same as they were six centuries ago; but how different the lookers-on, in their outward appearance, in their feelings, associations, and interests!

Here is a London physician, from the centre of all that is most luxurious, most hard-working, business-like, hurried, money-getting, intellectual. He has come with his daughter to rest his weary brain in scenes of beauty, far away from the smoke and din of London. Here are a country clergyman and his invalid wife, who have been conveyed in a few days from the depth of some leafy inland village, with its thatched cottages and simple grey-towered church, to romantic Italy. And here are two young Cambridge men, fresh from University life, and full of the very spirit of 'progress' and modern times. Yet, different as is the atmosphere surrounding this group to that of the Middle Ages, there was not one in it who did not feel his heart thrill with interest as he looked on that scene, and the story of Francis, the first Minorite, the founder of the great Franciscan Order, whose members now number by thousands, came to his recollection.

With no irreverent minds we went on and entered the magnificent church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which contains the original cell of St. Francis and the small chapel of the Porzioncula, where he laid the foundation of his Order, and the frescoes, by Lo Spagno, representing scenes from his life. We recalled that that small church—the Shrine of our Lady of Angels—St. Francis raised from ruin, as one of his first acts after devoting himself to poverty. He afterwards received it as a gift from Pope Innocent III., and it was thenceforward the church of the rapidly-increasing brotherhood. But before this definite commencement of his career, he had passed many a troubled month of alternate despair and exaltation; his bare feet had traversed the rough streets of Assisi, and the craggy paths of the solitary mountains.

Under the bright sky of an Italian spring morning, the air laden with sweet odours, we ascended the road, lined with hedges of white May blossom, towards the town. From the summit of the steep leading into it, we looked back upon the lovely green valley stretched below. The quaint streets are almost grass-grown now, quiet, and empty; the women stood at their doors spinning, with their long wooden distaffs and coils of flax, and looked curiously after us as we passed. There were few men about, and these very different to those times when war and tumult was rife in the towns of Italy. These streets then were full of men in armour, and most of the houses were fortified to resist attack. Those were the days when the rich merchant Pietro Bernadone di Mericoni lived there, and looked upon his son Francis as the satisfactory inheritor of all his gains and of his thriving business. In the twelfth century, at

the time of this son's birth, Assisi was a flourishing town, carrying on many trades prosperously. Bitter was the father's disappointment, when the brilliant popular Francis, so gallant in all feats of arms, so assiduous in business, forsook all his former pursuits, and became a beggar and asker of alms. The saint had certainly no honour in his father's house, for from the time he abandoned his gay life and became a changed man, he was turned out of his home and his inheritance.

We stood by the site of the house where he was born, and saw the apartment within the precincts of the Chiesa Nuova, where he was confined by his father, who thought his religious fervour the result of madness.

The great change in his mind and conduct seems to date from his twelve months imprisonment in Perugia, after a contest between the citizens of that town and Assisi. When he came forth, he had a terrible illness upon him, which brought him to death's door; and after hovering on the brink of the grave, he cared no more for his former life. Clothed in rags, he lay prostrate in the churches, his days passed in devout exercises and fastings, till in a vision he received an intimation that he must give up all, and take poverty as his bride. He departed to the solitudes of the hills—those same hills we saw around us. Wandering in these desert regions, chanting the canticles which we can read and admire now as the expression of his devotion, he was captured by banditti, and relinquished as a prize not worth the having. The wild animals, the birds and beasts of the hills, learnt to know him, attracted to him by sure instinct as he talked to them as his 'brethren and sisters.' Once he said to the starlings, 'My dear sisters, you have talked long enough; listen to the praises of your Creator.'

He loved all the beautiful objects of Nature with a passionate admiration, and perhaps in his loneliness he experienced the soothing companionship of the dumb animals and inanimate things, seeing in all creation images of Christianity, its doctrines, and its sacred Persons, the expression of their offices and love to men, and broke forth into praise for all the works of God! 'Laudato sia il mio Signore per Messer lo fratre Sole, il quale giorno e illumina noi per Lai. Ello è bello e radiante con grande splendore Di Te Signore porta significazione.' So he utters praise for 'Suora Luna, le stelle—per sereno e ogni tempo;'—praise not only for serene days, but for *all* weather; the sad and gloomy times coming even as the bright ones from the same loving Hand.

Returned to Assisi, he took the dress of a pilgrim, and devoted himself to the care of the lepers, who in those days were regarded with a sort of awe and reverence, as struck by the hand of God with a mysterious plague. It was not without feelings of repugnance in his sensitive and delicate nature that he became an inmate of the Leper Hospital, and gave himself up to tending the loathsome disease. But love and compassion towards his fellow-men overcame every other feeling; and when on one occasion he fancied he had wounded the feelings of a poor sufferer by his

words, he went to him and embraced him, in utter disregard of the tainting contact from which others shrank. He walked the streets of Assisi clothed in serge, with a cord round his waist, beseeching all men to abandon a worldly life, and to devote themselves to the care of the poor and suffering. Many scoffed at him as mad, but some followed him. In a poor hut, in a spot called the Rivo Torto, he lived with the first two members of the Order which was to extend over the world; Bernardodi Quintavalle, and Pietro di Catania. There he made the rule of his Order, which included vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and had this novelty, that its members were to ask alms as a right. Long afterwards, he gave proof of his wonderful practical knowledge in organization by founding the 'Order of Penitence,' which allowed its members to continue in their worldly callings, whatever those might be; and the Franciscan cord was hence found on multitudes, in all stations, from the throne to the hovel.

In that age of secular associations and heretical brotherhoods, Innocent III. showed his wisdom by adopting the Company of the Minorite Brethren to oppose those influences, baneful to the power of the Church. St. Francis went to Rome to obtain this sanction from the Pope, and on his return to Assisi was greeted with ringing of bells, and every mark of welcome. And now his enthusiasm kindled in the souls of his fellows something of his own fervour, and hundreds joined the little band; and he went forth again to preach with words of burning eloquence in all parts of Europe, while other brothers of the Order were sent out also to France and Germany to gain new proselytes. His fame attracted the famous Santa Chiara, and his persuasions induced her and her sister to leave their father's house and take vows upon themselves.

We passed the church where this saint, the first Abbess of her Order, was buried, and went on to the great convent founded in the life-time of St. Francis. The churches attached to it were commenced after his death, and the lower church contains the crypt in which his body was found. The convent and churches are built in a manner which no one who has seen Assisi can forget. Piled upon that magnificent range of arches which seem to barrier the mountain sides, they rise up above the surrounding towers and walls of the town. We entered the lower church, built beneath the other, from the piazza.

Going in from the bright daylight, we were at first sensible only of a dim place, a heavy odour of incense, and a confused sound of voices chanting. The low arches and massive pillars gradually revealed themselves in the obscurity. Then we perceived that service was going on; many priests and monks were around the high altar, standing between the nave and the choir, and the yellow light of the candles streamed upon the blue clouds of incense and the tabernacle above, while by degrees our eyes caught the colours of the frescoes painted all over the vaulting, and grim figures of saints and angels looked down upon us with their fixed solemn eyes—the long eyes of Giotto and the painters of his time.

Everywhere the walls were covered with pictures and frescoes, and their blue and red and dead-gold showed duskily under the light coming through small painted windows. Meantime the harsh voices of the priests, and the occasional sweet sad strains of the organ, sounded through the gloomy church. Presently we discovered, on the wall above the high altar, the figure of the woman standing upon thorns, that 'donna più cara' to whom—

' com alla morte
La porta del piacer nessun disserra,'

as Dante sings in that Canto of the Paradiso, which is, in fact, his tribute of beauty to the memory of him whom he calls

' . . . tutto serafico in ardore.'

The dim light, the strange and wonderful frescoes, the monotonous and melancholy chanting, and the dark figures standing and kneeling about the crypt-like church, all made a scene which transported one back to those 'Middle Ages' when the saint lived and laboured. If he had risen from his tomb and looked around, he would have seen nothing strange or unaccustomed.

At last, service being over, a monk came to us and conducted some of us over the adjoining convent, where there was not much that was interesting, and then we all ascended to the upper church. Here we found ourselves at once in a flood of light and golden colour, the pure sunshine streaming through the open windows and illuminating the glorious frescoes all around. It would be out of place here to tell of the wonders of art lavished on the walls, the roof, the gallery: every portion of this beautiful structure bears impress of Cimabue, of Giotto, and other masters of early Italian art, whose pencils seem to have been inspired by the influence of the saint. This, one of the earliest Gothic churches in Italy, is, as it were, one glorious inspiration. It seems to typify the true and beautiful side of the Order founded in poverty and suffering—the truth of the law of love to God and man, which actuated at least its founder. One seemed to leave woe and misery behind in that dark lower church, and to be reminded here only of the glorious rest of the man whose life passed on earth in toil, and painful self-sacrifice, and aspiration.

An open door showed the green hill-side on which the church is built. Our conductor, a tall black-robed monk, with a broad head, and striking energetic countenance, took us, after we had lingered long enough in the church, up a winding stair which led to the summit of a turret near the belfry, where we stood and looked down upon the glorious view stretched beneath. The larks were careering over our heads in the bright sunny sky, while there below lay the town, descending the hill into the wide plain; the winding of the little stream, the dome of our Lady of the

Angels, and beyond, reach after reach of green plain and purple hill, to the heights of Perugia and the far-off confines of Umbria.

Then, just below, was the green meadow where, in 1219, ten years after the first founding of the Order, five thousand mendicants met for its second grand chapter. A vast concourse of men crowded round the little church of the Porzioncula, but perfect harmony and humility was wanting amongst these followers of poverty, and there were disputes as to which should be greatest, even though it were greatest in self-mortification; and St. Francis in wisdom never risked such a general meeting again, which he said encouraged pride. He sent them forth to all parts of the world, while he himself, in obedience to a vision, went to join the champions of the Cross against the infidel at Damascus, where he escaped death and imprisonment in a wondrous manner. It was in the same little church, now covered with the splendid dome on which we looked, that the full remission of sins *for ever* was granted to whosoever should penitently confess to a priest. A vision certified this to St. Francis, and the Pope sanctioned it, on the condition that the eternal absolution should be given only on one day in the year—a festival which is still kept in the same place by thousands who flock to receive the immense benefit!

It was curious that as we looked down and thought of all these things, our companion, a living proof of the life and labours of St. Francis, spoke not of the past, and seemed to care much more for the actual secular world of the present, of which we were representatives. He looked at us with inquiring kindly eyes, and asked eagerly about England, about railways, manufactures, and the political news of the day. He said he hoped some day to go to England, and to see London. He could speak a little English, of which he seemed proud. He stood by us erect and strong, and looked down with keen brown eyes into the valley, and his thoughts seemed to be of the real stirring active life, and the far-off northern countries, of the world which he longed to see. The heavy gown and knotted cord did not seem the fit dress for this strong man, so full of capabilities and repressed energy, for which his monotonous sedentary life gave little scope. One of the young men of our party, a humorous fellow, who, to the great amusement of the people, had bought a wooden distaff from an old woman as we came through the town, which he told her he should take to his sister in England, and kept brandishing it over his shoulder in triumph: this youth gave to Fra Francesco, of 186—, a cordial invitation to Cambridge, told him he would have great pleasure in showing him all over the university, and promised him a hearty welcome from the under-graduates. This offer the brother took in all sincerity, and thanked him with grave politeness.

But let us return for one moment more to the Francis of the past, and look upon his last days. Orlando, Lord of Chiusi nel Casentino, gave him the wild mountainous district, not far distant, now called Lavernia. It became a favourite resort of St. Francis, and it was here he retired

with his friend and disciple, Leoni, shortly before his death, for a sojourn of twelve months, when the miraculous 'Stigmata' was said to have been bestowed upon him. Two years after his return thence, worn and exhausted, death came to him. He made his friends lay him upon the bare ground, and told them he would have no other bier than the poor litter which had carried him. Then bequeathing the government of his order to Bernardo, his first follower, he gradually expired. As the requiem for the dying ceased, his voice was heard faintly repeating, 'Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi;' and then with his last breath, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto Thy Name.' He died as the sun sank behind the hills of his native Italy.

He is said to have been a strangely mixed character. At times playful as a child, showing a quaint sort of humour; at others stern, and most frequently sad. He passed from gloomy despair to extravagant ecstasy. He was a passionate lover of nature, though he lived always in cities. He was strong in will, an enthusiast, believing intensely in the reality of his own emotions and the impressions of his vivid imagination, yet practical and wise in organization and government. Of his entire sincerity and earnestness there can be no doubt; and though the tone of his mind and tenour of his religious belief is to our English nature unhealthy and unnatural, we can fully and reverently admire the self-denying tenderness, the overflowing love, to all living creatures, especially to the suffering and poor—that nature and life in which he most resembled his Master, and whereby, perhaps, principally he bound to him his numerous devoted followers. 'What every man is in God's sight, that is he, and no more,' are his own words; and we may leave him to that test, and join with him also in saying, 'Laudato sia il Signore per quelli che perdonano per lo Tuo Amore e sosteneno infirmitade e tribulazione, beati quelli de sostegueranno in pace, che da Te Altissimo serranno incoronati.'

Full of these thoughts, we left the tower of the church, and descending to the convent gate, wished our guide farewell with cordial English shakes of the hand, to which he responded with equal warmth; and telling him we should expect to see him some day in England, we retraced our steps to the valley, where our vettura awaited us at the little inn of Santa Maria. And thus ended our visit to Assisi.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

DURING the last sixty years, the population of England and Wales has increased from nine to twenty millions. We see but too plainly that the provision made for the spiritual needs of the people, has not kept pace with this vast increase; it is, in fact, far less now, in proportion to the

number of souls, than it was at the beginning of the century. This evil is fearfully felt in our great towns, and in our neglected rural districts. About five years ago, a little knot of Christian friends resolved to unite their efforts, and do what in them lay towards remedying so sad a state of things; in February, 1863, they set on foot the 'Church Extension Association,' and began collecting a Fund for providing free church accommodation for the poor in large and needy districts. Two-and-sixpence is the sum, yearly requested from each subscriber; in February, 1864, the number of subscribers was five hundred; in March, 1865, it had increased to fourteen hundred; many persons, too, had become Working Members, rendering great help to the undertaking by executing embroidery, plain-work, illuminations, &c., on materials provided for them, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund. We may remark, in passing, how many girls there are whose power of giving money to Church objects is extremely limited, but who would rejoice and feel honoured in bestowing some of their time, and the use of their clever fingers, on so holy a cause. In March, 1866, the Association numbered above two thousand subscribers, and one hundred and seventy working members. The efforts of these last, by donations and sales of work, realized in that year £231 10s. In the spring of 1867, 'the Society (we learn) continues to make steady progress;' many new subscribers and working members have been gained; £330 are received in subscriptions, £335 by donations and sales of work.

The Quarterly Paper of the Association, published October 1, 1867, says, 'We can thankfully regard the progress of the Society during the last three months;' ten working members and two hundred and forty subscribers have been added to the list.

The Church Extension Association has distributed in grants to poor populous districts:—

In 1865.....£385

In 1866.....£590

In 1867.....£680

£1655

Let us examine a few of the cases to which these grants were made.

MIDDLESBORO', (diocese of York.) There is but one church, containing 800 sittings, of which but 300 are free, for a population of 23,000 souls, 16,000 of whom consist of the working-classes. A new church, to contain 900 sittings, free and unappropriated, is now in course of erection. *Grant*, £100.

HULL. In the parish of Holy Trinity there are above 40,000 persons without church accommodation. The new church to contain 1000 sittings, all free. *Grant*, £100.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, (diocese of Carlisle.) Population, 16,000. In-

come, £150. A missionary chapel to contain from 300 to 350 sittings. There are no wealthy persons in the district. *Grant, £40.*

COXHOE, a new district in the parish of Kelloe, (Durham.) Population, 3,200, chiefly miners. The *poor* have contributed £200 towards a new church for 450 persons. *Grant, £75.*

N. ORMSBY, (York.) Population, 4,000, labourers and small shopkeepers. Church to provide for 900 persons. The Curate in charge has expended nearly all his private means on the work, and the *poor* people have engaged to raise £50 towards the stipend of a second curate. *Grant, £75.*

An efficient Managing Committee is now forming, by which the merits of each application for help are inquired into. No grant can be made to churches with appropriated seats.

After much thought, it has been decided to open a *depôt* for the sale of work in London. Two first-floor rooms have been rented for the purpose, 17A, Duke Street (corner of Wigmore Street.) They were opened on All Saints' Day, and will continue to be so daily; through the winter, from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., and from March 1st, till 6 p.m., under the superintendence of a lady. Besides ecclesiastical embroideries, altar linen, surplices, banners, texts, and other works of church decoration, with materials for the same, there will be a large stock of photographs and prints, sacred and otherwise, alphabets, stationery, children's clothes, and various articles of fancy-work.

The establishment of such a *depôt* must involve some previous outlay, but will, it is hoped, prove of much ultimate advantage to the Association. Its members are appealed to, most urgently, to exert their best efforts to keep it supplied with work, and, through their friends, to spread the knowledge of it as widely as possible.

All applications for help, and communications in general, are to be sent to the Secretary, Miss AYCKBOWM, 10, Stanley Place, Chester.

But the numerous orders now received (some even from Canada and the United States) for the different works undertaken by the Association, render it expedient to divide the management of that branch.

MRS. RIVAZ, 1, Belvoir Villas, Upper Chorlton Road, Manchester, herself a working member, has engaged to receive all orders for surplices, and to provide for their execution.

H. B., Grey Friars, Chester, has accepted the entire charge of the photographs.

MISS S. MAMMATT, Birk House, Barnsley, takes the alphabets drawn on card, of which there are more than forty varieties.

The Secretary has reason to think that a collection of crests and foreign stamps might conduce much to the profit of the Fund. She would feel very grateful to members and their friends, if they would try to procure, when travelling, the various kinds in circulation, if possible *before* their passage through the Post.

It is cheering to see this unobtrusive, but most real and telling work,

carried on by earnest members of the Church, in close and loving union with each other, and in lowly dependence on their dear Lord's blessing. Let us help them, as far as in us lies, by our efforts and our prayers; and may their 'brook' speedily 'become a river,' and their 'river become a sea!'

FORGIVENESS.

THERE is no practical subject upon which all professing Christians are so unanimous as the duty of forgiveness; every reader of the New Testament must see that it is there inculcated, and all who acknowledge the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ must confess that they are bound to fulfil it: nevertheless, it is a subject of which many views may be taken, and very different thoughts held, under an identity of words.

Little children are taught to pray, 'Bless our enemies, *if we have any*;' and one little child observed, 'I have no enemies, except the world, the flesh, and the devil; is it for them I am praying?' while many who utter the formula have no idea what the word 'enemy' means. There is nothing easier than to 'forgive and bless our enemies' after this manner, while their existence is apocryphal; and very often in children of a larger growth, the duty is thus fulfilled; while on the other side, some persons exaggerate slight offences into enmity, and generously bestow pardon where there is nothing to forgive, or where the fault is their own. A little boy who had beaten a younger playfellow, came forward with an air of magnanimity and said, 'You bad boy! I forgive you for provoking me to do it!' Is there ever among men and women a similar sentiment, though they are too prudent to put it in words?

This 'Monthly Packet' is 'intended for the younger members of the English Church;' and the fact is, that among those sheltered as they are by a high state of civilization, and the protection of happy homes, there are few, if any, occasions for exercising forgiveness of actual and positive injury; there are in such a circle few injuries inflicted—very few; and probably not one of those who read these pages has an enemy in the real meaning of the word; that is, a person who works or wishes them evil. Are we, then, exempt from the duty? or is it softened down to meet the measure of our soft and sheltered state of existence? By no means; but we must take a wider view of its requirements. To estimate what forgiveness is, we must look at the forgiveness of God to man, as we read it in the character and walk of God manifest in the flesh, where the exercise of the Divine gift was wrought out in daily life. I do not now speak of the great Mediation by which alone we sinners are brought nigh to God, nor of the great Sacrifice wherein He proved His love, 'in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us;'

but I mean the human exercise of that divine love when as a man He walked among men.

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we cannot do the lesser, we are not prepared for the greater: by 'love and bless,' I mean to feel kindly towards them, and to serve them in any little way that comes within our little power, not trying to work up a false sentiment, or to wait for grand occasions.

But to young and passionate hearts, the most difficult task is to forgive their friends! to forgive any supposed slight or failure in those they love with an unsubdued and perhaps selfish affection.

Forgive them! why, I would lay down my life for them! no doubt; that would to many be a pleasure; but do you make allowance for their pre-occupation of mind or time? do you consent to take a second, or even a lower place in their attention? If they seem to love you less than you wish or expect, do you try to *unlove* them, and indulge in jealousy, wrath, and suspicion, as a proof and evidence of, or at least an attendant on, strong affection and sensitive feeling? This last is the commonest form of unforgiveness among those whose world lies in the affections, and who are therefore the very last to suspect themselves of a failure in true love; and this indulgence of jealousy sets on fire the whole nature.

‘For to be wrath with those we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.’

Such feelings in the young and susceptible are greatly to be pitied, tenderly to be soothed, but never flattered or encouraged under the name of sensibility. Remember, as the cure for this, our adored Master's tender pardon to those who denied Him, His tender reception afterwards of the friends who in His hour of anguish all forsook Him and fled; and remember, too, that there is as much of Divine forgiveness in the look which melted His faithless Peter into tears of loving penitence, as in the 'Father, forgive them,' for His betrayers and murderers.

And lastly, forgiveness is required for offences against our taste and judgment; and this is a very subtle snare. Often, while we are praying for our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, (knowing that, *personally*, we have none,) we are indulging antipathy against the obtrusive idiosyncrasy, or the officiousness, or the vulgarity, of our neighbour.

Many who fully recognize, even if they do not practise, the duty of forgiving an injury, fail in the wide-hearted charity which can discern the good, and overlook the faults of those whose habits and tone of thought offend against their taste; but it is just as wrong to indulge an unforgiving spirit against a person's disagreeable ways, as against their social faults; and it is much harder to regard with charity what hurts and jars and grates upon our taste than what injures our property.

Again, we must forgive on behalf of others. We sometimes fancy it generous to say, 'I can forgive anything for myself, but nothing for my friend.' Where do we find this distinction in the New Testament? If I love my friend as my own soul, it is my duty to forgive an unkindness

to him just as I would an injury to my individual self; it may—nay, must be more difficult, but is none the less a Christian duty.

‘Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.’

‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.’

C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WORK FOR THE MILLION.

Sir,

I believe that there are thousands of women in England whose hearts are at this moment stirred, as the heart of ‘Gladys’ is stirred; and who, with her, are feeling, ‘If I *can* do anything for the Kingdom of God, I *must*.’

I allude, more especially, to those Christian gentlewomen, who, like ‘Gladys,’ are living in the world of London, hedged round by conventionalities, trammelled by the usages of society, and unable, from some hindering cause or other, to ‘come out’ and live a life entirely apart from that world, which is (whether we like to recognize the fact or no) at war with God.

However earnestly the hearts of these women may be stirred, and however true may be their longings to do *something* for the sake of Christ alone, there must be considerable difficulty in taking the first step of usefulness in this right direction.

I gather from the letter written by ‘Gladys’ that she wants work which she can carry on in the midst of her family, which she can put down and take up at intervals without being subjected to any particular remark. I also gather from the general tenour of the letter that even such hospital visiting as that of reading to the patients in the Hospital for Diseases of the Eye, would not be open to her.

There are many difficulties in the way of a young girl visiting a hospital, especially in London; and one of these would be the objection that many parents would have to their child undertaking so marked a work, which would, as it were, pledge them to a higher life than obtained around them.

The many ‘interruptions’ of a London life, passed in the midst of ‘younger brothers and sisters,’ suggest the suitability of needlework as perhaps the only sort of work really open to ‘Gladys’ and her fellow would-be workers.

It must not be forgotten that in The Great Day we shall be condemned or approved, according as we shall have recognized the Saviour in His suffering *naked* brethren, and ministered unto Him by *clothing* them.

All those who have been called to work in large towns (whether London or other) know what it is to see family after family in extremest suffering, especially in winter, from want of clothes. They know the misery of seeing little children, sometimes even babies, shivering with naked feet, and perhaps with only one ragged garment to cover them. They too know, by practical experience, what it is, after having to the letter carried out the Divine *command*, ‘He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none,’ to feel utterly powerless to help these poor suffering ones. They long for other hands to help; they long to be aided by other purses; they are crying out all day long for more ‘labourers’ to be sent into the harvest.

Does it not seem strange then, when Christ’s ‘brethren’ are calling for help, and His children are ready to work, that some plan cannot be devised to utilize the vast amount of energy lying dormant simply for the want of knowing *what* to do and *how* to do it?

I think there is an answer, very simple, and very ready at hand.

Living in London, with thousands of her fellow-creatures almost unclothed around her, it may be, ‘Gladys’ would like to work for the London poor. Unable to ‘visit the poor’ in her own person, she might like to strengthen the hands of those whose whole lives are passed amongst the ‘sick’ and ‘naked.’

There are the Church of England Sisterhoods; to any of them a present of clothing for the poor is at all times most acceptable. The Sisters of St. Peter’s Home, 27, Brompton Square, would be ready to answer any inquiries, and to put ‘Gladys’

in the way of working for the thousands of 'naked' ones under their care. The Sisters of All Saints, Margaret Street, nurse the University Hospital and the workhouses of Manchester and Chichester; any help to them would find its way at once to some of the 'brethren.'

The Sisters of St. John's, Clewer, working in Crown Street, Soho, &c., would welcome such gifts. It was during the full London season last year I met one of these Sisters begging for clothes to send a poor half naked girl back to her home in Ireland; she told me how she had just been repulsed by a rich woman, who 'never gave to Sisters,' and she was walking on hoping to find another more 'ready to give.' Should 'Gladys' not be drawn to help Sisters, there are the clergymen's wives in all the great parishes.

The work to be done is very varied. If for the sick in hospitals, it may be picture-books (the pictures gummed on calico) for the children; or unbound books to be bound in calico and cardboard; or bags with working material for the women; warm knitted handkerchiefs and comforters for the sick leaving the Hospital. For the general poor, it may be baby shoes; knitted socks for children; pinafores, petticoats; little shirts (small articles are always admissible even in a London drawing-room); the prettier parts of night-dresses and shirts may be stitched in company, while the rougher may be done at spare times alone; we could hardly call that 'work' which does not involve some self-sacrifice.

But should these works, and such as these, not be possible; beautiful and rich work may be done and given to the Sisters to sell for clothing.

Would that the great question asked by 'Gladys' could be answered by a confraternity rising up in England—like to that of St. Vincent de Paul abroad—to which women in the world (but not *of* it) might belong; bound together by a common tie, and pledged to do *some* definite work for Christ—work in which all in the house, children and servants, might join.

FR.

THE HOUSE OF CHARITY, SOHO SQUARE.

THE OUTER ASPECT.

My dear Lina,

I think perhaps you would be interested in hearing what Jane and I did yesterday. You know that I was very anxious to see what the English Sisterhoods were like. So many people are strongly against them, and so many strongly for them. I therefore asked Jane to take me to the House of Charity, in Soho Square, which she was easily able to do, as she has some connection with the mother House of Clewer.

At the corner of Soho Square, through which of course the omnibus did not take us, stands a great old house, bearing in large letters the inscription, 'House of Charity.' This then was the place we had come to see. A few dirty children were clampering about the iron railings, doing nothing, as it seemed to me, though now, I conclude they were going for the soup which the good Sisters give away.

Jane rang the bell, and I stood looking down the street, and at the poor people walking therein, thinking to myself how dismal it all looked. Soon the door opened, and a man-servant asked our names, and another led us through a wide hall, past a great stone stair-case, into a sitting-room. No one was there, so there was time for me to sit down, and for Jane to examine the pictures. A handsome old-fashioned fire-place, beautiful illuminations and engravings on the walls, a table covered with business-like books, a high desk, and other grave looking furniture. Two windows looking into the street, a cabinet between them, no pretty work-boxes about, though in a glass case there lay fancy articles for sale.

I assure you I felt afraid to speak aloud, for it all looked so solemn. Jane laughed at me, but still the feeling did not go off, even when two ladies entered, in the dress of the Clewer Sisterhood, which consists of thick black gowns, white plaited caps, large white collars, and long, wide, open sleeves.

But all my foolish prejudice vanished, as I shook hands with one after the other, and saw the peace written on the faces under the caps, the absence of all affectation, and the sweet kind expression of their eyes.

Do not laugh at me. I do not for one moment suppose that such a life could be good except for a very few—certainly not for you or me. You have enough to do with your house and children; and I!—I have enough to keep me busy all day and all night. But still I do think it is a beautiful life for some women.

Jane knew one of these Sisters, and was kissed and embraced by her, quite in the worldly style, which I was glad to see. These introductions and explanations took up some minutes, and then the Sister Superior, as I think she is called, said she would take us over the house. The men who had let us in, now were in the dining-room: Jane whispered to me that they were men-servants out of place, which accounted for their good manner. In fact, the object of the Charity is principally to afford a temporary home to servants, so that they may be kept out of mischief during a most trying time, namely, between the days on which they are discharged, and on which they find a new situation. Then they also take in emigrants, whilst they are selling their furniture; and patients discharged from hospitals, before they are sufficiently recovered to take situations, or who are without the prospect of any situation or home. Orphan or friendless girls, or widows, or out-patients of hospitals—and not only from London, but from any part of England, on payment of nine or ten shillings a week; a character must be produced also—are all taken in, and most kindly treated.

The great dining-room holds three long tables, at one of which were sitting the men, and at the other two the women. I was quite amused at seeing the immense meat pies, which were rapidly disappearing, and asked if all this good food did not make a great difference in the appearance of the people. 'Oh dear yes,' said the Sister, 'you would hardly believe in such a change; the clothes which they wear on entering, will scarcely button at all when they leave!'

Whilst they were finishing their dinner, we went on to the men's sitting-room, which is large and airy, and is lighted from the roof. Here there was a good fire, over which the poor fellows could sit, and either read, or, luxury above all others, be at rest. A month of this quiet life, and excellent food, will often set up a poor delicate man for life. Over the fire-place, is a copy of the rules, and a few books were lying about, but of these they have not as many as they wish.

The women's sitting room I ought to have mentioned first, for we went there before going to the dining-room. Nearly all the women were at dinner, but a few, from some reason, were still sitting at the tables. Jane asked how many could be admitted at once.

'Our house will sleep seventy, when able to feed so many, but just at present, our funds are so low that we can only receive forty-nine. At Christmas we want to give every man a shirt, and every woman or girl a flannel petticoat; a great undertaking with no funds to buy materials.'

'Had you many cholera patients last year?' asked I.

'Yes, a hundred and fifty children. Fifty-five of them were convalescents, mostly from London Hospital. The rest were orphans, housed here whilst waiting to be placed in Homes, schools, &c.'

I thought the poor creatures I saw looked thin, for they had mostly only lately come. There was one poor thing, who had just undergone an operation for cataract. She had a shade over her eyes, but she said the doctors expected it would be successful, and I heard also that the very best oculists were employed. Jane was speaking to her, when the Sister called her attention to a little deformed girl, who was sitting on a bench by herself, and who was gazing earnestly at us.

'Why,' cried Jane immediately, 'you were at Clewer the other day, were you not?'

'Yes, Ma'am, but I have come here now to stay a bit.' And then Jane said, 'To be sure, I remember you very well;' and going up to the child, she kissed the pale cheeks, and made the little sickly face light up till it almost looked beautiful.

To reach the chapel, we had to cross a graveled court, round which are laid out flower beds. Ivy is being trained up the unsightly walls of this court-yard, and by-and-bye, I dare say it will look very pretty. The chapel is lovely. The high roof is covered with coloured tiles, and everything about it seemed to me perfect in its way.

Behind the altar is a beautiful English mosaic, and above, is a fresco of our Lord on the Cross, with an aureole around Him; and most of the windows are of stained glass.

The afternoon service on Sunday, at three o'clock, is open to strangers, upon whom it has a very good effect. Sometimes the poor people ask, on leaving the House of Charity, 'Shall we have a church like this, where we are going?' The Altar-cloth was green, embroidered in colours, something like the one I told you of, which had been done at Wantage. I noticed the Bishop's chair, and found that the Bishop of

London was visitor there, and that other Bishops were often present at the high festivals.

Their organ is small, and stands near the entrance gates, which are of very fine iron work, and through which we had a very good view of the interior. Not that we had to stand and look through them without going in. In the porch there was a stove with a good fire, which warms the air of the whole building.

After seeing the chapel, we again entered the house, and went up the great staircase which we had passed on first arriving.

In one room there was another of those grand old chimney-pieces. I can't say exactly what this room was used for, but there was a table in the middle, and it seemed to be a sitting-room of some kind. Then there were the Warden's rooms, and the Sisters' rooms, which were not shown. The dormitories are really quite astonishingly clean and neat. There is a nursery for the babies, where the mothers can have a fire, and where there are five little beds. The room for the women is all fitted up in divisions, a bed and washing-stand in each. The divisions are of wood, with a curtain in front. A small looking-glass is hung outside each, and the lockers, in which are kept just what each person absolutely needs, are near the door. The rest of the clothes are kept somewhere else. Opposite these two rooms, there are three others, in one of which sleeps a Sister. The beds are kept in perfect order and cleanliness, and windows were wide open everywhere.

I ought to tell you, that this house depends entirely upon donations and subscriptions for its support, and endless are the pulls upon its funds. It took in a thousand poor people last year, and now they feel very much the general scarcity of money. I know that you have no money to spare, but do you not think that you might speak of it to your friends, and so help this beautiful charity? Perhaps you might send a few books to the library, or hunt up amongst your many friends a few old or new clothes. Maybe it would not be much, but every little helps.

In one kitchen we saw a huge iron pot, which once had been full of soup, but which when we saw it had just been emptied. Ten loaves had also gone during the morning, to the poor at the door. In another kitchen into which we peeped, we saw a number of girls all busy in cooking. The great fire-place was covered with pots and pans of all shapes and sizes, and a most savoury smell issued from the door.

I was quite sorry when we had seen all there was to be seen, and heard all there was to be heard; and was very glad when Jane proposed our going on to the Mission House in Rose Street. It is quite close, for one of its back windows looks into the court-yard of the House of Charity. It is not nearly so imposing as the fine old mansion in Greek Street, and I should not think it could be in a much worse locality.

There was nothing on the outside to distinguish it from the other houses, but seeing a little crowd of poor women at one of the doors, Jane asked if this was the 'House of the Poor?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' said a man who was wheeling a truck, with a grin on his disagreeable smoke-dried countenance; 'this is the Poor House.' His reply made one of the women look daggers at him, but it encouraged us to make our way in as best we could. No men-servants opened the door here; but a young girl, carrying a luncheon-tray for some visitor, called to another to tell Sister So-and-so, that some ladies wanted to see her. Whilst we were waiting for her, we were shown into a room which was very warm and comfortable, but I could not help thinking to myself, that I should not much like to give up all that makes home most dear, to come and live in such a place.

This second House is partly for the bringing up of domestic servants from their childhood. There were a great many of them all busily employed as housemaids, or in drawing water, or in some other occupation.

One large room was full of poor women, who I think come to work there by the day; and a nice pleasant-looking woman was cutting out and directing. Tea was on one table, for as the head woman told Jane, 'You see they don't have much dinner, and so they are glad of this at four or half-past.'

You can have any kind of plain work most exquisitely done here. Trousseaux they enjoy; and I really don't think that you, with your machine, of which you are so proud, could make such perfect tiny tucks as I saw there. Part of the room was boarded off; and on the floor within, lay piles upon piles of army and navy shirting, blue flannel for the poor, and coarse calico, all ready for making up.

There was one girl I particularly noticed, in another room. She had one of those pure oval faces one so seldom sees, reminding one of an ancient picture; and the demure little white cap rather increased than lessened her beauty. She and her companion were amusing themselves as they sat alone, by making some book-

markers with card-board and coloured silks; and a ray of light from the great window fell upon their heads, and lighted up the dingy room, as Christian charity had done their own gloomy lives.

And now I must begin to leave off, Lina dear. I wish some day you would go and see these things for yourself. I often think now of the pitiful sight there was in the hall of the House of Charity. A poor broken-down woman was waiting there, as we came from the dormitories, and as soon as she saw the Sister, she began her sorrowful story. I don't know what it was—Jane and I passed on as soon as we heard her begin to plead for help—but there was no mistaking the expression of her face, or the tone of her voice. There was no mistaking either, that of the Sister's as she rejoined us. The poor woman had been denied help, because, in spite of her urgent need, there were no funds. And so she had to wander back to her miserable home, through the bitter cold and fog, to exist as best she might.

Who can tell the rest of her story? It will be unfolded, no doubt, one Day; but between now and Then lies a gap, and who shall fill it up?

Good-bye again, dear Lina, and believe me ever your loving sister, though not of a Sisterhood,

ELLEN O.

AN INNER VIEW.

My dear ———,

I was last night reading the 'Correspondence' in the November Monthly Packet, and it occurred to me that you might be induced to admit some account of a Charity in which I am greatly interested, and which does not appear to be so generally known, or so widely supported, as it deserves to be. You are doubtless already acquainted with the objects and sphere of usefulness of the House of Charity in Greek Street, Soho; at all events, my present purpose is not to enlarge on *them*, though had I space and time I would gladly do so; but to interest the readers of the Monthly Packet in another work of mercy carried on at the same place.

Three years ago, Mrs. Gladstone, who is warmly interested in the House of Charity, set on foot an Invalid Kitchen, in connection with it in so far that the Superior of the House of Charity undertook the management of it, but quite irrespective of the funds of the House, being supported by special voluntary contributions, and intended for quite a different class of recipients, being merely for out-door relief. The beginning, of course, was small; but several ladies* of influence and position having kindly associated themselves with Mrs. Gladstone on the Committee, its operations were gradually extended; and last year, when the pressure from cholera was most severely felt, it was instrumental in saving from sickness, and probably death, many hundreds who would have fallen victims without the nourishment afforded by its aid. The ravages of the fatal disease had the usual effect of any *special need* in opening hearts, and subscriptions came in more liberally than they have done before or since; but this year, in consequence of sickness and scarcity of work during the whole summer, joined to the dearness of provisions, the distress amongst the poor of London is greater even than last year, while the rich do not appear in general to be aware of the extent of the evil; and the Sister Superior has been compelled to open the Kitchen without sufficient funds to feel sure of being able to continue it during the whole winter, and indeed with only enough in hand to pay the expenses of one month.

You will wish to know something of the mode of operation. No person is relieved without a ticket, which is given by a District Visitor or Subscriber; and each person receiving relief, has to bring a penny with the ticket. The pence received, however, give very little clue to the number of persons relieved, as the tickets represent the wants of families varying in number from two to nine, aid being given in proportion.

On October 28th, on which day the Kitchen was opened for the winter, seventy

* LADIES' COMMITTEE.

Lady R. Cecil.
Mrs. W. C. Cocks.
Mrs. W. E. Gladstone.
Countess de Grey and Ripon.
Mrs. F. Graves.
Miss Hoare.

Miss Emily Leslie.
Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury.
Lady Henrietta Ogilvy.
Mrs. Robert Lee Warner.
Baroness L. de Rothschild.

persons received dinners of either soup, or meat and potatoes, bread being also given in either case. On October 31st, one hundred were similarly provided for. On the two days in last week the numbers were somewhat similar; while on Tuesday, November 12th, they rose to one hundred and sixty-three, and to-day to two hundred and ten. The usual days of distribution are Tuesday and Thursday in each week; on one of these days the soup is generally made from a shin of beef, and thickened with rice; on the other, pea-soup; both being flavoured with vegetables. The meat dinners are more frequently roast or boiled beef, but sometimes mutton. All subscribers and donors are entitled to tickets to the value of two-thirds of their contributions; the scale of prices being the following:—

	Paid by Superior.	Paid by Recipient.
Meat (4 oz.)	2d.	1d.
Soup (quart)	2d.	1d.
Pudding	2d.	1d.
Beef tea (quart)	2d.	1d.
Jelly (isinglass)	1s. 3d.	
Ditto (sago)	4d.	

I have already explained that the penny paid by recipients does not represent the relief received, being paid, not on each *dinner*, but on each *ticket*. The beef tea is for actual invalids, and the jelly for special cases of illness. Of course the privilege to subscribers of the distribution of tickets is only practically available to those in the immediate neighbourhood, as it would not be worth while to send a poor person for relief from such a distance that the cost of the journey would equal that of the dinner. Those benevolent persons, however, who may be induced to aid this work of charity without being personally cognizant of those relieved, need have no apprehensions of their donations being misapplied. In the district of St. Mary's, Soho, alone, there are *six thousand poor*, how utterly poor and destitute and miserable no one who has not personally seen something of London poverty can possibly imagine. In the noble struggle against vice and misery now being carried on in this, one of the worst districts in London, the Invalid Kitchen plays its part, and might play a more important one were the funds at its command less inadequate to the occasion. The inhabitants of such a district require, for the most part, to be *humanized*, before they can be *Christianized*; but extraneous help is not to be obtained in the same way as in a parish which can number the rich and fashionable, either among its residents or occasional visitors, and local contributions to any available amount, are simply impossible. The working expenses of the district, for which the Incumbent is answerable, are upwards of £324, while a glance at the Clergy List will show that the income he derives from it is £70. These expenses are totally irrespective of any attempts to relieve distress, which even at this early season can only be described as *appalling*; and I should be truly thankful if any words of mine, poor and imperfect as I feel them to be, could avail to move the hearts of those whom God has blest with this world's goods, to help these, their poorer brethren. Nor need it be only the *rich* who can so help; there can be few readers of the Monthly Packet who could not afford a trifle; and small sums from many are even more valuable than large contributions from a few, on account of the greater number of the prayers and good wishes which accompany them. In addition to money for St. Mary's, clothing, old and new, is greatly needed at all times; wine, blankets, and nourishment for the sick; books and papers for the club and school library. I may also mention at this especial time, toys and other trifles for the children's Christmas Tree. Any subscriptions or donations for the Invalid Kitchen will be thankfully received by the Reverend the Warden of the House of Charity, 1, Greek Street, Soho, or to the Sister Superior. Donations of clothing, &c., for St. Mary's, had better be sent to the Sister Superior, 10, Crown Street, Soho, who will also receive, and duly account for, any sums of money placed at her disposal for the benefit of the district; or if preferred, the latter might be sent to the Reverend the Warden of the House of Charity, who is also the Incumbent of St. Mary's.

I am, dear ———,

Yours, sincerely,

M. S.

House of Charity, Nov. 14, 1867.

ST. PETER'S SISTERHOOD, 27, BROMPTON SQUARE, S. W.

Sir,

You will much oblige me by inserting the following statement.

It has been rumoured that St. Peter's Sisterhood, with its Convalescent and Incurable Homes, is likely soon to cease to exist: to this I am glad to be able to give an unqualified contradiction. It has never been more flourishing; and any devoted women who may be thinking of asking admission, will, if qualified, be heartily welcomed. The death of the lamented Mr. Adam has unfortunately prevented the removal of our head-quarters to Kilburn, where suitable premises had been purchased, and this may account for the erroneous report. His successor is hostile to such Institutions—which fact he was good enough to make known immediately on his nomination, thus preventing some eventual disappointment, but not, I am sorry to say, great pecuniary loss, and depriving Kilburn of a centre of active charity.

The pious founders of this Community and Homes for the Sick are not, however, daunted by this delay; but are in quest of a freehold site or freehold premises, which will allow of the admission of many *more* Sisters and Invalids than can be at present received in their Homes. It is proposed to accommodate an hundred inmates. This plan may require some little time for its execution; but it is to be hoped that the particular impediment, which I mentioned above, will not occur again, as one of the fundamental objects of this Community is to be able to work with the full sanction both of the Bishop of the Diocese and the Priest of the Parish in which it may be located.

I very much regret to say that the Superior of St. Peter's Sisterhood is still unable to take any active part in the administration of the work, through illness: this may have paved the way for the erroneous report, as also the closing of a Hospital for Sick Ladies under the Sisters' care, but not of the same foundation. Sick ladies, however, are still received, as far as the present defective accommodation permits.

For the sake both of those who may be thinking of entering on a Sister's life, and of those who are likely to become benefactors, I am tempted to add this information:—That besides the Convalescent Home and Home for Incurables, in Brompton Square; the Bishop's Orphanage at Fulham; the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in the City Road; the Mission at Hoxton, (40, New North Road,) belonging to two parishes in Shoreditch; some of the poor in St. James, Ratcliff, and of their own parish in Brompton, are taxing the exertions of the Sisters, about twenty in number.

Thinking that I have not been prolix, and that, if I have, you will excuse it,

I remain, yours truly,

MAXWELL J. PLACKER,

Chaplain of St. Peter's Home.

All Saints', 1867.

HINTS ON READING.

Our hints are at best few and scanty, and, on principle, deal only with food for the young; but those who wish to have their field of literature of wider range, should trust to the notices of books in the *Literary Churchman*, (Skeffington,) a most valuable paper for its wise articles upon subjects of the day, especially those connected with the Church, and also for its thoughtful reviews and notices, which are not like those of most ecclesiastical newspapers, merely concerned with religious literature, but give a trustworthy account of all the noticeable new books. It is an excellent paper to trust to in either the work of filling up an order-list from Mudie, or in catering for the parish library, as well as for the parson's own more serious studies.

Miss Tytler always writes thoughtfully. Her *Diamond Rose* is a very striking book, full of character, and leading to thought on the whole system of mechanical

education, and its work upon different soils—stern precision tending on the one hand to make the fine natures nobler; while on the other the weak and insincere accuse it of training them to falsehood. Her *Huguenots* are less good, partly from being too long, partly, we think, from the chronology being somewhat inaccurate, and partly from her perfect character being perfect not only in heart, but to an impossible and monotonous degree of sympathy, out of keeping with the period and with her character. There is a weakness in such universal sympathy: it has the same defect as the maxim put into Grandmère's mouth, that it is Judaical to hold one's own religion superior. This is the next step to the Chinese view, that all religions are sublime and equal; and we are quite sure it never was held by anyone who was a confessor for her faith.

Gold, Silver, and Lead, (Warne,) is a wonder of cheapness for the quantity of reading; and besides a goodly budget of stories, contains some amusing Christmas puzzles—picture acrostics being a novelty. There is a burlesque on Lars Porsenna in a style which does not suit our taste; but under the editorship of Mrs. Valentine, we are secure from all that is really objectionable; and almost all that passes through her hands bears her own bright and thoughtful impress.

Her *Stories of Sea Fights* (Warne) likewise is a charming book—a delightful present for a boy.

Mr. Rivington has put forth a beautifully got up *Prayer Book*, with exquisite borderings, and the outside showing what wonders black, gold, and good taste, can do with white vellum cloth.

Lyra Fidelium: Twelve Hymns on the Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed. By S. J. Stone, B. A., Curate of Windsor. (Parker and Co.) We are saying a great deal for Mr. Stone's work, when we assure our readers that it actually is what it claims to be. The verses before us deserve to be called hymns; and most of them are hymns of high merit. Moreover, they do set forth, very successfully, the Articles of the Christian Faith. We may instance as especially beautiful the hymn on the second Article—'GOD the FATHER's only SON.' If we may be allowed to give the author a word of caution, we would suggest that it is advisable to avoid too great condensation of thought:—'He lives to plead for whom He died,' is scarcely English. But it is an ungrateful task to find fault where there is so much to commend.

Tales of the South of France (Mozley) is full of a quaint bright atmosphere, that makes us feel in the presence of the little hard-working dark folk, who wear sabots, and watch little cows. Most have appeared before in *The Magazine for the Young*; but we believe this will only endear them the more to those previously acquainted with them.

Among the best of the recent S. P. C. K. books are *Two Sides to a Pathway*, a capital story, told with much spirit; and *Hannah's Place*, a clever little dream, meant for the admonition of the class of servants who will put their hand to nothing that is not 'denominated in the bond.'

Some of the Rev. Edward Monro's tales have been republished—*Footsteps in the Snow*; *The Story of a Cotton Gown*, &c.—under the title of 'Tales for the Million.' It is curious on how uniformly melancholy a key they all strike.

Dare and Endure; or, True Stories of Brave Deeds, edited by the Rev. G. T. Hoare, (Warne,) is a sort of Golden Deeds made easy for country parishes, with a few additional anecdotes.

Our Calamities, and *Our Dog Tray*, (Mowbray,) are very bright little penny reward books.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

A Book Worm.—Can you inform me if it be possible to procure copies of Abbey Church, and Winterton?—the latter, I believe, by Mrs. Vidal.—Also, if any sequel to the Wide Wide World has ever been published either in England or America?

O. would be glad to know if anyone could tell her of a book of easy questions on the Catechism, for children of eight and nine to learn by heart?—Also, whether there is any magazine of sound Church principles, suitable for girls of the middle class, of the age of fifteen or sixteen, for distribution on Sunday?—Also, if anyone could kindly tell her the best Italian Pocket Dictionary.

Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb.—The Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain and Secretary of the above charity, begs to thank the Editor of The Monthly Packet, and also Ivanovna, for the article in the October number, on the work of this Society; and begs to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. in stamps—A Little Offering, (Guildford post-mark)—from one of its readers.

Clewer Mission.—Constance is thanked for 6s. and a bundle of clothes.

Would F. J. B. kindly send us her address, as a letter is awaiting her—The proper name of the Society we recommended her is—The Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton Street, Strand. And Parcels should be addressed to the Secretary, R. J. Piggott, Esq., at that address.—Faithfully yours, J. G.

E. A. E. would be greatly obliged to any of the contributors to The Monthly Packet who would give her information how a now rare book of old Scotch songs, called Whistle Blinkie, can be procured. Is there any modern reprint of it? if so, what is the size and price, and who is the publisher? It contains those poems of Motherwell's that Miss Philip has set to music so beautifully. E. A. E. has a right to be interested in Scotch ballads, being great-niece to the Authoress of Auld Robin Gray, which was alluded to in the number of The Monthly Packet for July last, in the article Scotch Ladies, &c., p. 32, as the gem of them all. E. A. E. wishes also to remark, that in the recent discussion concerning these two lines, they are all differently given to the way in which she first saw them quoted, as the heading of a chapter in Janet's Home; perhaps the author only quoted from memory. They run thus:—

*'Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.'*

O. would be thankful to be told if there be any Reformatory for young boys who have not yet committed any crime, and are not old enough for the training ships.

A. C. recommends to A Subscriber Professor Reed's Introduction to English Literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson; English History and Tragic Poetry, as Illustrated by Shakspeare; Lectures on the British Poets.—Published by John Farquhar Shaw, 48, Paternoster Row, and 27, Southampton Row, London.

A. H. thinks A Subscriber to the Monthly Packet will find the small work entitled The Rise and Progress of Literature, by Sir D. K. Sandford, (published by Blackie,) one suitable book for her purpose; then, would not Dean Trench on English Past and Present, and The Study of Words, be likewise well adapted to meet her requirements; not only are they most instructive, but likewise most fascinating little volumes. They are published by Parker, and are 3s. and 4s. each volume.

S. begs to inform E. E. that Dr. Goulburn was some years since Incumbent of Quebec Chapel. He succeeded Mr. Alford when the latter was appointed Dean of Canterbury.

Heather.—Such of the old volumes of The Monthly Packet as are not out of print can be obtained from the publisher.

M. B.—Parcels should be addressed to The Lady Superintendent, Home, Winsor Green, Birmingham.

Wilfred.—The hero of Bingen was Hatto, an Archbishop of Mentz, who, according to the story extracted by Southey from Coryate's Crudities, in the time of a famine, decoyed the poor into a great barn by the promise of a distribution from his well-filled store, and then set fire to the barns, and burnt them alive, saying—

*'The country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.'*

That night his picture was eaten by the rats; the next they came in hosts, and ate up his stores of corn; and he at last took refuge in his tower on an island on the Rhine, near the town of Bingen; but the army of Rats swam the river, scaled the walls,

*'And in at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before;
And all at once to the Bishop they go.
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to take judgement on him.'*

'The Maus' Tower is still pointed out near Bingen; but as it seems that robber nobles in Germany were called Mauser, (Rats,) and their castles Maus Towers, the story probably grew up round the name adhering to the island fortress.

Gladys.—Ladies may most usefully employ their leisure on well-finished fancy-work for sale abroad, to assist the Missionary efforts of the Ladies' Association in connection with the S. P. G. Point-lace collars, or squares for caps and bonnets, (worked after the patterns of Mademoiselle Riego, Oxford Street,) the same in tatting, and children's fancy knitted socks, may be suggested as articles which are at once saleable, easily packed, and inexpensive as to material. MS. music-books, with a few new songs neatly copied in them, are very acceptable. So are clothes for the natives under instruction in India, Kaffraria, and Borneo. Patterns for these, and all further information concerning this most useful Society, may be obtained from 'The Secretaries of the Ladies' Association, Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 5, Park Place, St. James's Street, London. S. W.' Parcels should be similarly addressed.—A. N.

Elfleda begs to inform S. M. A. that the lines—

'Eye hath never seen the glory,' &c.

are to be found in Hymns on the Joys and Glories of Paradise, translated or edited by Dr. Neale. There are many other verses of the same hymn, which is said to have been written in the fifteenth century, but the author is quite unknown.—(Also A. N. and Wilfred.)

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—The Rev. W. Wallace, 441, Mile End Road, (Bow Road Post Office,) desires to acknowledge a parcel of clothing from H. P. for this Mission; also a donation of £2 2s. from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilbraham.

Elfleda would recommend Gladys to apply to 'Miss Ayckbourn, Stanley Place, Chester,' for particulars of the Church Extension Association. One way of helping this Association is by undertaking embroidery and other kinds of Church work, the materials for which are sent to members at their homes; so that those who can only give their time are not put to any expense.

Golden Hair.—

'While other knights hold revels,' &c.

is a line in Thomas Campbell's Ritter Bann.—BOG-OAK.

Constant Reader.—Your Ferns are—(1) Polypodium Vulgare; (2) Asplenium Adiantum-Nigrum; (3) Polystichum Angulare, in a young state.—FILIX-FÆMINA.

We must apologize for the absurd mistake in the third paragraph of page 528, in our December Number, by which 'Ungenannt' (Anonymous) is made to figure as an author's name. We will beware in future of noting down marginal memoranda, when correcting proofs, instead of at once making the proper correction in full.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 26.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. II.—FOR THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LORD.

(Ave plena gratia.)

MARY, hail, to thee we sing,
Who within thine arms dost bring
God, to God self-consecrate :
Jesu, Love beyond compare,
Grant that I may meet Thee there,
Waiting at Thy temple gate.

Now Thy house receives its Lord,
Angel hosts around Him poured ;
Heaven hath nothing more divine :
God in manhood is arrayed,
And for Mother hath a maid ;
Oh, how rich His earthly shrine !

Lo, the altar breathes delight ;
Lo, to-day the morning rite
Is with joy accomplishèd ;
But the evening Sacrifice
On the Cross with woe shall rise,
And with wailing for the dead.

This our Offering is indeed,
Whose availing worth we plead,
Reconciled to God on high ;
Now no more astray are we ;
Newly bound, O Lord, to Thee,
We in Thee both live and die.

Let Thy servants now depart,
Let them see Thee as Thou art,
Nothing here enslaves our eyes.
If Thou bid'st us stay below,
Grant us with Thy Child to grow ;
Grant in Him at last to rise.
Amen.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF DEATH.

OH! deem not those are idle dreams,
Memories of days long fled,
Or phantasies, that crowd around
The sick one's dying bed.
Closed against sight of earthly things,
Blind to the world of sense,
God's grace hath lent the spirit wings
To bear it far from hence.

And fast as fades the visual ray
To mortal objects given,
Brighter and brighter grows the ken
That looks from earth to Heaven.
And Angel-wings are fluttering near,
And Angel-voices sound,
And heavenly music on the ear
Of death is stealing round.

So at the Prophet's earnest prayer,
To calm his servant's fear,
The veil was lifted, and his eyes
Encountered far and near
Thousands and tens of thousands ranged
Around the Seer, to guard
God's minister from foeman's arm
With holy watch and ward.

The worldling lives but in the past ;
The Saint, with forward gaze,
Discerns the twilight of the Dawn
Beyond the feverish haze.

One 'babbles of green fields,'¹ or fights²
 His battles o'er again;
 The other muses on the thought
 Of God's Angelic train,³

Or lives 'mid memories of the past,
 With hopeful visions blent
 Of future joys, which aye have cheered
 His path where'er he went.
 Parents and children, partners, friends,⁴
 Removed for many a day,
 Now crowd around his dying bed,
 And beckon him away.

Along the shadowy vale of death,
 Grant to Thy Saints, O God,
 To lean upon Thy strengthening staff,
 And feel Thy guiding rod!
 With parting breath commend their souls
 To Thee, and pass away
 Soothed by Seraphic tongues and forms
 To realms of endless day.

S. W. C.

STREET CHILDREN.

Is there a thought that can alloy
 The freshness of the vernal morn,
 The hopes with primal moments born?
 It is the thought—this thrill of joy

¹ Death of Falstaff. Shakspeare's Henry V., Act II., Scene III.—

'a babbled of green fields.'

² 'The 5th (of May, 1821) was another day of tempests; and about six in the evening, Napoleon, having pronounced the words, "Tête d'armée," passed away from the dreams of battle.'—*Life of Napoleon*.

³ Just before the death of Hooker, Dr. Saravia, seeing him deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse, inquired what were his present thoughts? To which he replied 'That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be on earth; and oh that it might be so in Heaven!'

⁴ The account of the actual death of this poor little Prince (Louis XVII.) is perhaps the least melancholy part of his history; for the prison walls could not prevent his hearing the mysterious and beautiful music which occasionally comes to the ears of the dying. 'From what direction do you hear this music?' asked the keeper, Gomin, whose heart, to do him justice, was full of pity for the unfortunate child. 'From above,' was the answer. 'Do you not hear it? Listen—listen! Through all the voices I can distinguish my mother's.'

Is not in every living heart,
That all mankind hath not a part,
That some pale cheeks receive no share
Of this refreshing mountain air ;

That in that city's cellars low,
On many a white and wasted face,
Where woe and want hath left their trace,
Those blessed breezes may not blow ;
That in that city's crowded street
Are many little wand'ring feet,
That never climb'd the mountain side,
Nor roam'd in meadows green and wide ;

That in that city's mighty marts
Are little hands that labour long,
Altho' they are not very strong—
Are many loving unlov'd hearts,
That never knew of childish arts,
That never beat with childish joy ;
With hands that never touched a toy.

Dear Lord, these are Thy little ones ;
Such Thou didst gather and embrace ;
Such held Thy Feet, and kiss'd Thy Face.
On them hath set not many suns,
And swift for them the life-sand runs.
E'en as Thy Benediction fell
Of old on babes of Israel,

Lord, bless them, and they shall be blest.
Little ones, whom He will not leave,
For you we will not wildly grieve ;
In the deep secrets of His Breast
Lies hid for you an endless rest.
Tho' they who bore you may forget,
Ye are in His Remembrance set.

Oh, honour'd babes, above you bend—
In all your weariness and strife,
Throughout your brief unquiet life—
The Powers that on our God attend,
Lest any dare His lambs offend.
So lov'd, altho' ye know it not !
So good, altho' ye show it not !
Sure in that better City's street
A rest awaits those little feet—

Sure on that everlasting shore
 The breath of some supernal breeze
 Shall murmur thro' the fadeless trees,
 And fan those cheeks for evermore;
 And veil those pallid faces o'er
 With rosy hues of glowing health,
 And fill the little hands with wealth;
 And cool the pain'd exhausted brow,
 That droops and works and wearies now.

MAY.

THE STORY OF MASTER LAURENT COSTER,

AS TOLD BY HIS SERVANT CORNELIUS.

'When the tree is grown the planter is dead.'

OLD ? Yes, I think I am old—but my master was older than I;
 I was only a boy, I remember, when I first saw him passing by,
 With his grave unhurried step, in his sweeping burgher's gown,
 No gauds on his collar and cap, but a sober suit of brown.
 I have heard women say that his dress and his eyes were just the same—
 Both were brown, but the eyes were a brown that could leap into flame;
 Eyes that could hold you fast—I have felt them many a day—
 Hold you, and pierce you through, till you thought they would sweep
 you away.

Not always, though, for at times they were blind to all visible things,
 And told no more than a dolt's of his inward communings;
 Self-absorbed and upwrought, a man might have smitten his face,
 And my master have doffed his cap, and thanked him for the grace.
 Saints! how often we laughed, Fust, and Hans, and I;
 Fust, the villain, he laughed all the while that he played the spy.
 —I ask your pardon, my masters; as you say, I'm no longer young,
 And my years might have taught me at least to keep a check on my
 tongue.

But Fust—if you had but known him!—oh, you know of his works, no
 doubt,

His *Tractatus* and *Doctrinale* there's so much stir about;
 His!—I tell you, Master Talesius, though the Virgin were standing by,
 That I marvel the earth does not open, and swallow him up for the lie.
 —There, hold your peace, Christina, you can never leave one alone—
 A man can't talk of a villain, and keep as still as a stone;
 And my master so gentle to him! He was never unkind; but then,
 He trusted me and Fust above all the other men.

So you want to see his house? Christina can show you to-day,
A large old rambling place, with the palace across the way;
And a dog carved over the arch, just where the windows divide,
And a yew tree, clipped, in the court, with a pond on either side.
If you look up as you enter, his name is cut in the door,
'Laurent Coster, of Haarlem; Fourteen hundred and twenty-four.'
He was always graving and moulding;—that chair belonged to him;
Nobody else would have carved the alphabet round its rim:
And up in the Church of St. Bavon—Christina will take you there—
She can show you a *De profundis* at the head of the organ stair.

How much he loved that church! He was sacristan of it, you know,
When he might have been something grander—his wife often told him
so,

And he answered her with a smile that was just as firm as a frown;
I knew 'twas no good to say more, but a woman is never put down.
And she was a tiresome woman, made up of care and strife,
Wanting my master to think of nothing but these all his life;
He—with his great good thoughts, which her wisdom called high-flown,
Till she tried to drag him down to a level as low as her own.

Well—What of the printing? you ask. He had always a dream of the
kind;

We used to think it was dreaming—we could not follow his mind,
It seemed too strange to be true. I confess it stuck in my gizzard,
And his wife declared outright they would burn him alive for a wizard.
So, perhaps to get out of our way, who could do no more for him
Than treat his great design as a mere wool-gathering whim,
He would take one or two of the children—Thomas's children, I mean—
And go out, as the little ones said, to see if the trees were green.

He loved his grandchildren dearly, would stay out with them by the
hour;

They counselled him better than we, for they never doubted his power;
Used to come, clapping, home—one day it was after dark—
Triumphing over the letters he'd cut out of beech tree bark:
That night he called me to him, 'Cornelius!' under his breath;
When I ran I found him standing with a face as pale as death,
But his eyes aflame with fire, and a roll held in his hand,
Not written—not written, but printed! Holy Virgin, I scarce could
stand!

After, he went on apace, tried and tried over again,
Worked his way to the thing at the cost of infinite pain:
I helped him with all my might, ground up the stuff for his ink,
Kept his wife off when I could, but I could not help him to think.

He wore himself out with the toil, gave his brain no rest,
For he pondered it night and day—what patience the man possessed!
Yes. The Burgomaster is right in saying he understood
That the *Speculum nostræ salutis* was printed with letters of wood.

When that came out you may think that tongues wagged freely enough,
Never was seen such a marvel! though the type was blotchy and rough;
My master was far from content, he had better things in view,
And he called me and Fust to his room, and told us what he would do.
He bound us both by an oath, the most solemn a man could swear,
Never to breathe a word of what he disclosed to us there:
Fust said it twice—the Judas!—looking straight in his face with the
words,

—I know, I know, Christina; surely vengeance is the Lord's:
And I'm glad to think it is so, else I never could sleep in my bed,
With Fust triumphant at Mentz, over Laurent Coster—dead.

At last—it was Christmas Eve, and the snow was beginning to fall—
We went to Mass at St. Bavon's, my master, children, and all;
Only Fust stayed behind, the villain had laid his plan—
Not a soul was left in the house, not even poor little Jan:
And my master, yonder at church, was breathing his thankfulness. Yes;
He was praising God for the grace that had crowned his work with
success.

All was complete and in order, his secret would soon be known;
I heard him murmur *Non nobis* when he thought he was left alone.

Oh, my Master, God sent thee comfort, I know He did, at the last!
But I cannot speak of that night, though so many years have past;
All the work of his brain—all that his money could raise—
All the toil and labour of those weary nights and days,
The villain had taken the whole! Just when the fruit was ripe,
To think that it slipped from our hand into his treacherous gripe—
Well! That's all. I need talk no more; who pities my master's case?
Men do not care for the man who is worsted and past in the race.

He was old and worn and weary. The blow struck full at his heart;
He had trusted the traitor, remember—ay, there was the bitterest part!
And the end of it all is this: my master lies in his grave,
And his fame and his honour and riches are heaped on the head of a
knave.

You love Haarlem, Master Talesius? You should try to get it its own,
For the tree will grow bigger yet which my master planted alone:
Mentz has the praise of it now—oh, I think of the promise all day,
Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord, verily I will repay.

F. M. P.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

VIII.

GENERAL HYMNS.

WE now come to the consideration of hymns very difficult to classify, except by such arbitrary divisions as would rather hinder than help our readers. We may, however, take first of all the various versifications of Psalms, not hitherto noticed, which claim a position in our hymn-books.

Seeing that versified Psalmody had received some sort of sanction, many early compilers seem to have felt constrained to burden their hymn-books with at least a hundred and fifty so-called Psalms, mostly based on the Old and New Versions, though sometimes much more suitable and poetical. We could not here give a general history of the various English rhymed versions of the Psalms, without departing from our original plan; we will therefore confine our notice almost exclusively to the most successful attempts. The sixth Psalm appears to much greater advantage in 'Gently, gently lay Thy rod,' by H. F. Lyte, than in the same author's L. M. version, 'Correct us, LORD, we know it good.' Both Churton's versions of Psalm viii., 'O LORD, our LORD, in all the world,' and 'LORD of earth's wide realms, alone,' are very good. In the Old Version of the eighteenth Psalm, by Thomas Sternhold, we have an exception to the ordinary prosaicism of this translator. It begins, 'O GOD, my Strength and Fortitude;' but the verses best known are the ninth and tenth, beginning, 'The LORD descended from above.' The nineteenth Psalm, in Addison's well-known paraphrase, 'The spacious firmament on high,' is better adapted for reading as a poem than for singing as a hymn. Conder's 'The heavens declare His glory,' is an excellent rendering of this psalm. The twenty-second Psalm, like all those which describe the Sufferings of the SAVIOUR, has been woefully maltreated by most of its translators. Addison's twenty-third Psalm, 'The LORD my pasture shall prepare,' is unaccountably omitted in some of the most popular hymn-books recently published. Wesley's version of the twenty-fourth Psalm, 'Our LORD is risen from the dead,' though somewhat stilted in style, has gained some notice as a hymn for Ascension-Day. Montgomery's version of Psalm xxvii., 'GOD is my strong Salvation,' deserves to be better known. Psalm xxxi. has given the key-note to two very beautiful hymns, Lyte's 'My spirit on Thy care,' and Harriet Auber's 'The LORD Who hath redeemed our souls.' Tate and Brady's thirty-fourth Psalm, 'Through all the changing scenes of life,' has obtained admission into many hymnals, on what ground it is rather hard to say. Lyte's thirty-fifth Psalm, 'O plead my cause, my SAVIOUR, plead,' and his thirty-seventh, 'O GOD of

love, how blest are they,' are both good. 'JEHOVAH, let me know mine end,' the Rev. J. F. Thrupp's version of Psalm xxxix., has some beauty. Spohr's glorious anthem has helped to preserve in our hymnals, 'As pants the hart for cooling streams,' Tate and Brady's rendering of Psalm xlii. This psalm is also well translated in Bishop Lowth's 'As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,' and in John Bowdler's 'As panting in the sultry beam.' Dr. Watts's 'My SAVIOUR and my King,' though beautiful as a version of Psalm xlv., is far surpassed by Keble's 'Fair art Thou, bright and fair,' and Miss Auber's 'With hearts in love abounding.' 'There is a River, pure and bright,' by Montgomery, is founded on Psalm xlvi. Psalm xlviii. is well rendered in Watts's 'Great is the LORD our GOD.' Lyte's version of Psalm liv., 'Save me by Thy glorious Name,' is somewhat marred by the strangeness of its metre, as is also 'O had I, my SAVIOUR, the wings of a dove,'¹ his translation of Psalm lv. Watts has well adapted Psalm lvii. for use as a hymn in 'My GOD, in Whom are all the springs.' 'Hail, gracious Source of every good,' by Miss Auber, is founded on Psalm lxi. It is really strange that the beautiful harvest hymn contained in Psalm lxxv. has never been worthily rendered into English verse. Doddridge's 'Eternal Source of every joy,' is weaker than the New Version, and Montgomery's, 'The GOD of Harvest praise,' can scarcely be called even a paraphrase from the Psalm. Tate and Brady have given a rendering of Psalm lxxvii., 'To bless Thy chosen race,' far excelling their average; whereas Lyte's 'GOD of Mercy, GOD of Grace,' is scarcely worthy of its author. In Dr. Watts's 'JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,' from Psalm lxxii., (already noticed as a missionary hymn,) an unaccountable alteration² has been made in the second line of the third stanza in many copies of Hymns Ancient and Modern, where 'loose' is given instead of 'lose,' which Watts wrote, and which makes a much clearer sense. In Morell and How's collection, 'burst' is substituted, not very felicitously. Miss Auber's 'Whom have we, LORD, in Heaven but Thee,' is founded on Psalm lxxiii.; Montgomery's 'In time of tribulation,' on Psalm lxxvii. 'Thou gracious GOD, and kind,' is William Goode's paraphrase of Psalm lxxix. The Scotch Presbyterian version of Psalm lxxxiv., 'How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,' rises in one or two stanzas above the usual doggerel of its translators. Of this Psalm, Montgomery, in 'How amiable, how fair,' and Watts, in 'LORD of the worlds above,' have given renderings in the same metre as Psalm cxlviii. New Version. Conder's 'How honoured, how dear,' and Tate and Brady's 'O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,' are not unworthy translations of this Psalm. Milton's

¹ This does indeed nearly resemble the 'Old 104th' metre; but an additional syllable in the first two lines of each stanza imparts an Anacreontic levity to the whole, which is most unsuitable in a hymn.

² It is but fair to the Compilers, however, to say, that according to their last account, 'loose' is only an accidental error.

'How lovely are Thy dwellings fair,' can scarcely be used as a hymn. 'Glorious things of thee are spoken,' John Newton's paraphrase of Psalm lxxxvii., begins well, but breaks down utterly in the rhymes of the third and fifth stanzas. Psalm xc. is perhaps better rendered in Watts's 'Our God, our help in ages past,' than in any other metrical version. The alteration to 'O God' in the first line seems to have been originally made by the Wesleys, when transcribing the hymn for their collection. The New Version of Psalm xcv., 'O come, loud anthems let us sing,' has some stanzas suitable for Church use. Keble's version of Psalm xcvi., 'Sing the song unheard before,' deserves to be better known. Watts's version of Psalm xcvi., 'Joy to the world; the LORD is come,' is suitable as an Advent Hymn. The authorship of the Old Version of Psalm c. is disputed. No initials are given to 'All people that on earth do dwell,' in the earliest copies, but in later ones the Psalm is ascribed to J. H. (*i.e.* John Hopkins.) In the Scottish Psalter of 1564 the initials W. K. are given, whence some have concluded that the psalm is by William Kethe, Rector of Okeford, Dorset. In the library of St. Paul's Cathedral is a psalter bearing date 1561, in which the initials of Thomas Sternhold are attached to it, but this is almost certainly a mistake. The New Version, 'With one consent let all the earth,' is too familiar in our ears to be fairly criticized. It lacks the majestic simplicity of the Old Version, but has more smoothness of diction. The last verse seems partly copied from the older rendering. Watts's 'Plain Translation,' beginning, 'Ye nations round the earth rejoice,' is less known than his paraphrase, which, as altered by Wesley, begins, 'Before JEHOVAH's awful Throne.'¹ Lyte's paraphrase of Psalm ciii., beginning, 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,' is given, with some improvements, and the omission of an inferior stanza, in Hymns Ancient and Modern.

The Old Version of the 104th Psalm has been greatly admired by some hymn-writers, but it is difficult to say exactly wherein its excellencies consist. It is the composition of William Kethe, and begins, 'My soul, praise the LORD.' Sir R. Grant's 'O worship the King,' is founded upon it. In Sweden, Wallin's paraphrase of this Psalm, beginning 'Sjung, min själ! den Eviges lof,' is perhaps as great a favourite as the 'Old 100th' is with us. Howitt's translation of it, 'Sing, my soul, the Eternal's praise,' may be seen in Newland's 'Forest-life in Norway and Sweden.' As a specimen of the extent to which unacknowledged alteration has been sometimes carried, the following may be interesting: it is given in R. Carus Wilson's 'Psalms and Hymns,' as the Old Version of this Psalm:—

¹ The original begins with an inferior stanza:—

'Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Let every land His Name adore;
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.'

‘My soul, praise the LORD, His greatness proclaim :
JEHOVAH, our God ! how glorious Thy Name !
 Surpassing in honour, dominion, and might ;
 Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light.

The glorious sky a curtain is made ;
 Thy chamber of state on ocean is laid ;
 The clouds are a chariot Thy glory to bear ;
 Thou guidest the whirlwind, Thou walkest on air.

As rapid as fire, the spirits on high,
 To speed Thy commands, all zealously fly ;
 The earth on immoveable basis sustained,
 Is fashioned and fixed as Thy wisdom ordained.

O measureless Might ! unspeakable Love !
 While angels delight to praise Thee above,
 Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.’

The version in the ‘Cleveland Psalter,’ by Archdeacon Churton, beginning, ‘My soul, praise the LORD, speak good of His Name,’ retains the metre of the Old Version, and is beautiful and poetical, but will hardly meet with favour as a Church hymn. In Keble’s version of Psalm cvi., ‘Praise ye the LORD, for good is He,’ the first three stanzas are good, but in an unusual metre. James Merrick’s version of Psalm cvii., ‘To GOD above from all below,’ is a fairly satisfactory paraphrase ; it keeps much closer to the original than Addison’s ‘How are Thy servants blest, O LORD !’ but has less poetic force. Lyte’s version of Psalm cviii., ‘My GOD, my King,’ is much spoiled by its metre. Bishop Mant has fairly rendered Psalm cxiii. in ‘Alleluia ! praise the LORD.’ Milton turned Psalm cxiv. into English verse at the early age of fifteen ; but his translation, beginning ‘When the blest seed of Terah’s faithful son,’ is not suitable for singing. Cennick’s ‘Not unto us, but Thee alone,’ from Psalm cxv., would be very good, were it not marred by its imperfect rhymes. Watts’s version of Psalm cxviii., ‘This is the day the LORD hath made,’ forms a suitable Sunday Hymn. Scarcely any of the metrical renderings of Psalm cxix. are fit for Church use. Keble’s rendering of verses 153–160 is in a curious variety of short metre. The following may serve as a specimen :—

‘Mine anguish and my woe
 Behold, and let me go ;
 My heart is ever on Thy laws,
 Deliverer, plead my cause.’

The following version of Psalm cxxi. seems to be due to Edward Osler :—

‘From Sion’s hill my help descends ;
 To GOD I lift mine eyes ;
 My strength on Him alone depends,
 Who formed the earth and skies.

He ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids my foot to slide ;
 Nor sleep nor slumber seals the Eye
 Of Israel's Guard and Guide.

He on my side, arrayed in might,
 His shield shall o'er me spread ;
 Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
 Shall hurt my favoured head.

Safe shall I go, and safe return,
 While He my life defends,
 Whose Eyes my every step discern,
 Whose Mercy never ends.'

Tate and Brady's translation, 'To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,' is good. John Bowdler's Version of Psalm cxxiii., 'LORD, before Thy Throne we bend,' deserves to be mentioned. J. Montgomery's 'Out of the depths of woe,' from Psalm cxxx., is less known than 'LORD, for ever at Thy side,' his rendering of Psalm cxxxi. His rendering of Psalm cxxxiii. is rather poetical than hymn-like. It runs thus:—

✱ 'How beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree
 In friendship to unite,
 And bonds of charity !
 'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
 O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
 The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of showers,
 When mingling odours breathe around,
 And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the LORD commands
 Blessings, a boundless store,
 From His unsparing Hands,
 Yea, Life for evermore :
 Thrice happy they who meet above,
 To spend eternity in Love.'

Some stanzas of Keble's translation of Psalm cxxxvi., 'Praise the LORD, for He is Love,' will be found in the S. P. C. K. Hymnal. Churton's version, though partly imitated from former translators, has great animation and freshness. It begins, 'O praise the LORD, for He is Love.'

Milton's translation, 'Let us with a gladsome mind,' though written when he was quite a boy, is one of his best, and with very few alterations supplies the material for an excellent hymn of Thanksgiving. Thomas Churchyard's solitary contribution to the Old Version is a translation of this Psalm, beginning, 'O praise the LORD benign.' The New Version

of Psalm cxxxvii., 'When we, our wearied limbs to rest,' ekes out its second stanza somewhat less absurdly than 'When we did sit in Babylon,' Whittingham's rendering in the Old Version.

'We hanged our harps *and instruments*
The willow-trees upon:
For in that place men for their use
Had planted many one.'

OLD VERSION.

'Our harps, *that when with joy we sung,*
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees *that withered there.*'

NEW VERSION.

Churton's version, 'In thralldom's lonely woe,' is much better than most of the older renderings. Lyte's 'Far from my heavenly home,' is given as a paraphrase of this Psalm; but the second stanza, which most nearly resembles the original, is omitted in Hymns Ancient and Modern. Goode's version, 'Far from Zion, far from home,' is excellent in idea, but weak and unpoetical in expression. Mant's 'Behold me unprotected stand,' from Psalm cxlii., has some beauty, but does not nearly equal in merit his paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii., 'Praise the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him.' It is noticeable that this psalm is not contained in Mant's English Metrical Version of the Book of Psalms. The best of Simon Browne's attempts to versify the Psalms is perhaps his rendering of this, which begins:—

'Oh for a hymn of universal praise!
Its Maker's fame may every creature raise:
Ye lofty heavens, begin the solemn sound,
And let it spread the wide creation round.'

Many of the versifiers of Psalm cxlix. have followed the metre of Tate and Brady's 'O praise ye the LORD, prepare your glad voice.' We may notice as examples, Thomas Park's 'My soul, praise the LORD, speak good of His Name,' Goode's 'Prepare a new song, JEHOVAH to praise,' and Lyte's 'O praise ye the LORD with heart and with voice.' The last two are certainly not improved by the rhymes in the middle of the lines. In Keble's version, 'O sing to the LORD, sing out a new strain,' the rhymes ending the lines are alternate. Churton's version of Psalm cl., 'Praise God, Who in the Holiest dwells,' is chiefly taken from Miles Smyth, whose version of the Book of Psalms appeared in 1668.

Before we proceed to the consideration of paraphrases from other parts of the Bible, we may state a few of the objections which exist against making these versifications, together with metrical Psalms, serve as the staple of Church Hymnody. In the first place, we have sufficient provision made for the singing of the Psalms in the unmetrical version, in which the compilers of our Prayer Book appear to have carefully suited the rhythm to the music of our own English chants. We have thousands of unmetrical anthems, setting every passage of Holy Scripture that is suitable for singing, and a great many that are not, to music. And some of these are within the singing powers of even a village choir. As to the

average poverty of Metrical Paraphrases, we cannot do better than quote the criticism of a Scotch reviewer :¹—

‘ These rhymed bits of Scripture always remind us of the rhymed multiplication-table. While one hymn of the old authors will contain the spirit of fifty different passages, showing a knowledge of Scripture now attained by few, it was left for the days of ignorance of the eighteenth century to suppose that a hymn was produced by stretching four or five verses of Scripture on the rack of rhyme.’

Yet there are some paraphrases which must be admitted to be excellent hymns; being for the most part such as have been half unconsciously moulded on the ideas of Scripture, rather than deliberately done into verse from its very words. Doddridge’s ‘ O God of Jacob, by Whose Hand,’² may be taken as an example: most of Logan’s improvements in it change it from the actual language of the passage on which it is founded. Of course every good hymn must take its key-note from some passage in the Word of God; and when this is a moderately short text, it is certainly an advantage to have it given out before the hymn is sung. But it could hardly be said that all hymns are *paraphrases* of their texts, though it is often difficult to draw the line of distinction. Of Michael Bruce’s paraphrases, the best known are, ‘ O happy is the man who hears,’³ and, ‘ Behold the mountain of the LORD,’⁴ from the Old Testament, and ‘ Where high the heavenly Temple stands,’⁵ from the New. Logan’s dishonest appropriation of Bruce’s hymns is one of the most disgraceful blots in the annals of literature. The story is told at full length in Mr. Grosart’s edition of Michael Bruce’s works. Bruce and Logan were college friends at Edinburgh. The former left the University of Edinburgh for a life of ill-paid and severe toil, ended by a lingering consumption, in his twenty-second year. The latter became a popular Presbyterian preacher at Leith. On hearing of Bruce’s death, Logan obtained from his parents the MS. of his poems, on pretence of publishing it for their benefit. After a long delay he had seven of the poems printed as Bruce’s, professing to have added others to make up a miscellany. The non-appearance of the ‘ Gospel Sonnets’ in this volume brought the deceased poet’s father to Edinburgh to remonstrate with Logan, who replied that he had lost the book. But he afterwards published, in 1781, ‘ Poems, by the Rev. Mr. Logan,’ wherein he appropriated as his own several of the poems in Bruce’s MS. It is satisfactory to know that his treachery to his deceased friend met with its deserved reward. He died poor and neglected in London. His coadjutors in the preparation of the Scotch Paraphrases were Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. Morrison, and William Cameron. Of their united production, (in which free use has been made of Watts’s and Doddridge’s writings,) it is impossible to speak

¹ ‘ Hymnals and Hymn Books,’ in the ‘ Gospel Messenger,’ April 20, 1858.

² Gen. xxviii. 20–22.

³ From Prov. iii. 18–17.

⁴ From Isaiah, ii. 2–5.

⁵ From Heb. iv. 14–16.

highly. Some of Watts's best paraphrases seem to have been excluded in consequence of their being in short metre ; as for instance, 'How beauteous are their feet,'¹ and, 'To God the only wise.'²

The following quaint old lines, by William Cardale, may be interesting to some of our readers. Their date is about 1635.

' Though blossomes all from fig-trees fall,
And vines noe fruit shall bring ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
And to Him prayses sing.
Though the olive-tree shall fruit-less be,
Yielding noe suppling oyle ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
Whose mercies never faile.

Though the harvest field no meate shall yield,
But threaten famine sore ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
And still His Grace implore.
Though nought is seen in pastures greene,
The flocks exiled the folde ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
His bounty makes me bolde.

Though cattle all, both great and small,
Should perish from our coastes ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
For He's the LORD of Hostes.
Though the herds of neat our enemyes eat,
And leave none in the stalle ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
And prayse His Name for all.

Though the creature failes, and nought avayles
Whereon fraile men depend ;
Yet on my God will I rely,
Till time shall never end.
With heart and voyce will I rejoyce,
For God's my Rock and strength :
Yea, on my God will I rely,
To be supply'd at length.

Doth God correct ? It shall affect
My heart with due submission :
I'll be content and patient
In every condition.
Or low or high, if poverty
Or ritches me befall,
LORD, I'll resign my will to Thine,
And bless Thy Name for all.'

They are taken from Hab. iii. 17, 18.

Very few paraphrases from the New Testament possess great excellence as hymns. The danger of dwindling into mere paraphrase has always

¹ From Isaiah, lii. 7-10 ; and S. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

² From S. Jude, 24, 25.

beset such attempts as Wordsworth's and Hensley's to provide hymns founded on the Epistles and Gospels. The hymn by Lewis Hensley for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, 'We were baptized into the SAVIOUR'S Death,'¹ is the most successful of his efforts to versify any part of the Epistles. Several of Heber's hymns are paraphrased from the Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays to which they are allotted:—'In the sun and moon and stars,'² 'The GOD of glory walks His round,'³ and 'Lo the lilies of the field,'⁴ may serve as examples. One of the poet Cowper's most popular paraphrases, 'Hear what GOD the LORD hath spoken,'⁵ is marred by an extraordinary failure of rhyme in the second stanza, of which the first four lines run thus:—

' There, like streams that feed the *garden*,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the LORD, your faith *rewarding*,
All His Bounty shall bestow.'

A. C. Coxe's 'Who is this with garments gory,'⁶ is a very beautiful poem, but does not appear exactly suitable for a hymn.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M. A.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON;' 'MAIDEN OF THE ICEBERG,' &c.

II.

THE FIRST MAGYAR KING.

A. D. 997 TO 1038.

ISTVAN, or Stephen, was but in his twentieth year when the death of his father, Géza, in 977 A. D., placed him at the head of the Magyar state. The position was one of no small difficulty, and even danger; for the Magyar people, attached as they were to the family of their chief, were yet more attached to their pagan god, whom Stephen had renounced; and they felt that now the time was come when they must choose between the son of Arpád and the god whom Arpád had worshipped. They were eagerly on the watch to see what the young prince would do, and noted, with even more than their usual jealousy, the favour shown to the hated German colonists, invited into the land by Géza, and made subject to no authority but that of the chief himself. There was a general suspicion that the Prince meant to use the foreigners as

¹ From Romans, vi. 3-11.

² S. Luke, xxi. 25-31.

³ S. Matt. xx. 1-8.

⁴ S. Matt. vi. 25-30.

⁵ From Isaiah, lx.

⁶ From Isaiah, lxiii.

instruments for gaining power over his Magyar subjects; and this of itself was sufficient to make them disliked, even had sympathy been otherwise possible between the two races, who could have so little in common. The German built villages and towns, settled peaceably down to the tillage of the ground, the manufacture of its products, and the improvement of his commercial relations; while the Magyar still felt half stifled in a house, which he thought much inferior in comfort to a tent, despised trade and agriculture as beneath the dignity of a noble, and liked to spend his days in hunting, fighting, or wandering with his cattle over the wide puszta.

The Magyar and the German could have but little sympathy for the present; and it must have been mortifying to the former, to say the least of it, to find their chief not only encouraging these foreigners to make Hungary their home, but even uniting himself in a manner to them, by embracing their religion, and thus alienating himself from his own people. Anxiously, therefore, they watched to see what steps he would take; but Stephen at first used none but gentle measures. He sent missionaries among the people, built and endowed churches and monasteries, and devoted himself to the good of the country. Still the discontent and mistrust did not pass away, and still the half-converted Magyars worshipped 'Isten' in the dark depths of woods and forests. Not satisfied with this, they proceeded to throw down the churches, and openly to resist the new religion. Kupa, Prince of Somogy, a grandson of Arpád, put himself at the head of a formidable body of insurgents, and Stephen was forced to take up arms in self-defence. Kupa was earnestly attached to the old faith, but he was not without his own private schemes of ambition. Himself descended from Arpád, he saw no reason why he should not become chief of the Magyars. To aid his designs, he had asked in marriage Adelheid, Géza's widow, who had, however, rejected him. Religious zeal, ambition, and mortification, all urged him on; and as he was supported by a large number of Magyars, and was moreover lord of considerable estates, he was a very formidable foe to the young prince. Yet still there were many who remained faithful to Stephen, and to the oath of allegiance taken by their forefathers; and these, together with the Germans and other foreign colonists, flocked to his standard.

Stephen pitched his camp on a plain near the river Grán, whence he sent messengers to Kupa offering him terms of peace. Meanwhile, to inspire his men with courage, and convince them that the God of the Christians would fight for them, Stephen held a solemn festival, in the course of which he was invested, after the German fashion, with the war-girdle, was then knighted in the Name of God, to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and all the Saints, and then received the consecrated sword for the defence of the Faith, which was afterwards used in the coronation of the Hungarian kings. Thus armed, he made a solemn vow, in the presence of all the magnates and nobles, to devote

in perpetuity a tenth part of the produce of Somogy to the Abbey of St. Martin on Mount Pannonius. This act filled the soldiers with confidence, which rose to enthusiasm when they beheld the consecrated banners, bearing the names of the two warrior-saints, St. Martin and St. George.*

Kupa, meantime, had refused all peaceful overtures, and was devastating the lands occupied by the German colonists and Christian Magyars. He was just surrounding Veszprém, when Stephen led his army across the Danube, and encountered the main body of the insurgents before Palota. Here the decisive battle was fought; and for some time it seemed doubtful whether the courage of Stephen's men or the fury of the rebels would prevail. At length Kupa ventured to make an attack upon the centre of the Christian host, but he was thrown from his horse, and in an instant his head was held up on the point of a lance to the view of his disheartened followers. The bravest fought till they were killed—the greater part surrendered, while the richest and most powerful sought safety in flight. Stephen would not allow them to be pursued, nor did he punish any but the leaders of the insurgents; but from this time he took sterner measures for rooting out the old faith.

Kupa's body was quartered, and nailed to the gates of the four great towns, Raab, Veszprém, Grán, and Weissenburg or Gyulafehérvár, in Transylvania, as a warning of the fate reserved for idolatrous rebels. Then the altars were overthrown; the pagan books written in the Hunnish character were burnt, to the irreparable loss of Hungarian historians; all who were found worshipping in the woods, by the side of fountains, or among the rocks, were seized and drowned; and worse than all, a date was fixed, after which idolatry was to be punished by loss of freedom or banishment. The days of toleration were over, and the Magyar could henceforth worship his god only by stealth, and in fear and trembling.

But Stephen was not the first prince or the last who has thought that severity, and even persecution, were the best instruments for the diffusion of the Religion of Love. He had been brought up by monks, who had not failed to imbue him thoroughly with the principles of the age, according to which, no people rejecting Christianity could expect to be recognized as a nation, or treated as a member of the confederacy which owned the Pope and the Emperor respectively as its spiritual and temporal heads.† Political as well as religious motives, therefore, doubtless, in some degree influenced Stephen in his endeavours to convert his people, and he spared no pains to carry his intention into effect. Besides sending teachers among them, and founding schools, he

* They had been from early times the patrons of Christian knights, St. George being always represented fighting with a dragon, and St. Martin giving half his military cloak to a beggar.

† Fessler.

even went about the country himself teaching and labouring for their conversion. His next care was to divide Hungary into ten dioceses, and appoint Astricus, or Anastasius, Abbot of Pécsvárad, to be Archbishop of Kalóca, whom he then, agreeably to the spirit of the times, sent on a mission to Rome, to request the Pope's ratification of his ecclesiastical appointments, and also the confirmation of his temporal authority. He is said to have been advised to this step by the Emperor Otto and Duke Heinrich of Bavaria, who represented the additional glory and dignity which would accrue to him could he induce the Pope to send him a consecrated crown and sceptre, with permission to use the title of 'King.'

Meanwhile, the same idea seems to have struck Duke Boleslaus of Poland, who sent an embassy to Rome on the same mission. The Poles reached Rome before the Hungarians, and the Pope at once ordered a golden crown of hemispherical form, crossed by two semi-circular bands, and surmounted by a Latin cross, to be made for their Prince. In front of the crown was an enamel figure of the Saviour set in pearls, and the border was adorned with precious stones and figures of the Apostles.

But, as the legend goes, on the very night before the day on which the Poles were to fetch the crown, an angel appeared to Pope Sylvester * in his sleep, forbidding him to give it to them, and saying, 'At dawn to-morrow ambassadors will come from a distant foreign land, asking a crown for their Prince, and for his brow it is reserved.'

The next day, accordingly, there came into the holy city a band of strange-looking men, ambassadors from the successor of that terrible king, before whom Rome's holy Chief had in former days trembled.† When Attila turned back from Rome, did he hear a secret whisper warning him how his descendants were to expiate the blows he had dealt at Christianity, by fighting for centuries in its defence?

With enthusiastic eloquence did Anastasius, chief of the Hungarian embassy, speak to the Pope of István, the great Prince of the Magyars, who had given laws and religion to a powerful nation, and had strengthened Europe by the addition of a large new kingdom; till, as he spoke in glowing terms of Stephen's zeal for the conversion of his subjects, and his personal labours in the missionary field, Sylvester exclaimed, 'I am called Apostolic, but your Prince is truly an Apostle!' and this glorious title has ever since been borne by the Hungarian kings.

Sylvester confirmed all the ecclesiastical appointments made by Stephen, and granted to him and his successors the right of regulating the affairs of the Hungarian Church. Then, further to ensure its independence of other countries, he consecrated three bishops—Astricus, and Dominicus, a monk who accompanied the embassy from Hungary, and also the Legate whom he intended to send to the Hungarian King.

* Sylvester II.

† Jókai Mór.

These three, on their arrival, proceeded to the consecration of the other bishops appointed by Stephen to the ten dioceses into which he had divided the kingdom.

It so happened that the Emperor Otto was in Rome at this time; and as he—having, as was supposed, the right of nominating kings—preferred the claim of the Hungarian to that of the Polish Duke, Sylvester could do no otherwise than give the crown to the former, telling the latter at the same time that it was no fault of his, but that it clearly was not the will of Heaven that their prince should at present assume the title of king. What the Poles thought of it we are not told; but they could do nothing but acquiesce in the decree which snatched from them their destined crown to place it on the brow of the Magyar. The Hungarians returned home in triumph, bearing with them not only the crown, but also an apostolic or patriarchal cross,* which the Pope gave Stephen permission to have borne before him. This cross has now disappeared, but its memory still remains, inasmuch as the Hungarians adopted for their national arms an apostolic cross, resting on the centre one of three hills, which represent Mount Pannonius, on whose loftiest summit Arpád planted his victorious standard. Thus strangely are the symbols of the apostolic missionary king and the heathen conqueror united.

On their return to Hungary, the ambassadors were received with great rejoicings, and Stephen's coronation at once took place at Pressburg. (A. D. 1000.) The ceremony was much the same as it now is; the newly-made Archbishop of Kalóca placing the crown on Stephen's head, after the latter had sworn to uphold the constitution, and respect the rights of the people. Then the King mounted his horse, and rode to the summit of the mound, where, after repeating the oath, he waved the huge consecrated sword, north, south, east, and west, to signify his determination to defend his country from all enemies, in whichever quarter they might appear. After the coronation, the crown, sceptre, ball, shoes, and mantle, were taken, first, to Stuhlweissenburg, then to Veszprém, and lastly to the royal castle of Pressburg, where all, especially the crown, were guarded with the greatest care and reverence.

Shortly after his coronation, Stephen celebrated his marriage with Gisela, the daughter of Duke Heinrich of Bavaria, to whom he had been betrothed six years. We do not hear much of her, except that she was an amiable and pious lady, devoting much of her time to Church embroidery. One monument of her industry still remains, in the blue satin mantle, embroidered with strange figures of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, which has been worn for centuries by every Hungarian king at his coronation. It was originally intended for a vestment to be worn at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

But Stephen's new title did not bring him rest or peace; and though not at war with any foreign country, he was constantly engaged in quelling disturbances at home. It could hardly be otherwise; for

* It has a double cross-piece.

Stephen was, as it were, a pioneer of civilization, and pioneers in general have rough work and stormy lives, in whatever field they labour. It seems to be in human nature to oppose a new idea, all the world over; and probably there is hardly one, really worth anything, which has not had to struggle and fight its way against discouragement and opposition without end. So it is even now; and what could be expected from the poor Magyars? what wonder was it that they should vehemently set themselves against all the 'improvements' which their good king was bent upon introducing among them, especially the new religion, when, in their eyes, the old faith was so intimately united with the nationality so dear to them all? Moreover, it must not be supposed that they knew what they were rejecting. Notwithstanding all the exertions of priests and King, and the building of numerous churches, it was impossible in so short a time for Christianity to have been thoroughly preached throughout the length and breadth of the land. The greater part of the people could have but very dim ideas of the doctrines it taught; and they could not have learnt much from the Church services, performed in Latin, to them an utterly unknown tongue. The use of Latin was indeed one great obstacle to the advancement of Christianity; for the Magyars objected to it, not only because they did not understand it, but because they loved their own language, and regarded any attempt to supersede it as an attack upon that nationality which every Magyar so tenaciously and proudly upheld, and indeed upholds to this day.

Besides all this, too, we are afraid there is some cause for the opinion, that the lives of many of the monks and priests were not such as to commend Christianity to the respect of the pagans to whom they preached; and that the half-civilized or uncivilized Magyar frequently beheld his enlightened teacher indulging in excess, which he and his people scorned and abhorred.

These considerations doubtless did not present themselves to the mind of the King, who thought he was best fulfilling his duty to God and man, by requiring his subjects to give up their ancient rites, before they understood the substitute he offered them. It was the policy which had been followed by Charlemagne in Saxony, by Swatopluk in Moravia, by Micsko in Poland, and was destined centuries later to be followed by the Spaniards in Mexico. But it was not followed unopposed.

One of the places to which Kupa's quartered body was sent was the chief town of Transylvania, Gyulafehérvár, (the White City of Julius,) or Weissenburg. It arrived just as they were burying the elder Gyula, Prince of Transylvania, Stephen's grandfather on his mother's side, and himself the grandson of Tuhutum, that one of the seven chiefs to whom Transylvania had fallen in the division of the conquered country. Gyula himself was probably a Christian of the Greek Church; but his son, Gyula the Younger, was an avowed pagan. Kupa's mutilated body announced that Transylvania was to receive the Roman Faith; and, rather than do this, Transylvania rose in arms against the King, under

the leadership of Prince Gyula of Fehérvár. The stains of Kupa's blood had scarcely vanished from the city-gate, when, despite the terrible warning, Gyula, aided by Keán, the Bulgarian chief, headed a rebellion against his nephew the King. The war was not entirely a religious one; for the descendants of Tuhutum had come to regard their fief as an hereditary possession, and it was necessary for them to be reminded that they had some duties to the crown.

Stephen led his army in person, and his battle-cry was 'God and the Blessed Virgin!' The national party lost the day, and Transylvania was henceforth governed in the King's name by a Vajda. Gyula, his wife and children were taken prisoners. Stephen condemned him to be imprisoned till he should ask for mercy and embrace Christianity. In his prison Gyula grew grey, and finally died, a pagan, but he never asked for mercy.

With the spoils of the Transylvanian and Bulgarian chiefs Stephen built a splendid church in Stuhlweissenburg; but, as chroniclers say, there was no blessing upon the treasure of Gyula, for the building was afterwards destroyed by fire. It was, however, very splendid while it lasted; for Stephen had an especial affection for Stuhlweissenburg, which he intended for the royal city, where the kings of Hungary were to be henceforth crowned and buried. He himself laid the foundation-stone of the church, whose costly marble walls, alabaster altars, and gold and silver ornaments, made it one of the most magnificent edifices of the time.* Stephen also presented to it a great quantity of gold plate set with precious stones, besides hangings and vestments, among the latter of which were two bishop's dresses, whose golden trimming weighed 74 marks, or 5920 ducats.

After thus providing for the spiritual welfare of his people, Stephen next turned his attention to the political constitution of the country. He did away with the old division into tribes, and divided Hungary into counties, each of which was almost like a little independent kingdom, governed by its count, who was both civil and military chief, and dwelt in the great castle, whence he was often called †Burg-graf, Castle-count. He was assisted in the administration of justice by the ‡Hof-graf; and the orders of both Counts were executed by one or more officers, who were in fact magistrates, stewards, and judges, according to the post they held.

The commands of the Count were proclaimed, and the taxes gathered in throughout the county, by a certain number of heralds; while the Count was further assisted in the care of the castle itself, and the administration of economical matters, by a Castellan. Immediately round the castle, and also in more distant parts of the county, lay the lands held by the soldiers belonging to the castle—castle-vassals, as they were called—who were under the command of their military officers, while these again were subject to their Count. Those of the castle-

* Fessler.

† Comes Castrensis.

‡ Comes curialis.

vassals who distinguished themselves either by honourable trade, bravery, or service, were raised to the rank of royal knights.* The lands they held then became noblemen's seats, they themselves were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Castle-count, and became subject to the court of nobles, in some instances even to the King's court. But they still remained, as before, vassals of the King; their estates being indeed hereditary in their families, but their authority over them being neither absolute nor unconditional. Below these castle-vassals in rank were the freemen, foreigners, and others, who cultivated land on condition of paying one half the produce to the Count, who in his turn had to pay two thirds of what he received to the King. These people were in a great measure free; that is, they were subject to no feudal lord, but they owed certain services to the castle and the county. Below these again there were in every county serfs belonging to the King and Queen; and the officers of the King's household, such as the treasurer, cup-bearer, master of the horse, &c., had also their commissioners in every county, whose business it was to see to the King's revenues, and keep his cellars, store-houses, and stables, well stocked. For in early times the King had no fixed residence; but as he had his own servants, flocks and herds, well-filled cellars and store-houses, in every county, he could travel from one end of the land to the other without being in the least burdensome to his subjects. This was of particular advantage in times of war, as, wherever they went, he and his army were sure to be well provided for. Nor was the maintenance of the army in times of peace a burthen; for the knights, some forty or fifty thousand in number, lived on their estates with their families, though ready at a moment's notice to follow the King; while the castle-vassals, under the command of their Count, formed a large force of strong brave men when they were on service, and when the war was over, were industrious useful citizens. The division of the country into counties also lightened considerably the labours of the Diet, whose business was chiefly to pass motions already discussed in detail.

Such is the system called by enthusiastic Magyars a direct inspiration from Heaven.

We may further remark, that in these early times no deputies were sent by the people to the Diet, which was summoned in the King's name by the Palatine, and consisted of certain prelates and magnates, chosen by the King. The knights, or third estate, though noble, were at present excluded from any share in the government, being supposed to have enough to do in defending the country, and so to be exempt from all other service.

In the year 1004, Otto, the Doge of Venice, who had heard of the fame of Stephen, came in person to Hungary, to ask the hand of his sister Gisela. In the same year also, to the joy of the King and people, a son was born to Stephen, and named Imre, or Emeric. The care of

* *Servientes Regis.*

his education was entrusted to monks, who certainly imbued him with religious principles, but fitted him rather for the cloister than for the duties of his station.

Meantime, Stephen was again obliged to call his army together, to reduce to obedience Achtum, feudal Margrave of a district lying on the borders of Transylvania, between the Máros, Theiss, and Danube. Achtum had joined the Greek Church, and was more inclined to acknowledge the indolent Byzantine emperor as his feudal lord than the strict and vigilant Stephen.

The army assembled at Kalóca; and Stephen was on the point of breaking up his camp and crossing the Theiss, when a fugitive was brought to him, begging an audience. The man turned out to be Sunnád, Achtum's best general, who had fled rather than break his faith to his king. Learning from this man that Achtum's strength was not so great as he had been led to fear, Stephen came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary for him to lead the army in person, or even to allow the whole of it to proceed. He therefore decided to remain behind with part of the army, while the remainder marched forward under the command of any general they liked to choose. The unanimous choice fell upon Sunnád, who fully justified it; for after some days of hard work and close fighting, he, and the army entrusted to him, returned victorious, having slain Achtum, and dispersed his followers. Henceforward, by command of the King, the town of Máros bore the name of Sunnád, (now Csanád,) and the surrounding district was called the county of Sunnád, and governed by Sunnád as Count.

About the same time, an attack of the Petschenegen (a Tatar tribe, which had persecuted the Magyars before their settlement in Hungary) was also successfully repulsed. Shortly afterwards, sixty of the richest families of the tribe came to Hungary with all their treasure, wishing to settle there; but on the boundary they were attacked and plundered by Magyars. Stephen's displeasure was great when the news came to his ears. The robbers were, by his order, hanged in couples on the frontier, as a warning to the Magyars of the penalty attached to the outrage of hospitality, and as a token of security to all foreigners.

Far removed as Hungary would have seemed to be in those early years of her existence from communication with Western Europe, we yet find two English princes guests at her court about this time, (1017.) The two sons of Edmund Ironsides, Edwin and Edward, who had been sent to the King of Sweden by the usurper Canute—that, as some suppose, they might be quietly put to death—were sent on by the former to the good King Stephen, who received them with the greatest hospitality, and in due time found wives for them both. To Edwin he gave his daughter, and to Edward the Princess Agatha, a sister or cousin of his queen.

Nor were these the only visitors to the Hungarian court; for Hungary lay in the high-road of the pilgrims to the Holy Land, whom

Stephen was delighted to receive and entertain with all honour. His religious zeal led him to sympathize warmly with them; but his practical good sense, in which he seems to have been beyond his time, kept him from following their example, much as he may on his own personal account have longed to do so. Other princes, in their zeal, might feel justified in leaving their dominions to suffer by their absence; but Stephen felt, and felt rightly, that his work lay at home, and being his, was as truly a religious work as going on pilgrimage.

With the beginning of the eleventh century a terrible and wide-spread alarm had been removed from the minds of men. By a misconception of the Apocalypse, an idea had arisen and gained ground throughout Western Europe that the year 1000 was to see the destruction of the world, and the end of the present dispensation. A general feeling of gloom hung over all as the tenth century drew to its close; fields were left untilled, work of all kinds was suspended, and a general famine would have been inevitable, had there not been a dispute as to whether 1000 or 1001 were to be the fatal year. Those who expected it to be the latter continued their labours one year longer; while those who expected the former, when the year 1000 was come and gone, returned at once to their occupations.

In the reaction from the gloom and dread, the worldly laid aside their shallow piety, which had been but the offspring of terror, and gave themselves up to the unrestrained indulgence of their passions; while the religiously-minded eagerly sought opportunities of showing their gratitude for the reprieve granted them. This they readily found in the Land to which religious contemplation has always turned.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, Hakem, Caliph of Egypt and Syria, had forbidden all pilgrimages, whether to Jerusalem or Mecca, a step which was attributed, though wrongly, to the influence of the Jews, who had to endure a grievous persecution in consequence. News came to Europe of the ill-treatment of the pilgrims, of the destruction of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other sacred buildings. The Pope, Sylvester, aged as he was, was enthusiastic in urging a crusade against the Saracens; but he does not seem to have met with much response. However, shortly before his death, Hakem granted the Christians in the East permission to rebuild the Church at Jerusalem; and as they, in their poverty and misery, had no means of doing so, their more wealthy brethren in the West gladly came forward to help them.

The Duke of Angoulême, the Archbishop of Trèves, and many other bishops and abbots, were hospitably entertained by Stephen on their way to bring assistance to their Eastern brethren. The conversation and zeal of these pilgrims determined the King to leave memorials of his piety, both in Constantinople and Jerusalem, which he did by building in the former the Hospital of St. Peter, and in the latter a church and convent in honour of St. George, where the monks were bound to receive and entertain pilgrims at the cost of the King. Stephen perhaps

saw that his people would gain by coming more into contact with the outer world, for he also established a wealthy hospital in Rome for the reception of Hungarian pilgrims.

While thus occupied in his own country, Stephen heard of the death of his brother-in-law, Heinrich II., Emperor of Germany;* and also that the Germans had chosen Conrad II., a more ambitious man, to be Emperor in his stead. The late Emperor had founded the Bishopric of Bamberg, and endowed it with the greater part of his hereditary possessions, which his brother, Bruno, Bishop of Augsburg, and the new Emperor now proposed to secularize and divide, Bruno, intending, as he said, to make over his share to his nephew Imre, only son of the King of Hungary. Of this Stephen, however, would not hear a word; and he represented the matter so strongly to Bruno, that the latter went to Conrad, and begged him to spare the bishopric. Conrad was too keen not to guess at once what influence had been at work to make him thus suddenly change his mind, and he owed Stephen a grudge accordingly. Shortly after, he sent the Bishop of Strasburg on a mission to Constantinople. The Bishop came to the Hungarian frontier, with a splendid train, and every appliance for luxury and self-indulgence, and representing himself as a pilgrim to the Holy Sepulchre, asked for a free passage and safe-conduct. This the King, thinking that the sight of such unbridled luxury would not be edifying to his own bishops, firmly refused, and forbade him even to enter the country.

Thereupon the Emperor considered himself aggrieved. There was a yet further cause of offence. The Bavarians had made repeated incursions into Hungary, plundering and laying waste the adjacent lands; and now Stephen, by way of warning, called a few of the counties to arms, and sent them to chastise the Bavarians. This Conrad chose to consider as an attack on the German Empire, and he prepared for war accordingly. His army advanced to Raab; but a battle was happily averted by the Emperor's young son Heinrich, with whom Stephen concluded a treaty. (1031 A.D.)

Having thus secured peace, Stephen resolved to lay aside at least some of the cares of government, and devolve them upon his son, who was now in his twenty-fourth year—the comfort of his father, the darling of the people, and the hope of the whole nation. Great preparations were made at Stuhlweissenburg for his coronation; but he was not destined to wear an earthly crown; and the messengers who had gone to fetch him returned with the news of his death. He had died just six days before the festival appointed for his coronation, leaving behind him the reputation of a pure and blameless life.

‘God loved him, and therefore took him away early!’ exclaimed the poor King when he heard the sad news. But resigned as he was, the death of his only son seems to have broken his spirit, and destroyed the vigour which had characterized the earlier years of his reign. He was

* Duke Heinrich of Bavaria.

obliged now to consider whom he should choose as his successor; and the choice was not easy, though there were still grandchildren enough of Arpád alive. Of the elder line there was Vazul, or Basil, a grandson of Duke Taksony; and of the younger, Vazul's three nephews, András, Béla, and Levente. But besides these, Stephen had a nephew of his own, named Peter, the son of his sister Gisela and the Doge of Venice. The Doge, having been driven into exile, had died at Constantinople, and his wife and son had taken refuge with Stephen. This Gisela was an intriguing woman; and fearing lest Stephen's choice might fall upon one of his cousins, maligned and intrigued against them in every way.

One night the King was roused from his sleep by the fall of a dagger from the hand of a man who had entered his bed-chamber to murder him.

'If God is with me, who is against me?' said Stephen calmly.

The murderer immediately fell on his knees, crying that he had been hired to assassinate him by the King's cousins. Some writers think this was the truth;* but others see in it the plainest proofs of an intrigue. How, in the first place, could an assassin have entered the palace, unless some of the courtiers were his accomplices? and again, is it likely that a man, who had been so bold as to make his way through the closed rooms and passages of the palace, should have been thus terrified at the sight of his sleeping victim? It is a pretty idea, no doubt, that the murderer was overcome with sudden remorse on seeing the noble and dignified countenance of his royal master; but it is scarcely borne out by facts. The characters of the royal dukes, as subsequently displayed, alone make it improbable that they could have been guilty of so great a crime; while the fact that they were at this very time quietly staying at Stephen's court makes it still more unlikely. The murderer was pardoned, and the dukes were apprehended; but the King was so convinced of their innocence, that he gave orders for their release. The order came, however, too late to save Vazul. Gisela had learnt in Venice how to rid herself quietly of those whom she could not openly put to death; and by her machinations, his eyes were put out in prison, and his ears filled with molten lead. On hearing this news Stephen burst into tears; and calling the other dukes to him, advised them at once to leave Hungary if they valued their lives.† This they did; and by many their flight has been considered as confirmation of their guilt.

Not long after, Stephen adopted his nephew Peter as his heir; but the choice displeased the Magyars, who did not wish to see on the throne a 'foreigner,' as they called Peter.

While Stephen was engaged in building a cathedral at Buda, he was attacked by a fever, and felt his end approaching. Shortly after, he received the last Sacraments of the Church, and died on the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, (the anniversary of his coronation,)

* Fessler.

† See 'A Magyar Nemzet Története, regényes rajzokban.' Jókai Mór.

in the sixty-first year of his age, and the forty-third of his reign, and was buried in the church he had built at Stuhlweissenburg. In 1083, he and his son Imre were both canonized by Pope Gregory VII.

His death plunged all Hungary into mourning for three years; for though severe at times, he was of a gentle and peaceable disposition, and had made himself universally esteemed by his uprightness and integrity. In many respects he was beyond the age in which he lived. What other monarch, for example, could have been found at that period to forbid trials for witchcraft, alleging as his reason that no such persons as witches existed?

In Stephen's reign Hungary received her first written laws, and first issue of coin; but that the latter was not plentiful, is shown by the fact that fines were frequently paid in cattle.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XIII.

AMEL AND PENHOR.

WHEN the north-west wind disturbs the waters of the bay to a great depth, it is said that the eye of the sailor discovers strange mysteries between the mountains and the Isles of Chausey. Whole villages, buried beneath the waves, with their cottages, and the bells of their churches. Eight are named; and there are even more drowned villages, the pale corpses of which lie in the sand, amid portions of wrecks, and great trunks of trees that formed the forest of Scissy. The ocean has consumed ages in its contest with the poor land of Brittany; and now it reposes on the battle-field.

The remembrance of these mortal combats is preserved in other ways besides tradition. The title-deeds of families and monasteries and archives of cities, the dusty papers of notaries, contain a vast number of genuine titles, proving rights of property over these departed lordships and submerged harvests. Some poor man, now travelling the roads with staff and wallet, is the owner of a princely apanage under this great bay. Castles, meadows, extensive forests, mills, whose cheerful clappers rang on the banks of streams, peaceful cottages, at the sight of whose distant smoke the tired traveller quickened his pace—ships now pass full sail a hundred feet above those hospitable dwellings. The sea has extended its terrible level of death over castle and cottage, over the oak tree and the reed.

Dark and prophetic appearance, which declares to man, impious as

the Titans, the impotence of his audacity, pointing in grand derision to the winding-sheet as the one last result of the dream of equality.

All along the coast, from Granville to Cape Frehel, behind St. Malo, the conquering sea has borne its barren sands over the rich and fertile fields. Here and there a rock remains, raising its black head above the waves, retaining its ancient name of a fief, a castle, or a village. For the earth has its bones as we have; and a deceased mountain leaves behind a skeleton of rock. The people of St. Malo cast their fishing-nets over the beautiful meadows of Cesambre; and the gloomy spot that Chateaubriand chose for his grave, the Grand Bè—was once the centre of a magnificent garden. No one can tell exactly the time it has taken the sea to cover these countries. The struggle was begun before the Christian Era. It is known that the groves of the Druids extended eight or ten leagues in advance of our coasts; the last oaks of the forest of Scissy stood on the cliffs of Chausey. At that time the Couesnon was a large river, which was actually confounded by Ptolemy and Ammianus Marcellinus with the Seine.

This grey and marly Couesnon, that idle river which wanders on the beach like a drunken cockle-picker, was a noble river, queen of the Selune, and queen of the Sée, which brought the tribute of their waters. Its mouth was beyond the hills of Chausey, which now form an archipelago. It then passed to the right of St. Michael's, parallel with the present coast of the Channel. It was long after that it committed its first folly, making a jump from east to west, taking the Mount away from Brittany to give it to Normandy.

‘The Coesnon, become a fool,
Gave up the Mount to Norman rule.’

Penhor, daughter of Bud, was the wife of Amel, the shepherd of the flocks of Annan. Annan was lord and count in Le Chozé, beyond the hill of Tombelaine. His castle stood in the midst of seven villages, which paid contributions when he took the field with his men-at-arms. One of these villages was called St. Vinol; and there Amel and Penhor lived. Penhor was eighteen, Amel twenty-five; they were both orphans, and loved with the strong affection of those who have no relations. Penhor was as beautiful as a sunbeam in the spring. If she had chosen, her fair hair would have made her a complete mantle: the glance of her blue eyes penetrated his heart. Amel was tall, active, and robust.

One winter, the brindled wolf of Chozé had come out of the forest to seek his food. Amel awaited him there. These brindled wolves are larger than a colt of six months old. They kill horses, they drink the blood of sleeping oxen; they do not fly from man; arrows cannot pierce their skin; and if they are struck with a spear, it breaks in the hand. Amel seized the brindled wolf in his strong arms, and strangled him. But before he went out to lay wait for the wolf, Amel had hung up in the church, under the niche where the Virgin smiled, a distaff of fine flax, arranged by the fair hands of Penhor.

This Virgin of Saint Vinol was rich : offerings were heaped every year at her feet, for the country people believed that they redeemed their sins with flax, wheat sheaves, or fine ripe fruit ; but, Heaven knows, if they had any sins, they could only be wiped out by repentance.

Amel and Penhor had no children. While he guarded the flocks, she stayed at home ; very sorrowful she said to herself, ' If I had a little angel on my knees, the living image of his father, how joyously should I await the return of Amel ! '

Amel would say to himself, ' If Penhor would give me a pretty child, her loving likeness, what joy, what hope ! '

They were both good Christians : their sins did not much swell the reckoning of the people of Saint Vinol.

' Penhor, my dear wife,' said Amel, ' weave a veil for the Virgin, and perhaps we shall have a child.'

Penhor wove a veil for the Virgin, a beautiful veil, as white as snow, and more transparent than the light haze of autumn evenings. The Virgin was pleased. Amel and Penhor had a sweet child, and loved one another still more as they bent over his cradle.

When the infant was nine days old, and Penhor had recovered, Amel took the cradle in his arms, to carry the child to be baptized. After the ceremony, Penhor, in her turn, took the cradle. She went round the church, till she reached the altar of the Virgin. ' Mary, Holy Mary,' she said, on her knees, ' I give you the infant that you have given me ; may he be yours, and grow vowed to your heavenly colour. Look on him, Holy Mary, and remember him in the day of danger.'

Amel responded, ' So be it.'

The colour of Mary is sky blue. The infant, Raoul, grew up in this holy colour. He was beautiful, and had his mother's fair locks, with the dark eyes of Amel the brave shepherd.

No one knows if it was for the sins of the people of Saint Vinol, but one night, a night of terrible misfortune, the water of the Couesnon rose like milk boiling over the edge of a vessel ; the north-west wind blew ; rain fell in torrents ; the earth trembled ; the plain was covered with water. When morning came, it was seen that the overflowing Couesnon had become sea. The sea had burst the barriers imposed on it, and came dismally swelling, drifting up trees torn from the roots, and the carcasses of beasts.

The church of Saint Vinol was situated on an elevation ; the people of the village fled thither. Amel and Penhor, who had brought their infant, remained at the door, for there was no room in the nave.

The water rose higher and higher. Amel embraced his wife : the water already came up to his waist, and he said, ' Adieu, my dear wife, lean upon me ; perhaps the rising of the water will cease. If I am lost and you are saved, it will be well.'

Penhor obeyed. The water rose. When it reached her waist, she held up the little Raoul, and said, ' Adieu, my dear child ! lean on me ;

perhaps the rising of the water will cease. If I am lost and you are saved, it will be well.'

The child did as his mother told him. Soon there only remained above the angry waves the fair head of little Raoul, and a floating skirt of his blue dress.

Now the Virgin of the church of Saint Vinol at this moment was leaving her submerged niche to return to Heaven. She bore in her hands all her offerings. Passing over the church-yard, she saw the fair head of little Raoul, and the skirt of his blue dress. She ceased her flight, and said, 'This child is mine. I desire to carry him to Heaven.' She took him by his fair hair; but the child was heavy, very heavy for such a small body. The Virgin was obliged to let fall her offerings one by one, and put both hands to him. When she had let go her offerings, flax, flowers, and ripe fruit, she was able to lift the infant. Then she saw why little Raoul was so heavy. His mother held him in her rigid and dying grasp. In his rigid and dying grasp the father held the mother. Oh, the holy love of families! The Virgin smiled. She said, 'They truly loved;' and she bore father, mother, and child, three happy souls, into eternity.

This story is told of an evening, between Saint Georges and Cherrueix.

Be affectionate in your families, and the Virgin will help you in the hour of death.

The Mount of Tombelaine is larger but less elevated than St. Michael's Mount, its illustrious neighbour. At the period of our history, the troops of Francis of Brittany had succeeded in dislodging the English from the fortifications, which had so long held St. Michael's Mount in check. These fortifications had been partly razed, and Tombelaine was uninhabited.

There are different opinions as to whether it owes its name to Jupiter, or to the gentle victim of the Spanish Giant, Helen, niece of Hoel. The Romance of Brute, parent of all chivalrous poems, gives this last derivation to the name of Tombelaine.

Because Arthur there found the tomb of the niece of Hoel, who had been murdered by the traitorous Spanish Giant, the Mount is called Tombelene, Tumba Helenæ.

'Del tombe u si cors fu mis
A Tombe, c'est nom pris.'

Historians and antiquaries, on the contrary, hold that Tombelaine comes from the Tomb of Belanus.

We must leave to them the pleasure of discussing their respective theories. It is certain that Tombelaine has its history as well as St. Michael's Mount, only it is older; Tombelaine's glory was already passed, when St. Aubert founded that of St. Michael's Mount.

On the rock of Tombelaine, amongst the ruins of the English works, Sir Hugh de Maurever had found a refuge, after the summons to the tribunal of Heaven, which he had delivered in the church of the monastery.

It was never known how Hugh de Maurever had procured the habit of a monk, nor how he had gained entrance into the choir at the moment of the absolution. It was also a mystery how he had contrived to elude the eyes of so many spectators, and gain the stair-case of the galleries, and escape by that dangerous road. He had escaped, there was no doubt about that. The abbot depute, the prior of the monks, and all the authorities of the monastery, had placed themselves at the disposal of the Breton Prince to seek the fugitive.

The same day Meloir had searched every corner of the buildings in the enclosure, all the houses of the town, all the holes in the rock. Useless trouble. The adventure was to conclude as marvellously as it had begun.

However, it must be said, that if Meloir had searched better, he would not have returned empty-handed to his lord; for Monsieur Hugh had not the least resemblance to a Will-of-the-wisp. In the eastern spur of the Mount there was a little chapel, since restored, and which is now placed, as it was then, under the protection of St. Aubert. This chapel is completely isolated. Hugh de Maurever hid himself there behind the altar. After night-fall, he passed the stripe of beach, which separates the two mounts, and reached Tombelaine.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER II.

It was a Saturday afternoon, the time known at Shilcote Vicarage as 'mending time;' and Annie, having sent out the young ones on a half-holiday expedition, was setting to work vigorously on the enormous basket of socks in every stage of repair.

Mrs. Marvin on her couch, doing as much as Annie would let her, which was very little.

'We must call at the Park on Monday, Mamma dear,' said Annie's cheerful voice; 'no; no more socks for you to-day; lie back and rest. Monday it must be, mustn't it?'

'I think not, dear,' said Mrs. Marvin.

'Oh, but the Salternes came on Tuesday,' interrupted Annie; 'and they will be at church to-morrow, for certain.'

‘Yes; I know they came on Tuesday; I think you told me the very quarter of an hour of their arrival,’ said her mother. Annie’s excitement about the return of the ‘Park people’ had been a joke against her for the last month. ‘But, Annie darling, we shall not like to be quite such early visitors.’

‘You will be quite equal to it,’ chattered the girl; ‘going to the Abbey did you all the good in the world, you know; and Mr. Hatherly will lend you the little pony-chaise. I do want to see them—the Salternes, I mean—so much.’

A wish that was fulfilled only too soon!

There was a little bustle in the narrow hall as she finished her sentence; a strange voice; and then Mr. Marvin threw open the dining-room, and announced,

‘Mrs. and Miss Salterne, my dear.’

Poor Annie jumped up in horror, and made a futile attempt to hide the great heap of coarse work under a sofa-cover as the visitors came in; a stout good-humoured middle-aged lady, and a slight, rather sleepy-looking girl, quietly but handsomely dressed in black silk skirt, black velvet jacket, and black hat.

‘If he had but taken them into the drawing-room,’ thought Annie, hardly noticing, in her vexation, her mother’s easy reception of the callers, and only slightly appeased by the apologies that Mrs. Salterne was making for her breach of etiquette.

‘Mrs. Salterne was coming to me,’ explained Mr. Marvin, ‘to inquire about an old servant, Molly Nash, my dear; and as I believe you will be able to give fuller details, I induced Mrs. Salterne to honour us with an early visit.’

‘And a very stupid thing to do!’ commented Annie, mentally, as she began her duty of entertaining Miss Salterne, painfully conscious that she was in her worst dress, and that she was colouring violently with awkwardness and shyness.

She had had many a fancy of how her introduction to Miss Salterne would happen, of the pleasant talking that was to end in an agreement of tastes on every possible subject, and of the intimacy that was to follow as a mere matter of course. But it was different from her expectations; it was not quite so easy to talk to Miss Salterne at such a disadvantage, as she fancied; the commonness of the room put her out; the silk and velvet were enough out of character with the stained table-cover, and faded curtains, poor engravings, threadbare carpet, and general marks of children’s occupation, to give poor Annie a very uncomfortable sense of inferiority; and when she made an effort, and answered Miss Salterne’s ready conversation, she got excited, and to hide her shyness, talked faster and less naturally than she had ever done. Fortunately for her, the Park, the house, and grounds, were ready subjects of small talk, and it was self-evident that ‘How do you like it?’ was a safe beginning.

‘The Park looks pretty, I think,’ said Miss Salterne, as coolly as if Salterne Park were a very every-day affair; ‘but we find the rooms—’

‘Too cheerless,’ put in Annie; ‘we thought so; they are so very large.’

Miss Salterne was on the point of saying ‘so small,’ but a glance at the tiny room she was sitting in checked her, and she kept back her intended remark on the contrast between Salterne Park and the Italian palazzi she had lived in of late, and turned the subject, talking commonplaces with an ease that helped Annie to forget the disagreeables of the visit.

‘I should like to know something of the poor old woman Mr. Marvin was speaking of,’ she said at the first opportunity; ‘she was our old nurse when I was a very little child. “Nurse Nash” was a household word with us till we left England, and since then we have not known anything about her, except through Papa’s agent.’

‘Oh! I know her very well; Papa sends me to read to her sometimes; but she is losing her memory, and getting childish. She is a dear old thing, always so clean and tidy.’

‘And she has enough to live on comfortably?’ said Miss Salterne; ‘we should like her to have as much as she wants. But I do not know much of the English poor people; I should like to see them.’

‘You will have chances enough *here*,’ said Annie brusquely; ‘it is a dreadfully poor place.’

‘May I go to the cottages, then?’ asked Miss Salterne meekly; ‘would Mr. Marvin let me?’

‘Let you!’ exclaimed Annie, in intense surprise, ‘why not? He will be glad to have anyone to help in the parish—why should you ask?’

Miss Salterne looked surprised in her turn.

‘Mr. Marvin is the vicar; I could not do anything in his parish without his sanction. But I should like it very much, if he will direct me.’

Mr. Marvin came up.

‘I shall be sincerely glad of your assistance,’ he said, with more appreciation of her hesitation than Annie had shewn.

‘Thank you very much,’ said the visitor, with a look of respect to the clergyman that puzzled Annie as much as it gratified her.

‘I have often looked forward to doing some little—it will not be much—work in a parish. I could not, abroad; but a clergyman I met a great deal in Italy, one of our chaplains, has talked to me about it, and if you will let me try, I shall like it so much.’

Annie lost her father’s answer in trying to catch the meaning of the conversation going on at the other end of the room. Mrs. Salterne, in the attempt to discover some mutual friends, was mentioning a name that caught Annie’s quick ears—Edwin Clune.

Annie’s face brightened up; the Clunes were actually relations, distant

perhaps, but still undeniable relations; the eldest brother was a peer; and Mrs. Salterne would find out that, in spite of small rooms and unfashionable dress, the Marvins were not so far below the Salternes themselves; possibly there might prove some connection between them.

And Annie listened for her mother's answer.

'I know him by name; not personally.'

'Mamma, dear!' she burst forth, 'why, the Clunes are your own relations!'

'We do not call seventh or eighth cousins relations,' said her mother, in a tone that Annie understood well enough to attempt no further interruption; and Mrs. Salterne's polite 'Indeed! I believe we count much the same degree of cousinship,' was indifferent enough to cure her of any wish to enter into the question of affinity again.

'I wish I had lost my tongue,' she thought, 'before I made such an idiot of myself!'

It was fortunate for her that her father had taken Miss Salterne off her hands. They were talking on parish matters when poor Annie's attention came back to them, the young lady listening deferentially to Mr. Marvin's suggestions, and promising attention to the least wish he seemed to express.

'You will forgive me if I make some mistakes at first?' she asked, in a humble way, that puzzled Annie more than ever; 'the only poor I know anything of are the Italians, and I am sure they are very different from yours.'

'Better, I should think,' said Annie, brightening into her ready good-humour; 'I am sure our people here would never make such pictures as some of those lovely Italian boys.'

'Have you been in Italy?' asked Miss Salterne, more quickly than she usually spoke; 'do you speak Italian?'

'Never,' said Annie, in answer to the first question; 'I wish I did,' to the second. 'I read it a very little, but I am stupid about languages.'

The noisy entrance of the children put an end to the call; Arthur, with red hands and untidy dress, coming in with a mischievous disregard of Annie's forbidding looks, and making himself as much at home with the visitors as his boyish shyness would ever let him be with anyone.

Annie could only console herself by seeing that Mrs. Salterne did not look at all horrified at the blunt want of ceremony that was too frank to be ungentlemanly; and by hearing Miss Salterne's—

'You have a brother at home? I envy you.'

'I say, Annie, who were they? Catch me poking my nose in here if I'd known it! but they weren't half bad,' inquired Arthur, when the visitors had disappeared.

'The Salternes!' returned Annie, 'from the Park. And you to bring in all that rubbish, and your jacket in such a condition!'

'Nutting,' said the boy coolly; 'and nuts and blackberries are not so bad but they might be worse. Have some?'

‘No, I don’t want any,’ said Annie pettishly, looking with dismay at the remnant of a basket that was offered to her; ‘fancy the Salternes seeing that!’

‘Bother the Salternes!’ was the boyish answer. ‘I don’t care for them and their finery, if you do.’

‘I don’t!’ said Annie indignantly; and she took out her big basket of work, and sat down in the window, working away in a glum silence, very unusual to her. The window looked out on what was called by courtesy the lawn; a square garden, with beds of vegetables at the further side, beyond a very transparent laurel hedge, and a strip of turf near the house, bordered by flower-beds that would have been pretty objects if the children had not left so many marks of their presence in trodden-down mould, broken plants, and scattered toys. But even the narrow garden, with all its disadvantages, was in a haze of glory in the rich autumn sunset; the vine-leaves hanging over the small verandah, were golden in the evening light; the purple of the copper-beech was flickering into strange lights and shadows against the background of crimson sky; among it all the children’s voices came merrily from the old trellis-work arbour that was leaning in untimely ruin against the ivy-covered wall.

Annie watched it all, in the intervals of her industry, with no appreciation of the evening calmness; she was too busy with her thoughts to take any notice of the cheerfulness without, and, for once, the children raced over borders and through laurel bushes at their will, unchecked. They had been wondering at their long license, when Mrs. Marvin spoke uneasily.

‘You know best, Annie; but surely it is rather late for the little ones.’

Annie started up in her impulsive way—

‘Of course it is! I forgot; only let them stay two or three minutes more, I want to tell you about it!’

‘About what, darling?’ asked her mother, smiling up at the open face bending over her.

‘About my naughtiness,’ answered Annie. ‘I am so sorry now. Arthur was right; it was seeing their finery, as he called it, that made me cross and sulky, and all sorts of bad things. It *was* so wrong, wasn’t it? I never knew I cared so much about fine clothes before!’

Mrs. Marvin could not help a sad look at Annie’s worn common print dress.

‘You have been very content without them, my darling,’ she said fondly; ‘I wish I could give you better.’

‘Oh, Mamma dear, *don’t* say that, please!’ said the eager voice; ‘*don’t* think I want any more, don’t! I would rather have this old thing than Miss Salterne’s silk, because you bought it for me, indeed I would! It was only just for a few minutes I got discontented; it’s all right now, indeed! It was Miss Salterne’s fault, for coming in just the very things I have had some silly fancies about. I think it was the velvet jacket, and I’m not sure the lemon kid gloves hadn’t a good deal to do with it! Did you ever see such a little goose?’

Annie's laugh was as merry as ever now, and the face that peeped round her father's shoulder for a forgiving kiss, was open and bright enough to prove how thoroughly the better influence of home love had driven away any unwholesome ambition.

Her father looked grave—graver than she thought was necessary, considering that the tiresome account-books were safely out of sight.

'I do not like to hear you underrate yourself, my dear,' he said, in answer to her look ; 'you are by no means stupid in languages. You are a very tolerable pupil in Latin ; but you have had no opportunities of learning Italian.'

'No, only an old grammar and dictionary and reading-book,' she answered good-humouredly. 'I ought not to have said that, Papa.'

She understood her father's meaning, and knew that she had been on the verge of an untruth ; the worst of all faults to one of her open disposition.

'It was a little thing, Annie,' said her father kindly, seeing her downcast look ; 'but it is well to bring those little things to light sometimes.'

'Not very little, Papa, if it made me untrue,' said Annie ; 'the little things turn out my greatest bothers, I do believe !'

'Then they are not little to you,' said Mr. Marvin, (and it was just the lesson Annie wanted,) 'for they make up your life.'

Little anxieties, little temptations, little duties, little pleasures, were all that she knew ; unconsciously she was making them great by her use of them.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM ; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER II.

IN a narrow green lane, a turning out of the high road from Westerleigh to Brastings, (far enough from it to be unseen and unheard by travellers, save the few who wandered into the lane itself,) lay the Gipsy encampment. A picturesque scene, better known perhaps to their parents or grandparents, than to the young of the present day. For the Gipsies seem now to have well-nigh passed away ; and rarely indeed does any thought of romance, or even of amusement, arise in an educated mind at the sight of a son or daughter of the tent.

Yet amongst the many wonders and romantic dangers (to a London child) of my grandmother's country house, may be reckoned the dark forms which used to peer through the hedges at the end of the garden and orchard, or loiter about in the 'Castle Lane,' which at a much lower level than the garden, formed on one side the boundary of our family property.

And not the eye only was fed with that romance, now so wholly a thing of the past; but the ear too would be sometimes feasted with a tale which lent additional interest to the spectacle. There were fair faces of our own station in life, maidens in their later teens during our young childhood, who would perhaps permit a white and jewelled hand to rest upon the yellow palm, and foolishly attend, with downcast eyes, to the true tale or the false—the true tale which might just have been prompted by one of the youths from the group, or the false tale with a shade of probability outspoken by the fortune-teller after a keen and clever glance at her assembled listeners.

But we have no regrets for the passing away of these spring-tide fancies; *we* have lost nothing; every step has been a gain. Rather inquire we, what say the Gipsies of these changes, over their camp fires? Their trade, once smiled upon by some at least of the fair and the high-born, now viewed in the light of a common imposture; and if some credulous maid-servant does so far lose her common sense as to relinquish her earnings to the deceiver, the newspapers present her as a warning to her sisterhood throughout the country, and the Gipsy learns a harder lesson, if she do not contrive to make her escape in time. No wonder then if the Gipsies should talk of the ‘good old times,’ and astonish the young of their communities with their stories of the things that were.

But here lie the tents in our green lane. Here are some of the Gipsies, and there is the kettle boiling over the fire, and birds are cooking at the side of it. There is a watchman too, (or rather a watch-boy,) for publicity is not courted at meal-times, and it is well to know who turns down either entrance to the lane. The boy is not our little Robin, and you will never probably know very much about him. There is no doubt of his Gipsy blood; none either of the race of that old woman with the almost Indian complexion and very keen black eyes; nor of those men preparing the meal; nor of the little ones looking on with hungry anticipation.

No password was required of our Robin and Amy by the sentinel on duty. They stayed not to look upon the smoking supper, or the longing children, but passed quickly by into a kind of wheeled house, where a pale woman lay panting upon an uneasy couch.

‘Money, dear Mother, plenty of money, and sixpence out of a carriage! The new lady threw it out.’

‘Who, Robin?’

‘The new lady, Mother; she that spoke to me before.’ But the pale face was so pale that he could not proceed with his story.

The children saw that they were scarcely heeded. ‘Are you so bad to-day, Mother?’

‘Yes, dears.’

‘Can’t you sit up a bit?’

‘Not to-day, dears, or not until they are all gone; you can let me know. Sit there,’ and she indicated a place behind her head. They located themselves as directed.

With the consciousness that she was not observed, the sick woman's face changed again. The half-smile which she had (so to speak) dragged over her countenance, was gone, and a heavy weight of mental suffering seemed to be added to her bodily pain. Now the eyes appear to be staring wildly, and the hands are clenched, then the lids closed, and words seemed struggling to be said.

'Are they all gone, Robin?'

'Not yet, Mother.'

A few moments silence, then—'Alas ! alas !' cried the suffering woman, 'I *must* leave them some day. I try not to die, but what if I must ? I cannot do anything for the best now—there is *no* best ! But the very *last* thing, when all is nearly over, then I will tell.' The wail of the children reminded her of their presence. 'Are you there, dears ?' she exclaimed, turning quickly round. 'Where's Granny ? Call her—call her now.' Robin obeyed, and the old woman appeared at the door.

'Come near me—quite close,' and she raised herself in her bed to meet old Granny's bending form. 'You posted the letter ?'—in a whisper—'you are *sure* that you have not deceived me ?'

'Yes, yes ; I told you so before,' replied Granny irritably.

'Then have you kept away the answer ? I *implore* you to tell me.'

'No, there's no answer come ; and all the better for you, I dare say. You might have to suffer for your letter, I believe, and so might any of us, and get *years* for it, I reckon.'

'Not *years* for me, anywhere, Granny !' But Granny was gone.

'Weary weary waiting!' sighed the sick woman. 'Oh my troubled mind, my miserable days and wretched wretched nights ! But to-morrow, if I can but live until to-morrow, it will come.'

'Have some supper, Annette ?' called out one of the cooking party to the sick woman coaxingly.

'Not now, Jake, thank you. Will you leave some for the children ?'

'Can't quite promise ; we be too many to-day,' replied the man, turning again to his occupation.

'Then go, dears, and come back to me presently.' And the pair unwillingly departed.

Annette clasped her hands. 'The first wrong step,' cried she, 'and the second wrong step, and the third ! I see them all now ; but I never did, I never would, before. Lord, hast Thou shown this to me in Thy mercy, or am I to feel it for ever ? Oh, my opportunities gone ! are they gone for good ?' A sort of convulsion stayed her from saying more, and she lay like one in a trance. Then starting up, 'Alas !' cried the unhappy creature, 'Why do we sin all our lives and expect to make everything come right in an hour ? Then we find out that we can do nothing ! Do it Thou, O Lord, for their innocence ! Do it for Jesus' sake, and save me too for repentance and for life.'

But Robin and Amy re-appear now.

'Come here, dears ; tell me about the letter again.'

‘Granny put it in the box, Mother. I saw it go in,’ replied Robin.

‘Are you sure it was the one you saw me writing?’

‘Quite sure, Mother,’ said both the children at once.

‘Did you read who it was to?’

‘No, Mother, you asked me not, you know,’ said Robin; ‘but there was the great blot, and a great deal of writing all over it.’

‘Tell me what Granny did.’

‘She came up and asked where we were going. It was just by the shop, and I said, “I am going to post this for Mother,” and I meant to drop it in then, but she snatched it away.’

‘Yes,’ cried Amy, ‘she snatched it so quick, and looked at it all over; and then she said *she* would post it.’

‘And you saw her put it in?’

‘Yes, Mother. First she took it into the shop a minute, and then she said, “Here’s your letter,” and I saw the writing and the blot as she dropped it in.’

‘And so did I,’ said little Amy. ‘I wanted Robin to have let *me* drop it in the box, only he said he was to do it himself.’

‘I did not see Granny till we were close to the shop,’ said Robin; ‘but I’m glad there was that blot for us to know.’

‘Only it teased you, poor Mother,’ said the little girl, ‘when you’d directed and sealed it and all, to have to put a new cover over the letter because of the ink.’

‘Yes, and then to blot the cover too,’ said Robin; ‘and you couldn’t write such a long long letter all over again, could you, Mother?’

‘No, dears,’ Annette faltered out. The little voices were going on too long; besides, she was thinking of something else now.

‘Go out, Robin, and see whether they are all gone.’

‘They all went, Mother, before I came in.’

‘Granny too? Just take a look round.’

Robin made a tour of inspection; it did not take him long.

‘All gone, Mother. I saw Granny go off with a basket.’

Granny scarcely ever left them unless Annette seemed especially helpless and ill.

The poor exhausted creature raised herself up again, and in broken sentences continued, ‘Now, Robin, you must go for a doctor—Dr. Ryder. You know where he lives—in Westerleigh; in the Market-place, they tell me. Give him this money, and beg him to come, for charity, to see a poor woman who is very bad indeed. If he is out, wait about the door, out of sight of the servants—they will send you away. You will do it for me, darling? *Bring* him with you. *Beg* him, for charity. He is a good man; he will not refuse, I know. You will get him to come? *Make* him come to me, Robin.’

Robin darted off, and Annette sank back exhausted, with little Amy bending over her couch.

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER VACATION.

THE week which followed that beautiful Sunday was again a rainy one—not violent and interesting rain, as Emily called it, but small drizzle, which would last for hours, and then leave the air damp and chilly. It became rather trying after a few days, and Edward at last demanded of his mother if this weather was to last the whole summer?

‘I really don’t know,’ said she; ‘do you think I am responsible for the weather?’

‘Not exactly; but (brightening up, and with his sunny smile) you know you are responsible for making us happy and jolly.—Papa, don’t you think so?’

‘I thought Mamma *was* doing so,’ said Mr. Grey.

‘Thank you, dear Papa, for that sweet little compliment. I wish indeed to make it very bright for you all.—Emily, what can we do while the rain lasts to amuse the boys?’

Emily thought a little, and then said, ‘I suppose it wouldn’t amuse them enough if we were all to write stories.’

‘Why not?’ said Mrs. Grey. ‘I think it is not at all a bad idea. What do you say, boys?’

‘Oh, I will write one!’ cried Johnny; ‘I can very easily.’

Frederick and Edward said that was a great deal more than *they* could do; but, of course, *they* had not Johnny’s great talents, and they would content themselves by listening to his wonderful story when it was written.

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Grey, ‘I wonder if I could write one; if you like, I will try.’

Emily. Oh, Mamma! will you really? oh, thank you, that will be nice!

Mrs. Grey. And I hope you will all try too, as far as you can. That of itself will be some sort of amusement when you can’t go out.

Then Mrs. Grey possessed herself of half a quire of scribbling-paper, and the boys forgot the weather and all sublunary matters in the studies which they carried on for some hours daily with great regularity.

Another week is over, and now the day of Harry’s return home is come. It is finer now, and all the family go down to meet him; and great is the delight of everyone when he jumps out of the train, and most vociferous the welcome he receives.

‘Why, Harry darling, how you are grown!’

‘Am I, Mamma? I am so—so glad to be home!’

‘Have you taken a good place, Harry?’

‘Yes, Papa, I think so; I have taken first of my division.’

‘Come! you hardly could do better. And any prizes?’

‘Oh yes, three. One from my tutor, and one from Balston; but the most beautiful was from Stephen Hawtrey. He was very kind, and gave me my choice, and I chose *such* a beautiful binding.’

‘But what is the book itself?’

‘Oh—let me consider. Oh yes, Enoch Arden. He was much pleased with my choice, and said I should like it. Yes, now I remember! when I was doubting he gave it a little push, so that I saw the beautiful gilding and the green leather sides, and that decided me; but I dare say he knew it was also very nice inside.’

Mrs. Grey looked at him as he walked along, kicking the pebbles before him, and revolving in his mind the gift which the mathematical headmaster had given him. She smiled, and pressed him closer to her side—for he had linked his arm within his mother’s—and then she said, ‘Has it been a happy school-time to you, my darling?’

‘*Very*, Mamma; lots of boating and bathing. How Johnny is grown! And Emily! she is almost a young lady!’

Emily disdained this title, and said she did not want ever to be a young lady, but she looked amused and good-tempered, and her brothers thought proper to laugh at her; and all behaved in a very silly happy way until they got to the Hall; and then Harry was taken to the kitchen to be introduced to Mrs. Grandly, and to Thomas Grey, the old cat, who sat before the fire in solemn state, surrounded by several generations of his family.

The rest of the day was a holiday, and in the evening Mrs. Grey announced that her story was written, and if the family liked she would read it.

With one voice they all said they *should* like it.

Mr. Grey and Frederick sat by the fire, for it was cold, and Edward threw himself full-length on the sofa.

‘No talking allowed,’ said Mr. Grey, looking round, ‘and no snoring,’ (looking at Edward.)

‘Let him if he likes,’ said his mother, looking tenderly at the great tall fellow. Then she opened her MS., and read—

CECILIA’S TRIAL.

There lived once a lady and gentleman, who had one only daughter. They were very rich and good: and as they possessed also health and cultivated intellects, it will readily be believed that they had a good share of happiness, and were respected by everyone around them. They had taken especial care in the education of their daughter Cecilia, who was a beautiful girl of eighteen.

But a great shadow was drawing near. Mr. Frankland, riding one day with his daughter, was thrown from his horse, and taken up dead. The shock was too great for his wife. She lost her health, and after

lingering for a few weeks she too died, leaving Cecilia alone in the world. It was of course supposed that she was heiress to all the property left; but it was soon known that the estate was entailed, and the real heir was expected daily. He came, a distant cousin, and a cold hard man. He took all to which he could lay claim—house, lands, furniture, books, family pictures, family plate, family jewels. No will was found, no provision for the tenderly cherished daughter. Her cousin offered to retain her as governess to his children, but this she refused, too much wounded in spirit to ask herself what else she should do. She packed up her clothes, and what few trinkets she could call her own, and with a breaking heart left the home no longer hers, and went to a lodging in the outskirts of London.

But before a week was over Cecilia was without money. She sold a ring, and lived on it another week, and sat looking into the awful future. Another and another jewel went in the same way. Then she consulted the woman with whom she lodged, who procured her a little needle-work. Life was getting very dark to Cecilia. She sat, and she sewed, and she thought. But it grew darker and darker. The work was done, and paid for very scantily. Another ring was sold—the last; then her gowns one by one followed, for the sewing paid very badly indeed. Cecilia was now in that condition, in which people who have not the fear and love of God sometimes stand beside dark rivers with very dark and desperate thoughts. But Cecilia's trust never forsook her, and every now and then across the gloom would sweep a ray of light and hope.

Nevertheless, when she found herself bereft of all her possessions—of her watch, her books, her gowns—she looked as she sat alone in her room, so lost, so helpless, that even the hard cousin might have felt for her had he passed by,—but he did not pass by. Only the landlady came in and said, 'Could you, Miss, pay me for last week's rent?'

The money was paid, and Cecilia was again alone. Now she had not a penny in the world. She clasped her hands on the table, and laying her head upon them, she cried long and bitterly.

A carriage rattled down the street and stopped at the door. A lady got out and asked the maid for Miss Frankland. Cecilia had never seen her before. She came into the poor little room, and taking the girl's hand in hers, said—

'I have been looking for you a long time. If you like, your poverty is over. I want you, and I have plenty for both of us; will you come?'

Cecilia sprang up. Yes, yes, yes! she would go; she would escape from her misery, poverty, loneliness, and be rich, happy, good, thankful, joyful again! Quick to her room she ran to put up her little remnant of things; but her first act was to fall down beside her bed to thank God for this deliverance. A step on the stairs, and a gentle voice, 'Do not delay me, dear child, I am pressed for time,' made Cecilia spring up, and rapidly finish her packing. The lady had come in, and did not hurry

her. But there was truly little to put up, except one or two articles of dress, her blotting case, and her Bible and Prayer-book. These she laid on the top of the other things. 'You will crush your dresses with such a weight of books; let me, my love, carry them for you in this case.'

To this Cecilia assented, and then they set off. It was all done in such a moment of time, that she could hardly believe her senses as she was whirled along the streets. Still less so, as her friend took her from shop to shop, replacing all the rich clothes the girl had ever possessed, only much finer, and assuring her of her protection and love as long as Cecilia would be to her as a daughter. Then in the evening they reached the lady's house. There she led Cecilia to a lovely room, and left her with no reminiscence of her poverty except her box with her few little possessions. After glancing round the sumptuously furnished room, Cecilia fell on her knees: she longed to praise and thank God for His mercies to her—but a loud pealing bell was heard, and a maid came in to dress her; so in a few minutes she was arrayed as in former days, in a beautiful dress, and with jewels sparkling in her hair. A grand party awaited her; she was received with the utmost kindness.

The evening closed with music and dancing; and Cecilia, exhausted with happiness, retired to her room very late, and with a tender injunction to go at once to bed, and be asleep before the clock struck one. That hour struck loud and solemn, just as the girl knelt to say her evening prayer; she started up, and hastily finishing her toilet, got into bed, saying to herself, 'Another night I will not be so late.' As she closed her eyes in sleep she remembered her Bible, and that she had not seen it in her room. 'I will get it to-morrow. It does not feel very nice to lie down without reading, but I must now obey my dear wonderful friend, and go to sleep.'

Early the next morning, waking in that pretty room, so adorned and so beautiful, Cecilia felt almost in heaven. Upward rose her grateful heart, and words of praise were on her lips, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. It was a little maid with hot water, followed by another carrying a muslin dress, with the most exquisite pattern on it. They set to work and dressed Cecilia, who was thinking all the time of the morning before, in such a different room, with the hard bed, the pillow stuffed with bad feathers, the common blue basin and jug, the broken looking-glass, the gown worn out, and kept together by many darns, the little soiled collar, the old shoes—all this came back to her.

'I do not *quite* know,' she said to herself, 'that I like to have two maids to dress me.'

But, however, they were so nice in their ways, and so helpful, that she continued undecided. Somehow, the dressing took rather long; and the last pin was being stuck in when a loud bell was heard.

'That surely is the dressing-bell!' said she.

'No, Ma'am,' replied the maid respectfully; 'that is the bell for breakfast.'

‘How can I have taken so long?’ said Cecilia. ‘Pray leave me for a few minutes.’

And she watched the servants as they hastily closed drawers, and folded linen; and she longed to be alone. She remained standing, with her hand on the table, and an expression of displeasure on her countenance.

The women at last withdrew, but the elder said on leaving, ‘Will you excuse me, Ma’am, but my mistress insists on punctuality.’

‘Very well, very well,’ said Cecilia, locking the door after them, and feeling that she had been intruded on. But this was not a good preparation for prayer. She knelt down, and with clasped hands was endeavouring to draw off her thoughts from these things, and to pray with undivided heart, when a knock was heard.

‘Dear Cecilia!’

She started up, and opened the door. There stood the lady, sweetly smiling.

‘Shall we go down together, dear?’

And they went down together.

During breakfast, where everything was splendidly served, the lady told Cecilia that she was going to Italy, and wished her dear new daughter to accompany her.

Cecilia was wild with delight, asking questions, which were answered with the greatest readiness and kindness.

But she was not a little surprised to hear how soon this delightful plan was to be carried out: ‘We set off to-day—this morning. Have you any purchases to make? you see the carriage is at the door.’

This reminded Cecilia of her books. ‘Pray,’ said she, ‘have you my Bible and Prayer-book? You kindly took charge of them.’

‘Ah, true; they are in my dressing-room. I forgot to give them to you.’

‘May I go and fetch them?’

‘Certainly—or shall my maid take them to you? Yes, let her. Go, dear, and put on your bonnet; there is no time to lose.’

Oh, how delightful were Cecilia’s sensations, as she ran up the magnificent marble stairs. Italy! so soon! exquisite day! rich, delightful, intelligent, educated lady! no want, no poverty! She stood on the landing-place, as these thoughts danced through her mind, looking out of a window, at the gardens which were spread below. She observed that her hostess was following her, and turned to say some of her thoughts.

‘Oh,’ said she, ‘how happy I am! and how beautiful is everything! What lovely gardens! what flowers! what lilies those are in the fountain! primrose water-lilies! oh, so pretty!’

The lady smiled. ‘It is pretty, indeed. Come, dear, and let us take a turn in the garden before starting; we can go by a later train—let us.’

So they went out together. They walked through bowers of fragrance, with views and peeps so delightful; and, as always, Cecilia's heart was filled with joy and praise.

'Look, my child,' said the lady, 'at this exquisite rose.' And she raised an open bud, weighted with glittering drops of dew between the velvet petals.

'Oh, it is beautiful!' said the girl. And then timidly added, 'How wonderful are Thy works, O God! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.'

Cecilia did not observe how suddenly the rose was dropped, scattering the dew about. She only heard a cry: 'O my dear child, there is an earwig on the bud!'

And truly there was one.

They passed on. The walk lasted till every part of the garden had been visited, and then they returned to the house. There a servant informed Cecilia that the woman with whom she had lodged was waiting to speak to her.

'My Cecilia,' said the lady, 'take this purse; she wants, I dare say, to be paid. Hush, hush! I want no thanks; remember you are now my daughter.'

Then Cecilia followed the man to the library. There stood Mrs. Parsons, the lodging woman, with a stern pale face. She waited till the door was shut upon them both; and then, her countenance relaxing, she caught the girl's dress, and said, 'Come back! come back with me!'

'Why, what can you mean?' and Cecilia drew back. 'If I owe you anything, I can pay; but I think I left no debts.'

'Nay, nay, not money—*yourself* I want!' said the woman, pressing forward to seize her hand.

Cecilia was looking at her with mingled doubt and alarm, when the door opened.

'Now, my dear child, we have no time to lose,' said the lady, coming in: 'dismiss the good woman, or indeed we shall be late.'

'You can go,' said Cecilia to the woman.

'Once more, come with me!' she cried, with a face of terror, which more than ever led Cecilia to think she must have lost her senses. Seeing that she would not go, the girl ran from the room; but as she did so, she suddenly stopped short, for it seemed to her that she had caught a glance of triumph flitting across the lady's features. Was it so? No, evidently not. Nothing could be more natural than her expression.

'Make haste, my darling. You see I am ready.'

Cecilia ran to her room, and put her things on as fast as she could.

They are off to the station. ●

One often sees in the height of the London season such a carriage as that—the perfectly matched greys—the coachman with his powdered wig—the footmen behind—and two ladies inside, one in the bloom of lovely fresh youth, the other matured and splendid.

‘That woman! she must have been mad, Cecilia!’

‘Indeed I think so too; yet formerly she had her senses, poor thing.’

‘What extraordinary presumption to propose your returning to her!’

‘It certainly was very odd! Oh, look! just look at Garrard’s! What jewels! I wonder the thieves don’t break through!’

‘Stop!’ cried the lady to her servants.—‘We will go in, dear, and see if I cannot find some pretty thing to give you, as a proof of my gratitude to you for preferring me to that woman.’

‘Why do you think so much of it?’ said Cecilia, with a sweet smile. ‘I do not intend to think of her any more.’

‘Then you did not want to go back; that is right, that is right.’

Meanwhile all the most splendid of Garrard’s jewels were spread out before them. The lady chose in a moment a necklace formed of sapphires and pearls, and clasped it round her neck.

‘You are mine,’ she said in a whisper as she did so.

But there was a great mirror in front of Cecilia, and—was she awake or dreaming, or did she see or not see a vindictive serpent-glance from that lady’s eyes? Quick as thought, she had started round.

‘Have I hurt you, dearest girl? Did the clasp wound you? Oh, I am sorry!’

As Cecilia noticed the tender concern in those eyes which a moment before had startled her, she rejected the idea that it was a reality, and laid the blame on the mirror, which she supposed might have a flaw in it. The sudden fear and surprise again passed away, leaving no more impression than a stone dropped into a pool; one or two little waves of perplexity passed over her, and all again was peace and sunshine.

‘These exquisite stones and pearls,’ said she, unclasping the necklace, (as they again pursued their way,) and surveying them as they lay in her hands, ‘how I delight in their beauty!’

‘Darling girl,’ said her friend, clasping her hand, ‘I am so glad you like them.’

‘I do indeed,’ said Cecilia softly; ‘they remind me of the New Jerusalem, the foundations of which were precious stones, and each several gate a pearl.’

She spoke reverently and almost under her breath; so she was not surprised that the lady took no notice. Perhaps Cecilia’s thoughts were gone up to that City whose Builder and Maker is God, for she remained silent; but almost immediately the lady interrupted her thoughts by saying,

‘Let me, my love, put your necklace in this case; it will look very well when I dress you in Mechlin lace, with a little blue velvet or ribbon somewhere about you, perhaps in your hair; then ribbon, eyes, and necklace, will match.’

Cecilia smiled and blushed; she was very pretty, and liked to hear what the lady was saying, but her thoughts did not ascend where they were before.

However, a little after, she suddenly remembered her Bible and Prayer-book. 'Pray excuse me,' said she, 'but I do not know if my Bible and Prayer-book were packed up. Can you tell?'

'Oh, no doubt they were; but my maid always packs for me.'

'When we reach the station, I will ask her,' said Cecilia.

'And here we are, dear; follow me in here, while Garcin takes the tickets.'

Garcin was the courier.

On the table of the waiting-room was that half-soiled and yet unused copy of the Christian Knowledge Society's Bible, which forms, with a few tracts or fly-sheets, the whole library of these very uninteresting rooms. Cecilia looked at it with a strange yearning; nothing outwardly could be less like her own beautiful Bible, but as she turned over the leaves her eye fell on words so well known, so precious; and then it came over her with a sort of shock that it was nearly twenty-four hours since she had opened those sacred pages. 'It must never—never be so again,' she said to herself; and she closed the Book, for just then Garcin appeared to summon his mistress. Cecilia turned to join her, and observed that she was deadly pale, and with a strange look of anguish on her face.

'You are ill!' cried Cecilia. 'Oh, what is the matter? Pray sit down again.'

'No, no; all is right now—a spasm. Here, give me your arm, and quick—the train is starting.'

The grey mist faded away from the handsome splendid woman, and a natural expression rapidly returned as the train sped on.

'See how well we are provided with amusement, dear,' said she, spreading out a number of new magazines and illustrated papers; and in a few minutes Cecilia, who was very fond of stories, was reading most delightfully in a corner.

'Folkestone!'

'Here so soon! Is it possible!'

And there is the indefatigable Garcin and the two footmen all ready to conduct the ladies to the Pavilion Hotel, where they may rest for an hour or two before the steamer sails. One knows very well how people are received at hotels who come preceded by a courier with 'No denial' written on his face, and followed by two powdered lacqueys in scarlet liveries; so, of course, the ladies were received with becoming respect, and dined in Elysium, and in private.

The steamer would start at ten o'clock.

'My love,' said the lady, as they drank coffee, 'lie down and rest a little before we start; or shall I read aloud to you just where you left off? Show me the place; I can read pretty well.'

'How kind you are!' said Cecilia.

The lady opened, and read with that fluent grace and precision—so rapid, so accurate—which is delightful to both hearer and reader; and it almost checked a longing wish of Cecilia's to hear instead one of the

Evening Lessons. Indeed, the wish was not to be controlled. She sat up, and said, with a deprecating glance,

‘It is about the time when I generally read a chapter, and I thought you would perhaps, instead of this, read me one of the Evening Lessons.’

‘It is such a pity, dear, that the books are packed up; and I don’t see that they provide them here, as at the stations;’ and she looked round.

‘No; but let us call Harris. She packed my things, and she can, I am sure, in a minute get at my books.’

Before the lady could answer, Cecilia had rung the bell. Garcin appeared.

‘Send Harris,’ said the lady, in harsh voice.

Cecilia was wondering at the voice in which this command had been given, when Harris appeared.

‘Miss Frankland requires her Bible.’

‘I beg your pardon, Madam.’

‘Did you not pack my Bible, Harris?’ said Cecilia, with a strange feeling at her heart.

‘I never saw your Bible, Ma’am; I did not know I had it to pack.’

‘My darling,’ said the lady, ‘what a mistake! And all my naughty fault. Can you forgive me?’

‘But I must have my Bible,’ cried Cecilia, ‘I really must.’

‘Will no other do? for, you see, your own is in London.’

‘Well, yes. But oh! I cannot travel without one! I have been too careless about it. Pray, pray let me buy one at once.’

‘Dear child, do you consider the hour? It is past nine, and all the shops are shut.’

It was too true; the lamps in the streets met no reflections from the shop windows—all were closed.

Harris withdrew.

‘Let me go on, dear, with this book, it is full of interest; I did not know Cartwright could write so well.’

Cecilia threw aside the cashmere shawl that had been laid over her feet.

‘Thank you; I would rather not hear any more. I reproach myself keenly for not having seen that my books were packed. But oh—some one in the house has one, and would lend or sell it to me.’

‘Oh, my dear, that is out of the question; I really could not sanction it. And consider, in a few hours we shall be in Paris, and you could build a cathedral with the numbers of Bibles you will find there. Besides, what could you do with it during the night? You know you will not read a word as we cross the Channel.’

‘That is true indeed,’ said Cecilia. ‘Then I will wait till to-morrow morning, and replace my books at Paris. It *was* a pity I left mine!’

‘It *was* indeed! Will you ring, dear, for Garcin?’

And that accomplished functionary instantly appeared.

‘How soon does the steamer sail, Garcin?’ The voice was silvery and soft.

‘I will inform your Ladyship immediately;’ and Garcin was leaving the room, when his mistress followed him out for a moment, but speedily returned.

In a few minutes the courier reappeared, and informed his mistress that the steamer would sail with the turn of tide, which would be in twenty minutes.

That short space was given to letters, which the lady wrote with extraordinary speed. Cecilia thought how long it was since she wrote to anyone, and wished she had a friend to whom to say good-bye. She remembered the landlady, and that she had once or twice been very kind to her; and she sat down and wrote:—

Dear Mrs. Parsons,

I am sure you meant kindly this morning, although I could not understand it. I am going to a most beautiful country—to Italy; and I will bring you something when I come back. I hope Pussy is very well, and her two little kittens; when I was so unhappy, Pussy often comforted me. I have so very very few friends, that I thought I would write and say good-bye to you.

Your affectionate

CECILIA.

This letter she directed to Mrs. Parsons, and then waited patiently until the summons for their departure; when, attended by the hotel keeper and all his establishment, courier, servants, and spectators, the ladies were conducted on board a magnificent steamer.

Among the crowd, who is that woman with the cotton umbrella, who attracts Cecilia’s attention, and tries to get near her? A man follows the woman, carrying a small trunk; she casts a yearning glance towards the girl, and stretches out her hands. But it is dark, it is wet, it is late; there is confusion, noise; Cecilia loses sight of the apparition, and is hurried forward; she is hurried by the lady to the state cabin.

‘My dear, I must see you at once to your berth.’

It is in vain for Cecilia to entreat permission to stay on deck for the short two hours. ‘I never take cold; and I want to see the French coast: may I not stay up?’

It was in vain. The lady was inexorable. Cecilia was led down a sumptuous staircase, and into an immense saloon, on each side of which were dainty little cabins with single berths.

‘Why, this is marvellous! Do they provide accommodation like this merely to cross the Channel! Anyhow, it looks very nice.’

And as just then the steamer gave a lurch, Cecilia was glad to take refuge on her little white berth; and long before the two hours were over she had fallen asleep, and did not wake until the violent tossing roused her. She looked through the gaily-coloured window into the state cabin, and saw a number of gentlemen playing cards round the

supper-table. She sat up, and looked at her watch. It was three o'clock.

'How is this!' thought she; 'we started at ten; my watch must be wrong.'

Here a great lurch made her most dreadfully sick.

'Harris! Harris!' she cried in a sort of despair.

No answer. Indeed, ladies'-maids rarely respond on board steamers. But a steward came in.

'O Steward, what is the matter?'

'Nothing as I know on, Miss.'

'Yes, yes, there is. Why are we so long crossing the Channel?'

'We are not crossing it at all.'

'What do you mean? Are we not near Boulogne?'

'Not very, seeing we have just sighted the Lizard. But, Miss, you are going to be very bad, and as we shall have half a gale before we lose sight of land, I'll call the stewardess to get you comfortable into bed.'

Cecilia lay bewildered, but utter misery of sickness overpowered every other sensation.

In the morning the lady presented herself fully dressed, and without a trace of sickness on her handsome face.

Cecilia could just say—

'What is the meaning of all this?'

'Of what, my dear? Oh, now I know. Did I not tell you of our change of plan? It was just at the last; Garcin heard that there was cholera at Boulogne, or something of that sort, and so I decided to come this way instead; I am a good sailor, and in five or six days we shall be at Gibraltar.'

'Cholera at Boulogne,' said Cecilia meditatively.

'Or Paris—I forget which. But never mind that, dear; you must make haste to get well and come on deck; the gale is over, and it is so beautiful up there.'

She left, promising to send Harris.

Poor Cecilia, as she lay back, said to herself, 'What does it mean?' She lay long unattended, unnoticed. After a long time the door opened gently, and some one came in, and kneeling down beside her, said, in a low voice—

'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice.'

Starting round, how great was her surprise to see Mrs. Parsons, the lodging woman, who was praying with clasped hands and a face of intense awe.

'Mrs. Parsons! Then it *was* you! I saw you as we came on board. What brought you here? Say quick, quick.'

There was no time for an answer, for at that very moment the door opened, and the lady came in.

'My darling girl, now do try and sit up. See, I have brought you

some tea and dry toast.' And it seemed as if she had taken all the place where Mrs. Parsons had knelt, and that Mrs. Parsons was nowhere.

But Cecilia was a girl of courage and independent will; also not devoid of common sense.

'Where,' said she, 'is Mrs. Parsons?'

'Who do you mean by Mrs. Parsons, my dear?'

'The woman who knelt beside me as you came in.'

'I did not see anyone except the stewardess. She went out as I came in.'

Then, almost as suddenly as she had appeared, the lady withdrew, saying—

'I long so to have you on deck; I have made acquaintance with some people going to Alexandria, so charming, you will like them so much.'

Cecilia was again alone.

'Mrs. Parsons,' she whispered, 'come back, come back!'

No one answered.

When it was dark, once more the poor woman came in.

'My dear dear young lady,' she said, 'I can do little for you here, but when we land I shall be ready; now I can do nothing.'

That, indeed, was true. Scarcely had she uttered these words in a voice broken with fear, when the door was again dashed open, and the lady burst in.

Now Cecilia's eyes were opened.

'You have some reason,' said she, looking at the lady, 'for preventing my having any communication with that woman.'

'And if you *have* any, you shall repent it,' said the lady, with eyes that flashed sudden rage at the girl.

Here was the beginning of open warfare; but Cecilia was aware of her helplessness, and that, at present, escape was impossible; she therefore merely answered—

'You have, I suppose, what you consider sufficient reason.'

'Oh yes, I have! I have, my darling; I was only in jest.' Again the face was all bright smiles. 'Harris shall sit up with you to-night.'

'Pray, pray do not ask her. I feel quite well—Harris will not like it.'

'Shall I stay with you?'

'No, thank you. Indeed, I want to go to sleep.'

Then she was again alone. Truly she wanted to sleep, but sleep was far away. She lay wondering at what seemed so strange and horrible. Then she joined her hands, and looking up, she said, 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto Thee: hide not Thy face from me in the time of my trouble.' Now it seemed as if a bright light shone round about her, and a sweet rest came into her heart; and it was not disturbed, although at that moment the door burst open, and the wicked cruel lady looked in, with a fierce cry—

'Cecilia! why do you not sleep?'

This was the beginning of a conflict which lasted during the five days of the passage to Gibraltar. It was true Cecilia had neither her Bible nor Prayer-book, nor any of the means of grace; but she remembered many Psalms and Collects, and now she could repeat to herself verse after verse, prayer after prayer; and although the lady was always watching and always hindering, yet who can really hinder a determined will? and Cecilia, as she sat on deck, where no one paid her much attention, would lift up her heart to God, and repeat some of those precious words—oh to her how precious—where God promises help and deliverance to those who are in trouble.

Meanwhile the lady watched with vindictive malice, using every artifice to distract and disturb her thoughts; and she was so dreadfully subtle, bringing to bear so many innocent and reasonable excuses for breaking in on her meditations, that Cecilia was often drawn away, as she had been before the dreadful truth flashed on her of who and what this woman was.

And so passed the remaining days of the voyage. Now they have reached Gibraltar, and are about to land. The lady had resumed all her most gracious and seductive manners, but they no longer made any impression on Cecilia. All she wanted was to escape from her; and that she might do on land, but not possibly on board the steamer.

‘My dear,’ said the lady, ‘I have just sent Garcin on shore to secure apartments for us; I wish everything to be fitly prepared for you.’

‘One thing only I desire,’ said the girl; ‘my Bible.’

‘And that you cannot have, for it is in England. But you shall have everything, everything else.’

‘What is a man advantaged,’ said Cecilia gravely, ‘if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’

‘And *must* you lose your soul because your Bible is in England?’ said the lady, with a smile which did not conceal the passion of wrath which was burning below the surface.

‘I *am* afraid of it,’ replied the girl; and then she went down to the cabin, where Harris was packing, and said a few words to her; then opening her dressing-case, she took out the sapphire necklace with the pearl drops, and looked at it for a moment. Then catching it up in her hand, she ran on deck. The lady sat leaning on the gunwale, looking down into the sea.

Cecilia approached her and said—

‘I have told Harris to give you back all the dresses you have bestowed on me, and all the other things; and I have brought this to you. I can keep no gift of yours while you withhold my Bible.’

A derisive laugh escaped the lady as she said—

‘What do *I* want with your cast-off clothes, and your second-hand jewellery!’ And snatching the necklace from the girl, she flung it far over the side. For a moment the precious jewels glittered and flashed in the light, and then sank into the sea.

‘Gifts! did you call them?’ she cried angrily. ‘Not so! I bought you with them, and you are *mine*.’

Then a terror seized the poor girl. Was she really bought? was she enslaved to this cruel wicked woman? She felt a dread of her influence; she was afraid of the beautiful gifts with which she had sought to ensnare her heart; and she hated the feeling of regret and vexation with which she had seen that necklace thrown into the sea—and the lady read her thoughts.

‘Never mind, my darling, I will get you another, and another, and another—each better than the former. I am very rich, and you are my first object! You have but to ask; indeed, the more you ask, the more you shall have.’

But (foolish wicked woman) she had said a few words too much. Cecilia was reminded of One Who also had said, ‘Ask, and it shall be given you,’ and she said—

‘I do not want those fine things; I will not have them, I *must* not have them. I will have poverty again; I will have suffering and loneliness, and sorrow, but I must have the Word of God.’

As Cecilia said these words, a sailor boy approached and said to her—

‘The boat is ready.’

At the sound of his voice the lady uttered a cry of agony, and started to her feet. Then a miserable shrinking look came over her, but she cried—

‘Cecilia, come with me, my barge is waiting; you shall lie under a canopy of silk and gold, on cushions of velvet—only come!’

They had approached, meanwhile, the ladder, at the foot of which was a cluster of boats; but among them none could compare with the stately barge. The sailor boy had already descended, and was in a little cockle-shell of a boat, in which sat one only passenger, and that was Mrs. Parsons.

‘Look, Cecilia! you never *would* condescend to go in that boat. Oh! (shuddering fearfully) *everything* shall be yours, only come with me.’

Indeed it was hard to choose the low estate—so low, as compared with what was offered to her by the grand woman; but as she hesitated on the lowest step the sailor boy turned and looked at her. Ah! what a look was that!

‘I will go with you, I will go with you!’ cried Cecilia, joining her hands as in prayer. And in a moment she was in the little boat.

The boy had pushed off, and they were rowing to the shore. They landed. Not a word had been spoken. The boy went first, guiding them up the steep path. It was rough to her feet, it was narrow, it was wearying. The sun beat on her head, but Cecilia thought little of that. As she followed, it seemed to her that there was something wonderful in the aspect of her guide. The yellow hair shone like a glory round his head; it seemed as if there were silvery wings folded and shining white;

and the staff in his hand, what was it now? A sword, a drawn sword, glittering in the sun's ray!

She turned, speechless with astonishment, to her companion, who answered her look by saying—

‘The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.’

* * * * *

It was over. Cecilia opened her eyes to the familiar objects of the lodging-woman's house. The wicked lady had vanished, Mrs. Parsons had vanished, the Angel had vanished. It was all a dream, which had happened in one short hour. The tears were scarcely dried which she had so bitterly shed a little while ago, but yet instinctively she grasped her Bible which lay on the table before her, and falling on her knees, she prayed with her whole heart, that nothing might ever separate her from the love and service of God.

And when, as her prayer was ending, a knock was heard at the door, she almost started with the terror of her dream. It was the lodging-woman, (who bore no resemblance at all to Mrs. Parsons,) and who had a letter in her hand.

And this letter brought to an end all Cecilia's poverty; it was from her father's lawyer, saying a will had been found; and thus restoring to the girl all but the entailed landed property.

* * * * *

Years after, another little Cecilia, a lovely little girl, sat on her mother's knee.

‘Mamma,’ said the child, ‘you seem almost frightened when I look about me at Church, or if Robby turns to look at Dickey in his cage when he is saying his prayers.’

‘Yes, my darling: for once I had a dream, in which a wicked spirit would not let me pray, nor read the Bible. But at last a good angel came and delivered me.’

‘I think, Mamma, it would be very interesting if you wrote it in a little book, and gave it to Robby and me, to make us attentive.’

Robby looked up from his play, and said—

‘Please, Mamma, write it in a little book.’

And Cecilia wrote her dream.

Mrs. Grey laid down her manuscript with a sigh; her little story had touched her as she read it to the family so dear to her, more than she had expected. For a few moments there was silence, and then Mr. Grey turned to his wife and said—

‘Thank you, dear Mamma; I think I can answer for it that we have all been a good deal interested.’

There was a murmuring chorus of thanks, and then Mrs. Grey said—

‘I should like to hear your criticisms.’

Mr. Grey. The machinery of a dream is useful, but very nearly used up.

Mrs. Grey. That is true; I wanted very much to do without, but I could not; in that case it must have been an allegory; and I prefer a dream. The world has had one allegory, and that is about enough.

Mr. Grey. You mean John Bunyan's? Well, I think I agree with you.

Emily. But, Mamma, why is not your story an allegory as much as *The Pilgrim's Progress*? That is a dream too, you know.

Mrs. Grey. I suppose that a story cannot properly be called an allegory unless all the principal incidents in it can be interpreted in a double sense—one literal, and the other metaphorical. In *The Pilgrim's Progress* we have literally, the history of a journey; but metaphorically, the history of the inner life of a man, from his first repentance, to his final salvation. My story was not written with any intention to carry on a double meaning throughout all the incidents; but if you can invent a complete interpretation of it all, then you may call it an allegory; and it will not be the first time that a reader has found out more meaning than the writer had intended.

Mr. Grey. John Bunyan calls his story a dream; but no one ever dreamt such a dream. I do not mean that anyone ever dreamt such a dream as Cecilia's. Still it often happens that some incident in the day suggests the principal event in a dream, and the rest of the dream sometimes makes up a tolerably consistent story. And what is remarkable, is that the principal incident in the dream is sometimes not a literal copy of what happened in the day, but arises out of it by some process which might almost be called an allegorical change; so that I think a dream, something like this one, might really have happened to an imaginative person, who had been distressed during the day by interruptions to her usual prayers and readings, or by temptations to neglect them.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey continued talking together on these subjects for some little time; Emily meanwhile leaning against her father's chair, and listening to what they were saying; while her brothers fell upon the sheet of paper which she had covered with pen-and-ink sketches, and began examining and criticising them.

Edward. Oh! this is good. This must be Cecilia standing with her hand on the table, and waiting for the maids to go out of the room. She has made Cecilia look exactly like a lady, but uncommonly displeased.

Fred. There is Cecilia 'looking into the awful future,' with clasped hands and a grand frown.

Harry. Here they are turning out the lodging-woman.

Johnny. And oh! look at this one, which is Garrard's shop. How fierce the wicked lady looks!

Edward. Here's the steamer. But Mamma made a mistake in letting them start from Folkestone. Those great Peninsular steamers always sail from Southampton.

Fred. And another mistake was their having sighted the Lizard so soon. Why, they must have gone at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour.

Harry. Another odd thing was Cecilia having no friends. What had become of all the people they knew before her father and mother died?

Fred. There's not much in that; all her friends cut her when she grew poor.

Johnny. Oh! I will never believe that!

Edward. Then you go and ask Miss Walls. I went with Mamma the other day, and she went at it, full pelt, and told us all her calamities in that way since she grew poor.

Johnny. But Miss Walls never was a real grand lady, that I am certain.

Fred. Never mind, the principle is just the same.

Harry. Here, do look at the lady throwing the necklace into the sea! How extravagant she was! It must have cost thousands of pounds.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Grey had ceased talking, and were listening to their boys.

'You are rather hard upon me,' said their mother, looking round with a smile.

'Oh, Mamma! we did not know you were listening.'

'Why don't some of *you* try to write as well?' said Emily.

'Indeed I wish you would try, dear boys,' said Mrs. Grey. 'It would be very easy to write better than Mamma.' (smiling at Emily.)

'You can make the steamer sight the Needles in your stories.'

'Oh, we understand that sarcasm, Miss.'

'Mamma,' said Johnny, 'I liked your story exceedingly; I hope you did not think I was hard on you.'

'No, indeed, my little love; and I don't mind anything any of you said.'

Then the servants came in to prayers. Mrs. Grey noticed the marked attention of her children. She was touched.

Afterwards, when they came to say good-night, Harry whispered—

'Mamma, I will try to remember the lesson of your story; but *if you knew* how hard it is sometimes!'

Then Mrs. Grey took Harry into another room, where he stood beside her, with his arm round her neck, while they talked of his Eton life, and his various difficulties and hindrances.

When the talk was ended, and before they parted for the night, Harry thanked his mother, and said—

'*It is such* a comfort to tell you everything! If all the boys in the school, or even some of them, knew that in the holidays they would sit close to their mothers, as I am, and tell them all sorts of things, I think it would hinder no end of mischief.'

Perhaps Mrs. Grey thought so too. However, she said nothing; but she kissed Harry, and sent him to bed.

The following morning Johnny announced that his story was written.

'I wrote it while I was dressing. It is on three little bits of paper—whitey brown—all I could find; and as the point of the pencil was uncommonly blunt, I am afraid (with a wistful little smile) that it is not very easy to read.'

Emily offered to copy it out; and Johnny, after demurring a little, consented, especially as she made a nice little book, two or three inches square, out of a note-sheet, and sewed it with red silk, and drew a little picture in the first page.

'Now let us have Johnny's story,' said Mr. Grey that evening after tea.

Johnny. Papa, I am afraid it is very short.

Mr. Grey. An excellent thing, Johnny, if it is also interesting.

Johnny. But, Papa, I don't think it is very interesting.

Mr. Grey. So much the more reason that it should be short. Anyhow I suppose it is original.

Johnny. Papa, that is the worst of it; some of it is Emily's.

Then he drew the little volume from his pocket. 'Must I read it myself, Mamma?' said he, looking up and blushing.

'I dare say Emily will, if you like, dear,' said his mamma.

So Emily took it, and read—

'Once upon a time there was a little Tippy; and he was in the fields, when he saw a cruel old Both coming to him. "Come, little Tippy," said the old Both, "and I will show you a place where there is plenty of custard, which you may eat." So the little animal was very pleased, and said, "I'll go with you." Then the old Both led him to a grisly dark cave, where he chained him up, and did not give him any custard. So the little Tippy began to wail and cry. Just then there passed by an old animal called a Wettup, talking about thorough-bass with Joachim; and hearing the screams out of the cave, they looked in to see what was the matter, and there they saw the little Tippy in the clutches of the Both. Then Joachim, who knew the nature of Boths, knew that they are fond of dancing, so he pulled out his violin and played such a pretty tune that the Both came out to dance, and then the Wettup ran in and freed the little animal; and they all fell upon the cruel Both and killed him, and Joachim made him into fiddle-strings. After that they all lived happily ever afterwards.'

'Mamma,' said Johnny, as Emily finished reading, 'I'm afraid there is no moral.'

'Oh! on the contrary, Johnny, I see a very good moral. Tippies (whoever they are) must not trust wicked old Boths, even when they promise a great deal of custard. But I will tell you another use to make of your story—you might take it and read it to Miss Walls. It might amuse her a little.'

After Johnny's story had been freely discussed and laughed at, (in which Johnny heartily joined,) Edward said—

'I, too, have written a story, if you would like to hear it.'

'You, Edward! Is it possible you have written a story? Let us hear it by all means.'

Then Edward produced a little book, the thinnest that ever was seen, and said—

'Mamma, my feelings being too many for me, will you read my book?'

Mrs. Grey took the little volume, and opened it. On the first page was written very beautifully, 'The Young Lady of Rio.'

'That, I suppose, is your heroine? And now let us hear.'

'There was a young lady of Rio,
Who tried to play Hummel's grand trio;
But her skill was so scanty,
She played it *Andante*,
Instead of *Allegro con brio*.'

'So that is your story,' said Mrs. Grey, laughing; 'it is not long.'

'There is another further on,' said Edward, with a very amusing expression of countenance; 'I thought, as they were short, you wouldn't mind two.'

Mrs. Grey proceeded to read the second.

'THE COMPOSER OF CHINA.

There was a composer of China(r),
Who wrote a quartette in G minor;
But the Emperor said,
"I will cut off your head,
Why didn't you make it much finer?"'

As the boys crowded round their mother's chair to read over again Edward's verses, they all agreed that Quimbo's verses were on the whole not so bad; indeed, they thought them tolerable; and from that they jumped to the conclusion that they were excellent, most excellent—perfect! But in the midst of this ovation, Mr. Grey caught Edward's eye, and nodded to him, saying, 'Pretty well.' Then Edward did indeed look delighted, and said, 'Oh, Papa, thank you!'

So ended the literary performances of the family, which had probably caused a great deal more amusement to the members of it, than they are likely to afford to anyone else.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAID'S HOLIDAY.

It was on a lovely summer's evening in the end of June, 185—, that we reached the top of the last hill, before coming to the little village of L—, on the eastern coast of England, and began the steep descent into the village itself. For many miles the road had wound through

woodland country, where wild-flowers covered the banks on each side of the road, and the whole atmosphere and view were most refreshing to one, who, like myself, had been confined to a dusty smoky town for many months. The woods and trees had gradually disappeared as we approached the coast, and the country had grown bare and somewhat flat; but now on reaching the summit of a long hill, a glorious view burst on our sight. The road was cut in zigzags down the face of the steep cliff, and picturesque looking cottages were scattered about upon the shore, and partly up the cliff. The tide was out, and a broad strip of sand spread round the little bay, on the innermost side of which the village was built. The coast was, however, a very dangerous one, and hemmed in by formidable-looking steep rocks, which reached far out into deep water; and there were histories of fearful storms and wrecks connected with the place. Nothing could be more peaceful and lovely than the scene now before us; and the terrible storms I had heard of as sometimes visiting the coast, seemed far enough removed from a spot so calm.

The sun was near the horizon, and bathed the whole landscape in a glow of golden light. The little waves rippled up on to the sands, and broke with a soft murmur; the sea-gulls skimmed lightly over the water, dipping their long wings now here now there in their search for food. Many boats were on the smooth sea in the bay, for most of the inhabitants of the village earned their livelihood by fishing; and very lovely they looked in the light of the setting sun, some with a little sail set to catch the light breeze, varying in colour from dazzling white to a rich brown. Half way up the cliff, above the houses, stood the little village church, old and crumbling from exposure to the wild storms which not unfrequently beat against it, and surrounded by a churchyard filled with graves, many of which were the quiet resting-places of fishermen or sailors who had lost their lives on that perilous coast.

I had come to this retired spot from a large manufacturing town which was situated many miles inland, as I had been somewhat worn out with the toils of daily governessing, and stood in need of rest and change. I am growing old, and as I am now the last survivor of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, I am a lonely old maid. I am used to that, however, and can be very happy in my own way by myself.

The coach soon stopped opposite the little house in which I had already secured lodgings—clean and comfortable, and presided over by a pleasant-faced landlady. I was glad to rest, for our journey had been hot and tedious, and soon after I had refreshed myself with the old maid's solace, a cup of tea, I retired to my small bed-room for the night.

The next morning, after breakfast, the weather looked so tempting, that I stepped out for a stroll, to explore the village and bay, of which I had had a distant view the previous evening. I made my way first to the old church, which was well-kept, though there was nothing remarkable about it in the way of architectural beauty. The churchyard

was a very picturesque one, sloping steeply down the hill, with a row of old thorn trees partly surrounding it, within the stone wall which ran round the whole of the enclosure. It was full of graves, many of which were pointed out to me by the old sexton, who had accompanied me to the church, as being those of poor fellows lost at sea, whose histories he well knew, and delighted to narrate. I sat down on the grass near the boundary wall, looking over the sea, and enjoying the fresh salt breeze, until he was tired of his stories, or remembered some more important business, and left me alone.

I had not long remained thus, thinking over days long since gone by, when I heard a footstep near, and looking up, saw a young woman, dressed very respectably, like others of her class, coming along the path towards me. She came and stood close to me, saying with a sigh, 'His boat's not come in this morning, then.'

I did not understand her manner, and looked at her attentively without making any reply. She appeared to be about twenty years old, with a sweet quiet countenance, and yet an expression as if she had known great suffering or sorrow. There was something strange about her too, and I could not, at first, quite decide what it was. She stood looking wistfully out over the sea for a few minutes, and then turned suddenly round, and observing my eyes fixed on a beautiful bunch of forget-me-nots in her hand, she said, with a smile,

'They're lovely flowers, aren't they? I gathered them by the brook up yonder.' And she pointed to where a little stream trickled down the hill by the side of the churchyard wall.

'They're like angels' eyes, I'm thinking,' she continued; 'the same colour as the sky, and the sea too, sometimes.'

I knew not how to answer her, but she presently went on talking.

'Do you ever think on the blessed angels? I think of them so often, and try to hear their voices in the songs of Alleluia; because, you know, *he* may be among them. He's been gone a long time, and I sometimes misdoubt me whether he'll ever come back.'

'How long has he been gone?' I asked, wishing to find out more of this strange girl's history.

'It was just when these pretty blue flowers were out by the brook before,' she answered; 'before the cold weather came.'

Her answer surprised me much, for I conjectured that she meant some fisherman, and I wondered that she should still be looking for a boat which had set out so long before.

'Yes, it's a long time,' she continued; 'he *must* be coming home soon.'

As she said this, the wistful look returned to her eyes, and she once more gazed out on the sea.

'Eh dear,' she exclaimed suddenly, 'do look, what a bonny white cloud, like an angel's wing, going up, up to Heaven. Oh! take Annie too!'

As she spoke, she raised her arms, as if imploring to follow the

cloud to which she pointed, but soon let them fall again, saying in a low voice,

‘Not yet ; Annie must be patient yet awhile.’

I was very much attracted to the poor girl, who, I could now see, was clouded in her intellect. She presently turned to go ; and I also rose, and accompanied her for a few steps. She cast her eyes over the graves, and said,

‘There’s many a poor brave fellow’s found his home here ; but *not* my Johnnie—he’ll come back yet, if I do but wait patiently.’

I walked with her to the gate of the churchyard, and was turning towards my lodgings ; but she said pleadingly, with a sweet smile,

‘Won’t you come in and see Mother, and sister Mary ? they’d be so pleased to see you.’

I thought I might hear something further about the history of my new acquaintance, which was evidently a very sad and interesting one ; so I complied with her request, and followed her into a cottage a few steps lower down the village street. There I found a tidy, bustling, elderly woman, busy preparing for the family dinner, and a bright pleasant-looking girl assisting her, evidently the sister of my companion, and apparently a few years older. They gave me a chair, and I explained how Annie had met me in the churchyard, and invited me in. The mother smiled, and said,

‘Ah, yes, Ma’am, Annie’s a strange body, poor thing ; but she’s quiet and harmless in her fancies, and you’ll excuse her ways.’

‘Indeed,’ I answered, ‘I was much pleased with her manner. She must have been well taught.’

‘Oh yes, Ma’am ; for the matter of that, Annie was as sensible and clever a girl as any in the place ; she was fond of her book too, and a very good girl to help in every way, until she came to be like that ; and a weary time of illness she had of it, poor thing,’ added the mother, ‘but she was always patient.’

Annie had now gone to fill a mug with water for her flowers in the back-kitchen, so I ventured to pursue the subject of her history.

‘Then she was not always so ?’ I asked.

‘No, no, Ma’am,’ answered Mrs. Ellis, for this I found was her name ; ‘no, no, she was our pride, our beauty, our comfort, until about a year since, when she was *so* ill ; and when she got about again, she was as silly as you now see her.’

The poor woman paused to wipe her eyes with her apron, and then continued,

‘You see, Ma’am, it’s a longish story, and not many care to hear it, so I’m afraid of troubling you with it.’

I assured her that, on the contrary, I was most anxious to hear the history of one so sadly blighted in her early youth and bloom, and soon persuaded Mrs. Ellis to continue.

‘Well, Ma’am, Annie was our second, and a sweet pretty little thing

as ever you saw. She'd do anything to help in the house when she could. Often's the time we have laughed to ourselves to see little Annie trying to wash out the clothes, or set the tea-things, like any grown woman, when she had to stand on tip-toe to reach the table at all. We were that proud, we did not know how to make enough of her. Surely, we thought, though, our Annie should be a scholar. So we sent her to school; and there she was so clever and well-behaved, she was everyone's favourite. Then the Vicar was very kind. He taught Annie in his class, and she was so fond of him, she would do anything he told her. Well, Ma'am, so it went on. Annie left school, and used to help at home. Then the Bishop was coming to confirm some of the young people here, and the Vicar, he persuaded Annie to be one, and to come to his classes. Her father and I were rather afraid of all this, thinking it would make our Sunshine, as we called her, dull and quiet—all the church-going, and the serious books he gave her to read. But she was bent on it, and we could not say her nay; and indeed, she only seemed to grow brighter and more willing, instead of being sad and dull as we had feared. But I am making a long story of it, and I dare say you're tired, Ma'am,' added Mrs. Ellis.

'Oh no,' I replied; 'tell me the rest, please.'

'Well, there was a lad who used to go to the classes along with Annie. We knew him well. His parents were old friends of ours; his father was a fisherman who used often to go out with my husband. His name was Johnnie Briant. He was a fine well-grown young fellow, not over-steady until he began to go so often to the Vicarage. He was very fond of our Annie, and we used to smile, and say that some day he should take our Sunshine away to his own home. When he took to listening to what the Vicar said, he left off his idle ways, and he and Annie used to talk together of what they had learnt. After a time the Bishop came, and they were confirmed, and went together to the Holy Communion. Oh! Annie thought so much of that! She goes still, the Vicar said she might, and I think it would break her heart to prevent her. So it went on; they were engaged to be man and wife as soon as Johnnie should have earned enough. But a year ago, Johnnie went out fishing with his father. The day before was Sunday. He and Annie had been to church together, and they walked afterwards by the brook, and he gave her some of those blue flowers she brought in just now. She's so fond of them, and calls them "Johnnie's flowers." They set out early the next morning; but about noon, a sudden terrible storm of wind, with thunder and lightning, came on. We knew the boats must be some way out to sea; and oh! the fearful watching and wearying among the fishermen's wives, until one by one the boats came in. Briant's was not among them; it has never been heard of since. Annie caught a chill while watching on the beach for Johnnie's boat; and what with that and the waiting, and the not knowing after all what had become of them, a fever came on. It was on the brain, and the doctor never thought she would

get through it, but she did, only it made her the poor foolish creature she is now, and has been ever since.'

'And will she never be better?' I asked.

'No, Ma'am,' answered Mrs. Ellis, 'the doctor says there is no hope of that; and,' she added in a low voice, 'I think myself she'll not be here long. Her ways are not like other people's. She's ever thinking on the blessed Home above, and it's my belief she'll soon be there. She had a cough all the winter; you may hear it now sometimes—a low, hacking cough, and I think it means that she'll go soon.'

Indeed, when I looked at Annie, who had just re-entered the room, I noticed a transparent brilliancy in her complexion, and a bright shine in her blue eyes, which looked as if consumption had laid hold of her. I took my leave, promising to call again; and as I walked slowly home, I could not help thinking how true it is that God does not forsake those who have tried to live for Him, when sorrow and sickness come upon them. Here was poor Annie, her brightest hopes blighted, her health failing, her clearness of intellect and power of usefulness gone, yet calm and peaceful, teaching many sweet lessons by her life, while waiting for the call to go 'home,' as she always expressed it, and which, indeed, seemed to be not far distant.

I saw much of her during my stay at L——. Her peaceful sweet face, though she still watched daily for Johnnie's boat, seemed to soothe and cheer me; and many a ramble we had together on the beach, or along the top of the cliffs. She could tell the country-side names for all the birds and flowers we saw, and many a pretty country saying or legend about them. All the nests of eggs or unfledged birds were known to Annie, and the mother-bird never seemed fearful of her approach, or jealous of her watching the progress of the young broods. She almost lived in the open air, and among these innocent companions, for the cottage seemed to her confined and close, and the natural restlessness of her mental malady was calmed and soothed while murmuring to herself over some new-found treasure, such as a bird's nest hitherto undiscovered; or while making up exquisite nosegays of wild flowers, for which she had a great talent. It was quite a new life to me, and very refreshing after the many months spent in the streets of a dusty dirty town, to sit with Annie on the edge of one of the woods on the top of the cliffs, overlooking the fresh sea, while she was employed perhaps in wreathing long sprays of wild roses round her bonnet, in fantastic though always graceful shapes, talking to herself meanwhile in admiring strains of the lovely buds and flowers in her hand, or singing some little old-fashioned rhyme over them.

Sometimes she would be silent and mournful, though ever ready to smile if addressed; but at other times she would be gay and almost merry, playing like a child, and singing in a low sweet voice the carols and songs she had learnt in former days. Often she would talk earnestly and longingly of the Home in Heaven. She went regularly to church. There

was a good choir and daily service at L——, and she used to say that it seemed like Heaven to her fancy.

Before I left L——, it seemed to me that her step grew weaker, and her cough more constant and wearing, but her mother did not see any difference. I was very sorry to lose sight of her when I returned to my duties, especially as I felt that even if I could return the next summer, it was very unlikely that I should find Annie alive. She seemed, too, to meet with but little sympathy from her mother and sister. They were good and kind, but evidently considered her somewhat in the light of a burden; they had no share in her love for the Church Services, and were but seldom seen there. Sometimes, indeed, she persuaded one of them to accompany her, but this was a rare occurrence. She seemed chiefly to influence her young brother Harry, who was devotedly fond of her, and would do anything for his darling Annie. So I left L—— with many regrets; and during the autumn and winter of hard work which followed, my thoughts often wandered back to that glorious sea-view, and poor Annie.

The next May, I again had leisure for a short holiday; and having written to engage my former lodgings, I went down to L—— for the time. I arrived earlier in the day than on the occasion of my last visit, and as soon as I could find time, I hastened to the Ellis's cottage, in hopes of finding Annie. When I lifted the latch of the closed door, I saw only Mrs. Ellis in the little kitchen, and she was dressed in a black gown which at once told me its history, besides the worn and more aged look of her face. She did not at first recognize me, but when I reminded her who I was, she said,

‘Ah, and you are come to ask about poor poor Annie.’

She could not at first recover sufficient composure to proceed; but when she had wiped her eyes, and sat quiet for a minute or two, she looked up, and said,

‘Annie's gone home. She faded away very quietly, and was so calm and happy when she died.’

‘Can you tell me something about it?’ I asked gently, being anxious to hear of my favourite's last hours, and also thinking that it might comfort the poor mother to tell me of her grief.

‘Well, Ma'am,’ answered Mrs. Ellis, ‘all the autumn her cough seemed to grow worse and worse. She grew very thin, and seemed to suffer much sometimes, but she was very patient, and did not complain. She left off looking for Johnnie, and used to creep up to the church and sit there instead. She would beg and entreat me and Mary to come to the services with her, and I could not refuse her; and oh! Ma'am, they've been such a comfort to me, I only wish I had not neglected them so long as I did. Then when she grew very weak, Harry supported her there still, every evening. At last, however, came a bitter wind, and very cold weather, soon after Christmas. She caught a bad cold; it went to her lungs, she had no strength to stand against it, and the doctor said she

must die. It was very strange, but for the last day or two before she died, she seemed as bright and clear-headed as ever she was. She asked us all to forgive her for the trouble she had given us; poor darling, it was trouble we loved; and many other little things long gone by, that we had forgotten. The Vicar came to see her many times, and we all received the Holy Communion with her. She was very faint and weak after that service, and we saw that she was dying fast. When she had revived a little, she fell into a quiet sleep, from which she never awoke.'

Here the poor mother broke down, and I tried to say a few words of comfort.

'Oh, Ma'am,' she answered, 'I am not repining, indeed. My darling is far happier now than she was when she was with us, and it has been a blessed trial for us. Her brother Harry is quite a different lad to what he was—he is so steady and regular at church, and I hope he will be confirmed next time the Bishop comes. And Mary, she set herself to be our comfort, and she is as good a girl as ever was.'

I could not make a long stay at L—— this time, but I could see it was as she said. The mother and daughter were now most regular in their attendance at church, and at the Holy Communion; and Harry and his father were often to be seen at church too. The sorrow had been truly blessed to them; and Annie's short life, blighted though it had been, was an example of love and patience, which could not fail to teach its lesson to those who surrounded her. Her grave was under one of the thorn-bushes, near the wall by which she used to sit, overlooking the sea; and many a time have I sat there since then, thinking of her and her sweet though suffering life. The thought often cheers me in my lonely toil; and it is in the hope that it may do the same for others in my case, that I have ventured to write down my recollections of poor Annie Ellis.

ANIMAL-OMENS.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

It is a fact well worthy of more attention than it meets with, that a very large proportion of Folk-lore is just Fossil History. .

Everyone who has given, not simply a mere cursory glance or two, but a little measure of real attention, to the subject, or the examination, of fossils, will have seen a vast number—I don't mean of those which are ultimately thought worthy of the cotton wool of a private collection, or the printed name-slips and partitioned-off spaces of some public museum; but of the article in the rough, in the process of being extracted, or as newly extracted, from its stony bed—a vast number of which, from mutilation or original imperfection, it would be impossible for any except a master in the science, if even for him, to say what

they were or to what they belonged. How many too has one seen, which, either from having been 'doctored'—or 'cooked,' let us say; intentionally meddled with so as to make them appear to be what they are not; something rarer, or perhaps only dearer: or, perhaps, only 'hashed'—muddled or disguised by unskilful manipulation; * but, whether hashed or cooked, almost as much altered from the original actual article as the jack-boot of the life-guardsmen is popularly represented as being—potentially, that is—by the refined processes of a superior French cook.

And I almost think fossils of the folk-lore order are worse hashed and cooked and—another participle I should like to use, but which I will only indicate by saying it is the same, only with the prefix *be*, as one that is frequently placed in connection with 'leg of a turkey'—than fossils of the ordinary order. But whether hashed or cooked or simply mutilated; worn-down, almost defaced, by the pressure of time and the friction of change, and other rough usage; there they are, and able, if we examine them and cross-examine them cunningly, and put them to the question, and make them give up their meaning or what they assume to cover, to give us some intelligible and, surely—as we have seen in the Bee-notions already spoken of—interesting hints about a by-gone world of notions, thoughts, usages, hopes and fears, faith and practice.

I have a faint idea that someone has already called folk-lore 'fossil history;'† or if not, someone might have done so; and either way it suits my purpose—as I wanted the illustration—equally well. The 'short and compendious way,' and not so long ago either, with fossils, was to refer them all to the Flood. A shorter and more compendious one still prevailed, at least to some extent, before that; namely, to refer them all to the class of *lusus naturæ*, or to un-create them, in short. Very similar has been the usage met with by folk-lore; nay, is the usage it yet meets with at the hands of not a few; not a few, by any means. Their system, or 'way,' is beautifully short and compendious:—'Superstition. All superstition or ignorance; rank, benighted, ignorant superstition—that is the whole of it.' The deduction from the said 'way' is, 'Sweep it all away. It is best forgotten: good for nothing else, indeed, except to be forgotten.' But the freaks of nature, and the giant-, or Troll-work, and worse, of the over-tasked Flood, find small acceptance now-a-days; and so too, at least in a degree and that an increasing one, the fact that realities venerable with an extreme antiquity lie concealed in, are faintly shadowed forth, or perhaps indistinctly revealed by, the various tellings and sayings and doings that are denoted by the term

* As I saw an ancient inscription the other day, which had been well scratched, not to use a stronger word, before taking a rubbing of it!

† Since the above was written I have had recalled to my recollection the preface to 'Choice Notes from Notes and Queries—Folk-lore,' in which the compiler, speaking of fossils and what the systematic study of them has brought about, says:—'Such as were those petrifications and fossil remains such are the scattered fragments of folk-lore collected into this little volume.'

folk-lore, is now a recognized fact; and people are more than beginning to inquire—‘What is the historical significance, or the bearing upon historical matters, of this or that wild notion, quaint practice, strange legend or fancy, unthinking fear and apprehension, or what not, preserved among the folk?’ And not in vain. Most interesting answers have been obtained from each of these matters so enquired about. Nay, even a short name, or a syllable or two of such a name, may in many instances be thus questioned, or enquired of, and be found capable of giving a distinct and intelligible answer. I take our Cleveland provincial name for the lady-bird, one of several which we retain in daily use—Judy Cow. A name which might perhaps disarm the suspicions of those of ‘the straitest sect’ of the superstition ‘way,’ though possibly, even they might hesitate before connecting the name with the unhappy lady who so often illustrates, before absorbed juvenile audiences, the pitch to which the violence and cruelty of a hunch-backed husband with a squeaking voice is able to proceed; and then, the cow is surely a harmless creature enough. Still, the word cow contains the clue to a very startling piece of downright superstition; nay worse, downright invocation of a deposed heathen deity; as still practised in some countries by many among the younger, and especially the female portion of the population.

The French name for the lady-bird, (or one among the French names, more properly,) is *Bête à Dieu*, or *vache à Dieu*. Transpose and translate *vache*, retain and slightly corrupt *à Dieu*, and you find Judy-cow remains. Another of our Cleveland provincial names for the same insect is Cow-lady or Lady-cow; and just as the German forms, *Gotteskühlein*, *Gotteskalb*, *Herrgottsthierchen*, fall in with French *vache à Dieu*, *bête à Dieu*, and our Judy-cow, so, German *Marienkälblein* corresponds with our Lady-cow. But *Marienkälblein*, another form being *Marienkäfer*, joins on to Sw. *Jungfru Marie Nyckelpiga*, as Danish *Marihøne* is identical with the older *Freyjuhœna*; (Grimm, D. M. p. 658.) for ‘the old Norse goddess Freya seems to have been worshipped in Sweden under the name Fru. Already, at a very early period, the name of the goddess, together with many of the notions connected therewith, had been transferred to the Blessed Virgin, who in mediæval times was called by the country folk *Var Fru*, after the heathen goddess Fru. The flowers which had once bedecked Fru’s flowing robes were now appropriated, with an all but unchanged name, and with a connection of idea utterly heathen at bottom, to the “Our Lady” of Christendom. And of these old *Var Fru* flowers, have some preserved not only their name, but their reputed virtue or sanctity, down to these very days.’—*Wärend og Wirdarne*, p. 238.

And again:—‘If we collect the various and diffused features recognizable in our still surviving popular legends, everything seems to point to the fact that Fru was in old time worshipped as a feminine principle of life, the personification of a teeming nature, or world-being.

Beyond dispute, she has been from the earliest period regarded as a magna-mater, the mother parent of all in nature endowed with life.' *Ib.* p. 239.

What wonder then, and bearing in mind the change from Freya or Fru to Var Fru, that in Sweden the *Jungfru Marie Nyckelpiga* should not only be regarded 'as sacred to our Lady and therefore to be religiously kept unharmed, but also as able to give foretokens of what the weather is likely to be. The peasantry set the Lady-cow on their hand, and say—

"Mary's maiden, fly! fly! oh fly!
That morn may come with cloudless sky;"

and if the insect flies, the coming day will be fair.'

What wonder either that the Swedish 'maidens in the spring season set the Lady-bird on their hands and say—"This denotes my bridal glove;" and if the insect flies away watch the direction it takes in its flight, for from thence the destined bridegroom will come.' In two words, the Lady-cow is the envoy of the northern Venus, the goddess of Love and Life; and while to one maiden she shows whence her future spouse is to come, to another reveals how many years have yet to elapse—according as she can count one, two, three, and so on, before the little creature takes flight—before her wedding is to be looked for; to another boy or girl, declares, the same process being gone through, how many are to be the years of life's allotted span; to yet another votary foreshows, by the circumstances or character of its flight, the coming weather; the very number of the dark spots on her wing-cases are also rife with premonition to a fourth: if they exceed seven—one variety is specifically named *septem-punctata*—corn will be very dear in the coming season; but be they fewer—the second species is *bi-punctata*—an abundant harvest may be confidently expected. (Grimm. D. M. p. 658.)

An emissary or envoy from the gods, and one admitted to their confidence, where would its 'home' be? In connection with this question, note that one name, either of the Lady-cow itself or of a species invoked and regarded as the Lady-cow is, is *Sunnekieken*—in German, *Sonnenküchlein*, or wee bird of the sun. Heaven then, or the Sun, is where it dwells, its 'home.' Set side by side with this our English—

'Lady-bird! Lady-bird! Fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!'

Or the German—

'Mary-bug small! Mary-bug wee!
To thy wings and away! Hence must thou flee!
Thy cot is afire, thy motherling crying,
Thy fatherling sad on the threshold is lying.
To Heaven, I say!
From Hell away!'

and what do we make of the invocation, so coincident in its former part in either case, and so incongruous in the succeeding portion? Even without the fact that the Swiss children, beginning their invocation in a like manner with the English and the German, go on to promise an offering of milk and bread and a silver spoon to eat it with, we could scarcely see less in it than a recognition of the radiant home-place of the tiny but much regarded creature, and an acknowledgment of its claim to honour and respect thinly disguised under a latter-day alteration of the original form:—an alteration that involves both suppression and addition probably, both dictated by the same feeling which equips rapping old oaths in a flimsy slop-shop domino for the use of such dissemblers with oaths as scruple not to ‘swear by the temple,’ but count it a debt ‘to swear by the gold of the temple.’*

From the Lady-cow turn we now to the Magpie. An ‘ominous’ bird, a bird of ‘unluckiness,’ an ‘uncanny creature,’ it is termed in the course of seven consecutive lines in Mr. Henderson’s Folk-lore book. (pp. 94, 95.) People turn aside from their projected journey because a magpie crosses their path; others, no few of them, make the sign of the cross in the air, on the same event befalling; others turn round three times to avert the omen; and others, yet again, take off their hats and bow to the bird of fate; while everybody knows the popular rhyme or some one of its manifold and multiform versions, (all, equally with itself, no doubt corruptions or alterations, as in the case of the Lady-bird rhyme, of an older and truer form,) which runs something thus:—

‘One is sorrow, two mirth,
Three a wedding, four a birth;’

though not unfrequently, despite the rhyme, the last clause is—

‘and four’s death.’

In this country the magpie meets with no mercy. The gamekeeper, with gun, gin, and poison, strives to extirpate the whole species; every predaceous, nest-harrying school-boy plunders its too conspicuous nest; and not a few shoot or otherwise slay them, if they can, as if by murder-

* This Lady-bird rhyme may be, probably is, an instance of ‘cooking.’ As an instance of ‘hashing’—and ‘the force’ of ‘hashing’ surely ‘could no further go’—take the following:—speaking of the Lady-bird rhyme, which is called ‘a charm,’ and given in this form—

‘Lady-bird, Lady-bird, eigh thy way home;
Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam,
Except little Nan, who sits in her pan,
Weaving gold laces as fast as she can;’—

the writer says, ‘The Lady-bird is placed upon the child’s open hand, and the charm is repeated until the insect takes to flight. The warmth and moisture of the hand no doubt facilitate this, although the child believes fully in the moving power of the charm!!’ What a curious notion of a charm and the object thereof, such children—the writer among them, by his own admission—must have!

ing the indicator they would avert the misfortune. On the continent there are countries where the case is different. 'In France,' says Mr. Yarrell—I wonder if in Normandy—'the magpie is one of the few birds which no one seems to destroy.' 'In Sweden, neither the magpie, its nest, nor its eggs, are ever touched; while in Norway . . . it is on the most familiar terms with the inhabitants, picking close about their doors, walking inside their houses. . . . Few farm-houses are without several of them breeding under the eaves. In some trees close to houses their nests were several feet in depth, the accumulation of years of undisturbed and quiet possession.' (*British Birds*, pp. 111, 113.)

The writer from whom Mr. Yarrell quotes is so taken up with the one absorbing subject of birds, their nests and eggs—the object of his journey—that he has no thought even for the explanation, so simple, and lying so obviously on the surface, of the fact that a bird 'noted for its sly cunning habits here,' should manifest a 'demeanour' there so 'remarkably altered;' and still less (as might be expected, perhaps) for the reason of the treatment which affords the explanation. 'The kind feeling entertained towards the magpie, as well as to most species of birds,' by the natives, gauges the depth of his penetration.

Possibly what Grimm calls *eine spur des elstercultus*—some trace of magpie-worship—yet extant in Poitou; namely a dossil of heath and laurel twigs tied together and affixed to the point of a long pole *in honour of the magpie*, and in acknowledgment of services rendered by that bird to the country-folk; might have equally failed to rouse the attention of so utterly *pur et simple* an ornithologist. Mr. Henderson, however, in a note, with a reference to Thorpe's *Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 84, and illustrative of his statements in the text, that 'in parts of the continent no one *dares* to kill' the magpie; that in Sweden a farmer 'hopes no harm might befall' an English traveller who had killed some; comes somewhat nearer the mark, both in noticing the facts and offering an explanation. The note is—'The magpie is considered in Sweden a down-right witches' bird, belonging to the Evil One and the other powers of night.' Yes: but in Sweden, in the popular notions, who is 'the Evil One,' and who 'the other powers of night?'

No one can be better qualified to answer that question than Mr. Hylten Cavallius; and his distinct statement is that the transition from the northern Odin through 'a mediæval *Puke*, uniting the ideas of a southern vampire or devil and an oriental Satan,' into the modern 'Evil One,' is one that may be traced step by step with the utmost precision in Swedish Folk-lore, and that the 'other powers of night' are still denoted under the expressions, *Odenstyg*, *Odensroot*, or *Onroot*; the prefix being currently accepted as equivalent to *fans* (the fiend's) or *Satan's*!

But more by far than this:—'In direct connection with the heathen ideas of Odin as *Valfader*, or god of such as fall on the battle-field, and of Odin as *Hanga-Tyr*, or god of those who were offered in sacrifice and hung up in the consecrated groves, there remains yet in Wärend a still

lively popular belief connected with Odin's birds. (*Odens foglar*.) All the different species of the genus crow, but especially the raven, the jackdaw,* and the magpie, which, as carrion-birds, ate the flesh of the slain, are considered, even yet, among the commonalty, as in no light degree hallowed or dedicated, and the molestation of which, and still more their slaughter, looked upon as bringing inevitable calamity with it. Folks say of them that they are 'Odin's birds,' or 'the Pouke's companions,' or that they 'belong to the Evil One.' The magpie, in particular, is a bird of omen, and protected under the prevalence of an idea dating back to the extremest antiquity. Its nest, so often built in the old and venerated family tree standing in every court,† may on no account be interfered with. Should anyone pull out the nest, no doubt is entertained that his body will be covered with scabs. If the magpies be shot, the unluck will fall on the horses. If they are heard chattering, it bodes the advent of some strange tidings: and if heard in the night-time some terrible calamity is sure to ensue; as happened when the cholera broke out at Jonköping in the summer of 1834.'—*Wärend och Wirdarne*, p. 213.

Further yet. The magpies still maintain communications with Odin. In Mr. Henderson's note, already referred to, it is said, 'When the witches on Walpurgis night ride to the Blakulli, they go in the form of magpies.' Mr. Cavallius, however, states the matter thus;—that Odin, *alias* Skam, Pocker, or Fan, summons the birds called *Odens foglar* to his presence during eight days at Olofsmas-tide (July 29), or at least inspects them, at Heckenfell or Blaakulla.' So that, Odin's birds by Odin right and prescription, and even yet statedly summoned to his dread presence, no wonder they know what is to happen, especially when the forthcoming is in its own nature calamitous or unlucky; and no wonder that magpie-rhymes—once no doubt rhyming invocations, as in the case of the Lady-cow, though with a different kind of burden—involving the ideas of coming misfortune, fatality, or other events, should be familiar as household words in the mouths of our folk in all parts of the kingdom; or that practices, consonant with our assumed radical notion in such rhymes, should be prevalent among so many in all classes of our population!

There is yet another aspect in which Animal-omens may be regarded, involving the other class of Bee-notions adverted to in a former paper, and which may more fitly be noticed in a future one.

* Mr. Cavallius specially mentions the jackdaw (*Kaja*), and one is surprised at the omission of so notable a carrion-feeder as the hooded crow, which abounds in Scandinavia, and in fact, among its local names has the distinctive appellation of 'Norwegian crow.'

† The farm-house and premises are built in the form of a court, or a square space surrounded by the house, barn, stables, &c., and so are designated a *Gaard*.

MOORISH ANTIQUITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY J. G. HINCKS.

How full of interest are always the traces left by the nations of antiquity, the signs of their past greatness, the ruined and scattered relics of stupendous power, of mighty intellect, of refined taste! They give a clearer significance to history, and clothe its barren statements with startling reality. The scene and its actors are for the time brought vividly before our imaginations; we behold their joys and sorrows, their ambition and their fall, their lives and their deaths: like the Jericho Rose, the past blooms for us once more.

Peculiarly interesting are the monuments of the Moorish dominion in Spain, the mute records of a cultivated, learned, and chivalrous people, who were destined to play so strange a part in the world's story. By a speedy succession of victories, the Arabs spread their invading hordes along the northern coast of Africa, and having put an end to the Gothic rule in Spain, overran the peninsula. To them Europe owes much of her greatness, for they aroused her from that gloomy sleep of barbarism into which she had sunk at the fall of the Roman Empire, and gave, as it were, the first new impetus toward civilization. They brought with them from the East, not only the most perfect acquaintance with the exact sciences, and a peculiarly rich and graceful style of architecture, but also the knowledge of the manufacture of paper, and the invention of gunpowder, which they had learned from the Chinese and the Greeks, and the whole theory of chivalry so readily adopted by the West. The conquerors set themselves to improve the state of their new possession. They built cities, constructed roads, bridges, reservoirs, and aqueducts; and were as remarkable for their commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, as for their learning. The Universities of Córdoba, Seville, Granada, and Toledo, were celebrated all over Europe. Thither flocked not only the young nobles of Spain, but those also of distant countries. Crichton says, 'Córdoba, Seville, and Granada, rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries.' Casivi has enumerated the names and writings of nearly one hundred and seventy eminent men, natives of Córdoba alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal library containing four hundred thousand volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death, of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin, of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casivi has recorded the names and works of one hundred and twenty authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the University of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia, were all furnished with splendid

literary apparatus. In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them. The Moors were skilled in music and poetry. They introduced into Spain the guitar and other musical instruments, and were, it is said, the inventors of rhyme. In short, in the midst of the Christian world they raised a powerful and prosperous Moslem Empire.

It is interesting to observe the course of events, and the changes that took place in Spain as centuries rolled on. At first governed by Emirs, as a dependancy of the Caliphate of Damascus, it became an independent kingdom under Abderrahman. Before this, even in the time of the Emirs, the little Christian state of Asturias had arisen, the first king of which was Pelayo. In course of time it increased and included Galicia, and in the beginning of the eleventh century was divided into the kingdoms of Leon and Castile. The second Christian power in Spain was Navarre, which much enlarged, afterwards formed the two kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon. At the time of the establishment of these four Christian sovereignties, the Moorish Caliphate, the capital of which was Toledo, came to an end. The last caliph being deposed, it was divided into a number of small kingdoms. The separation was the first step towards its downfall. These states were continually warring with one another; while the Christian kingdoms, increasing in strength and territory, gradually re-conquered the country. In these constant wars Castile was perhaps the foremost, and owed much of her fame to the celebrated hero, Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, to whom the Moors themselves gave the distinguishing title of *el seîd*, the lord, corrupted by the Spaniards into *el Cid*. Once more the Moorish states were united into one kingdom, under Yusef, whose successors, the Almoravides, and after them the Almohades, reigned for nearly a century. In 1230 there were three Moorish monarchs in Spain. Speedily now the Moslem power gave way before the Spanish arms. Toledo, Valencia, Seville, and Córdoba, were taken successively. After the conquest of Córdoba, there remained only one Moorish kingdom—Granada, whose sovereign, Mohammed Ibu Alahmar, was the vassal of Ferdinand of Castile. Wars again broke out between the Moors and the Spaniards, and were continued down to the period of the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile.

The history of the Moors from their first incursion to their final expulsion is closely mingled with romance, and it is difficult to trace the true course of events, 'so much variation is there,' as Mendoza says, 'in the Arabian histories, although they are called the writings of truth.' At the outset we are met by a legend. It is said, that at the accession of Roderic, the last of the Gothic Kings of Spain, there was standing at Toledo, the capital, a house which had never been opened within the

memory of man, but was securely closed, and forbidden to be entered, under very severe penalties. It was the custom for each king to place on it a new lock, in addition to the many which were already there. The custodians of the place therefore petitioned the king, according to usage, on his accession, to follow the example of his predecessors. But his curiosity being aroused, he not only refused to do so, but stated his intention of having the house opened, and examining the interior, that he might discover what secret it contained. Notwithstanding all their entreaties that he would not search into a mystery which had been hitherto so strictly concealed, he was determined to carry out his project. The locks were all taken off, and Roderic entered the house. But he found nothing of any consequence excepting a chest very carefully fastened. This was opened, and the king saw that it contained only a parchment scroll, on which was drawn a Moorish figure in warlike attire. Beneath it an inscription signified that when the house and chest should be opened, and the figure on the scroll discovered, a nation resembling that warrior would conquer and possess Spain. Roderic, alarmed, and repenting his ill-advised curiosity, replaced the scroll in the chest, and caused the house to be as securely shut up as before; and as years passed on, he is said to have entirely forgotten the circumstance. But the omen was to be fulfilled. Count Julian, Governor of Ceuta, then a Spanish colony, entered into traitorous communications with Muza, the Arab General of Tangiers, which belonged to the Caliphate of Damascus. He described the beauty and fertility of Spain, and the easy prey which its internal dissensions would render it, and promised him his assistance, if he would attempt its invasion. The Moslem commander, agreeing to this proposition, sent troops under Tarif, one of his captains, to make a landing, which they did at a place ever since known by the name of Tarifa. This expedition being successful, Muza next sent a much larger force, commanded by Tarik, who landed at Gibraltar, which takes its name from him, being corrupted from Gebel Tarik, the rock of Tarik. Having penetrated as far as Xeres de la Frontera, near Cadiz, he was opposed by Roderic, who had marched out to meet him. The two armies engaged in a conflict that lasted seven days, and ended in the total defeat of the Gothic king. The Moors now spread themselves over Spain, their numbers being continually increased by fresh forces from Africa.

‘The city of Granada,’ says Mendoza,* ‘was peopled by the inhabitants of Damascus, who came thither with Tarif, their captain, and ten years after the Arabs had overthrown the Gothic Empire of Spain, chose it as their habitation, because the air and soil resembled those of their own land. At first they settled in Libera, anciently called Illiberis, and by us Elvira, a place among the mountains opposite to which the city is now—

* Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, ambassador of Charles V., was equally celebrated as a general, a politician, an author, and a promoter of literature. He was a son of Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, one of the generals who took part in the conquest of Granada.

where there was a scarcity of water, and little profit—called the Hill of the Infantes, because the Infantes Don Pedro and Don Juan had their camp there when they died, routed by Ozmin, captain of King Ismael. Granada was one of the towns of Iberia, and was inhabited by the people whom Tarif Abentiet left there when he took it, after a long siege; but it was small, poor, and populated by different nations, like many destroyed places. It had no king until Habuz Aben Habuz, (1014,) who united the people of both places, and founded a city by the tower of San Jose, called “of the Jews,” in the Alcazava, and had his own dwelling in the *Casa del Gallo*, in the Albaycin. He placed over the roof his statue on horseback, with lance and shield, which, like a weather-cock, turned to all sides, and an inscription which said, “Habúz Aben Habuz the Wise says, that thus should Andalusia be defended.”

This was, no doubt, intended to indicate the necessity of constant watchfulness over every part of the kingdom, but tradition has given it quite another meaning. The legend says that the place was built for Aben Habuz by a powerful magician, and its purpose was to give the king warning of the approach of danger, which was done in a very peculiar manner. I think I cannot do better than quote Washington Irving’s account of the building in his *Tales of the Alhambra*.

‘In the upper part of the tower was a circular hall, with windows looking towards every point of the compass, and before each window was a table, on which was arranged, as on a chess-board, a mimic army of horse and foot, with the effigy of the potentate who ruled in that direction, all carved of wood. To each of these tables there was a small lance, no bigger than a bodkin, on which were engraved certain Chaldaic characters. This hall was kept constantly closed, by a gate of brass, with a great lock of steel, the key of which was in possession of the king.

‘On the top of the tower was a bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with a shield on one arm, and his lance elevated perpendicularly. The face of this horseman was towards the city, as if keeping guard over it; but if any foe were at hand, the figure would turn in that direction, and would level the lance as if for action.’

The working of the magic apparatus is described as follows:—

‘Tidings were brought, early one morning, by the sentinel appointed to watch the tower, that the face of the bronze horseman was turned towards the mountains of Elvira, and that his lance pointed directly against the Pass of Lope.

“Let the drums and trumpets sound to arms, and all Granada be put on the alert,” said Aben Habuz.

“O King,” said the astrologer, “let not your city be disquieted, nor your warriors called to arms; we need no aid of force to deliver you from your enemies. Dismiss your attendants, and let us proceed alone to the secret hall of the tower.”

‘The ancient Aben Habuz mounted the staircase of the tower, leaning

on the arm of the still more ancient Ibrahim Ebu Abu Ajeeb. They unlocked the brazen door, and entered. The window that looked towards the Pass of Lope was open. "In this direction," said the astrologer, "lies the danger; approach, O King, and behold the mystery of the table."

'King Aben Habuz approached the seeming chess-board, on which were arranged the small wooden effigies, when, to his surprise, he perceived that they were all in motion. The horses pranced and curveted, the warriors brandished their weapons, and there was a faint sound of drums and trumpets, and the clang of arms, and neighing of steeds; but all no louder nor more distinct than the hum of the bee, or the summer fly, in the drowsy ear of him who lies at noontide in the shade.

"Behold, O King," said the astrologer, "a proof that thy enemies are even now in the field. They must be advancing through yonder mountains by the Pass of Lope. Would you produce a panic and confusion amongst them, and cause them to retreat without loss of life, strike these effigies with the butt-end of this magic lance; but would you cause bloody feud and carnage among them, strike with the point."

'A livid streak passed across the countenance of the pacific Aben Habuz; he seized the mimic lance with trembling eagerness, and tottered towards the table; his grey beard wagged with chuckling exultation. "Son of Abu Ajeeb," exclaimed he, "I think we will have a little blood!"

'So saying, he thrust the magic lance into some of the pigmy effigies, and belaboured others with the butt-end, upon which the former fell as dead upon the board, and the rest turning upon each other, began pell-mell a chance-medley fight.

'It was with difficulty the astrologer could stay the hand of the most pacific of monarchs, and prevent him from absolutely exterminating his foes; at length he prevailed upon him to leave the tower, and to send out scouts to the mountains by the Pass of Lope.

'They returned with the intelligence that a Christian army had advanced through the heart of the Sierra, almost within sight of Granada, where a dissension had broken out among them; they had turned their weapons against each other, and after much slaughter, had retreated over the border.

'The king having quarrelled with the astrologer, the magic properties of the bronze horseman disappeared, and the talisman became useless.'

Underneath this fable there appears to be a hidden application to electricity. The Arabians were deeply skilled in chemistry, and it would not be surprising if in studying the transmutation of metals, they had discovered some means of electric communication, of which the bronze horseman was the signal. In Higden's Polychronicon mention is made of the Golden House at Rome, which is described as being very similar to the *Casa del Gallo*. In the hall there were little images of all the

provinces, each with its name inscribed upon it, and a golden bell hung round its neck. If a disturbance took place in any one of these provinces, the image turned round, and the bell rang. On the summit of the palace was the figure of a horseman holding a spear, which he always pointed in the direction where danger had arisen. This house would probably have been built after the model of the Moorish edifice, had the latter had a scientific origin. We must notice, that although in the legend the *Casa del Gallo* is stated to be a mysterious tower, strongly secured, Mendoza expressly says that Aben Habuz fixed his own residence there. Divested of its magic qualities, it would simply appear that the palace was the dwelling of the king, and had an electric communication with the different quarters of the kingdom. The old building of the *Casa del Gallo* is still standing, and is now used as a manufactory.

There are various hypotheses as to the origin of the name of Granada. Some derive it from *Granatus*, a pomegranate, a fruit which grows in great luxuriance in the neighbourhood, and believe that Granada was founded and first inhabited by the Romans. Others maintain that it took its name from the *Casa del Gallo*, which Aben Habuz called *Garbnaath*. 'They say that from the name of *Naath*, his wife, and because it looked towards the west, (which in their language is *garb*,) he called it *Garbnaath*, that is to say, *Naath* of the west. Others say that from a cave at the door of Bibatanbin, the dwelling of La Cava, daughter of Count Julian the traitor, and from *Nata*, which was her own name, it was called *Garnata*, the cave of *Nata*. But what is considered by them (the Moors) to be more credible, and is found in their oldest writings, is that it took its name from a cave which crossed from that part of the city towards a village called Alfacar, which in my childhood I saw open, and which was considered a sacred place, where the wise men of that nation cured persons afflicted with evil spirits.' *

The Spanish historian goes on^o to relate that by the dissensions of the surrounding potentates, the wars of the Kings of Castile, and the union of the two towns before mentioned, Granada soon became very powerful.

'From that time there was no lack of kings until Abenhut, who drove the Almohades from Spain, and made Almená head of the kingdom. Abenhut having died by the hands of his own people, the inhabitants of Granada, with the power and arms of the saint-king Don Ferdinand III., took for their king Mahamet Alhamar, lord of Arjona, who changed the seat of government to Granada, which had so increased, that in the time of the King Bulhaxix, when it was at the height of its prosperity, it contained, according to the Moors, seventy thousand houses. It at all times was the subject of fear, and at some periods of much care, to the Kings of Castille. It is said that Bulhaxix discovered the secrets of alchemy, and with the money (thus obtained) enclosed the Albaicin, divided it from the city, and built the Alhambra, with the tower called that of Comares, from him who erected it; a royal and celebrated

* Mendoza.

dwelling, after its manner, which was increased by the ten kings, his successors, whose portraits are seen in one of the halls, some of whom were known in our time as the wise men of the land.'

Other authorities state that the founder of the Alhambra was Mahamed Abu Alhamar, from whom it took its name, and that the great work being carried on by succeeding kings, was at length completed by Yusuf Abul Haxix, or Bulhaxix, as Mendoza calls him, who was murdered by a maniac in the royal mosque of the Alhambra. This king built the great Gate of Judgment, the entrance to the fortress. Even here superstition will creep in. The building, it is said, was first raised, and still maintains its place, by enchantment. On the key-stone of the arch of the great porch is carved an immense hand, and a large key is sculptured on that of the inner portal. There is a prophecy that when the hand shall grasp that key, the whole building will fall, and the inestimable treasures and magic spells hidden beneath it be revealed and dissolved.

Perhaps there is no place in Europe which is to a greater extent the home of superstition than the Alhambra. Almost every hall and court in the palace has its tradition. Countless are the tales of Moslem phantoms, of mysterious groanings, of concealed treasures. These last are by far the most numerous. The Moors, when losing their dominion in Spain, and being driven from one stronghold to another, often hid their treasures in the earth, hoping for better fortune and a time when they should return to their former habitations. Many of these being discovered, especially about Granada and in the Alhambra, gave rise to the opinion that immense hoards yet remained undiscovered. Indeed, the lower class of the inhabitants of Granada seem to look upon the Alhambra as a vast mine of hidden treasure. In the numerous legends relating to this subject, the gold and jewels are secured by enchantment, or guarded by spectral Moors. A great number of the local tales refer to the finding of these riches. Such is the legend of the Two Sisters, from which the *Sala de las dos Hermanas* takes its name. In this beautiful hall it is related that a Moorish spirit appeared to two Spanish ladies, and endowed them with great wealth. As a specimen of another kind of legend, I may mention the Hall of the Abencerrages, whence at midnight sighs and groans are heard to proceed, mingled with the clang of chains. The hall is supposed to be haunted by the spirits of the murdered tribe, who nightly lament over their untimely fate. The *Torre de los Siete Suelos*, or Tower of the Seven Floors, a ruinous portion of the fortress, which was blown up by the French, is also the scene of a ghostly legend. From a low archway in the tower bursts forth at midnight a terrible apparition in the shape of a headless horse, followed by a pack of howling dogs. The spectral train pursue their wild course through the streets of Granada, and scour the avenues of the Alhambra until the break of day dispels the enchantment, when they return to the tower, and disappear within the same gateway. Some say

that the phantoms are guarding a hidden treasure, while others believe that they are the spirits of a Moorish king and his sons, whom he murdered and buried in the vaults.

Many traces of the Moorish dominion exist in Granada. Old houses, arches, wells, &c., are constantly met with, and some quarters retain an especially oriental character. Among these may be noticed the Vivairrambla, a large oblong square, entered by a beautiful Moorish arch, where tournaments and all great public spectacles were held. Into the Vivairrambla opens the Zacatin, a long and very narrow street, where, in the time of the Moors, the principal commercial business of the city was carried on. Many of the old houses are still standing, and awnings are stretched from one side of the street to the other, adding to the oriental effect of the whole. The Alcayceria, or Moorish bazaar, is another antiquity. A portion of it is still standing. It consists of a number of narrow streets with low open shops, and is known by the name of *las botegas Arabes*—the Arabian shops. But the stranger in Granada who delights in searching out Moorish remains, will find the Albaycin pre-eminently interesting. The hill is ascended by narrow winding streets, bordered with houses of true Eastern construction, with narrow slits in their walls for windows, and here and there a fine archway; the whole is said to be undermined by subterranean passages. There are innumerable legends connected with this quarter, which is inhabited by the descendants of the Moors, who seem to have congregated here. The hill is surmounted by the fortress of the Albaycin, now in ruins, at one time the stronghold of Boabdil, when in revolt against his father, the reigning monarch of Granada.

There are, as may be expected, many superstitious customs, relics of ancient usages, still observed in Granada. One of the prettiest of these is the custom of the inhabitants to flock at midnight on St. John's Eve to the banks of the Xenil, and bathe their hands and faces in the stream. The Eve of St. John in all Christian lands seems to have become in popular opinion the chosen time for enchantment, for working of spells, and for supernatural appearances. According to tradition, it is on that night only that the Alhambra is released from the enchantment under which it lies. Then mysterious sounds are heard, and Moorish spectres appear to terrified mortals. Then from a great pit in the mountains of Granada, troop forth the whole Moorish army and the court of Boabdil. For those who disappeared over the Sierra Nevada, says the legend, were only shadows sent to deceive the Christians. The true Boabdil with his real court and warriors entered these mountains; there they have remained enchanted through succeeding centuries, and will still wait until the time be come for the overthrow of the Christian dominion, and the restoration of the Moslem rule. The spell is removed for this one night in the whole year; they march to Granada in triumphant procession, music playing, banners flying; they enter the Alhambra, which now appears in all its ancient magnificence, the courtiers range themselves

around their king, in the Hall of Ambassadors, the courts and *salas* are filled with guests, and the scenes of bygone ages are re-acted until the approach of daylight brings the appointed period to its close. Back again to the mountains, as they had come, march the Moors; they enter the cave, and the spell resumes its sway for another year. The march of the ghostly train, it is said, has often been witnessed; and there are many tales on the subject, of which the following is a specimen.

One of the men who gather ice from the Sierra Nevada was once returning home down the mountains. Being very tired, he fell asleep, while his old mule, which had been accustomed to the road for many years, carried him on in safety. When at length he awoke, he looked about him in astonishment. The city lay beneath, but its aspect was entirely changed. Instead of the churches, the convents, and the cathedral of Granada, he saw mosques and minarets with gilded crescents. While still gazing at this transformation, he perceived a large army marching up the mountain from the city. As it approached him he saw that all the soldiers were in Moorish armour, and carried Moslem banners. They had a band of musical instruments on which they seemed to be playing, but no sound was heard; there was not even the slightest noise as the troops marched by, and the faces of all were pale. The man tried to get out of the way, but the old mule stood still, trembling, and would not move an inch, so that he was obliged to see all the phantoms pass close beside him. At length, towards the rear, rode the Grand Inquisitor of Granada, mounted on a white mule, between two soldiers. The muleteer was rather surprised to see him there, for he was a zealous persecutor of heretics; but he thought he should be safe from any enchantment if he made the sign of the cross, and asked the priest's blessing. He did so, but immediately received a violent blow which sent him and his steed over the precipice. When he came to his senses, it was morning. He was lying in a deep ravine, and the mule grazed beside him. Notwithstanding his bruises, he crawled back to Granada, which he found wearing its usual appearance of a Christian city. The Grand Inquisitor, it is said, died before the end of the year.

Full of interest to the stranger in Granada is the track over which the unhappy Boabdil passed, when compelled to leave his kingdom, his city of Granada, and his beloved Alhambra. Leaving the fortress by a gateway of the *Torre de los Siete Suelos*, which, as a last favour, he entreated might be afterwards blocked up, he and his retinue mournfully ascended the mountains, whence he could watch the receding domes and minarets of Granada, and gaze beyond them over the beauties of the flowery Vega, where the Xenil, the 'silver Xenil,' as every writer terms it, flowed like a winding ribbon through the plain. He could glance over at that hill called *La Silla del Moro*, whither he had once fled on the breaking out of an insurrection; he could see his palace of the Generalife, the Torres Vermejas, and the Alhambra, where his younger days had been passed in imprisonment, and his later years in magnificence:

what wonder that, these familiar and beloved objects disappearing for ever from his sight, his despondency increased at every step along the *Cuesta de las Lagrimas*, and the deposed monarch, the sorrowful exile, burst into bitter weeping. Little can we sympathize with the stern reproof of Aixa la Horra, 'You do well to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man.' How despairing must have been Boabdil's farewell glance as he lingered at the last point whence he could see his lost Granada—*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*.

Great is the contrast presented to our minds by the scene in that city, so lately the Moorish capital, now fallen under the Christian sway. Ferdinand and Isabel, *los reyes católicos*, enter its gates in triumphant procession, pass through the deserted streets, and enter the Alhambra, marveling at the oriental splendour and beauty which each step discloses to them. The standards of the sovereigns wave upon the tower of Comares, and the cross planted beside them glitters strangely amongst the minarets and crescents. The Hall of Ambassadors is hastily prepared, an altar erected, and Don Fernando de Talavera celebrates high Mass before the court and the victorious army, while Columbus, the future discoverer of the New World, takes his humble place as a spectator of the ceremony. What a difference between this picture and its reverse! On one side triumphant acclamations and rejoicings over the prize fallen into the hands of the conquerors; on the other, the vanquished slowly and sorrowfully taking their weary march over the mountains into exile. Boabdil and his court retired into Africa, where it is said he built himself a palace in imitation of the Alhambra, and spent his life in bewailing the kingdom he had lost.

Los reyes católicos having appointed Fernando de Talavera Archbishop of Granada, and Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, conde de Tendilla, governor of the Alhambra, sought to bring their new possession under the same laws as the rest of their dominions. Full of zeal for the Christian faith, they decided that there could be but one religion in the kingdom, and sought to convert their Moorish subjects who had remained in Granada. With this object they sent Fray Francisco Jimenez, cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, to preach to them and persuade them. But the Moors being firm in their adherence to their own faith, the Spaniards proceeded to such severities, that insurrection after insurrection broke out. It certainly appears that the Moors were subjected to needlessly harsh restrictions. They were prohibited the use of baths, considered indispensable in a Moorish household; and music, amusements, and festivals of all kinds, were denied them. No doubt these prohibitions were made lest large meetings might promote rebellion, and the underground passages communicating with the baths be applied to treasonable purposes; but they pressed very heavily on the Moorish part of the population, who felt themselves an oppressed and persecuted race, living in the midst of their prosperous and contented conquerors. The consequence was a serious revolt. The Moors of the Albaycin, which

was pre-eminently the Moorish quarter, communicated with those of the Vega and the Alpujarras, who in their turn sent to solicit assistance from the Moslem princes of Africa. They elected as their king a descendant of Aben Humeya, one of the grandsons of Mahomet, under the title of Mahomet Aben Humeya, King of Granada and Córdoba. This revolt led to the war of Granada against the Moors, the last struggle made by the Moslems against the Spanish power. This insurrection having been quelled, the greater part of the Moors quitted the country, while those who remained, cruelly persecuted by the Inquisition, at length conformed, outwardly at least, to the Christian religion. It is said, however, that to this day the Moors of the Albaycin secretly practise Mahometan rites.

Some of those Moorish families who left Spain, and sought a refuge in the Moslem states of Africa, took with them the title-deeds of their estates, and sometimes even the keys of their houses, which, carefully preserved by their descendants, are in existence at the present day. They even now lament their expulsion from that earthly paradise, Granada, which they say is situated immediately beneath the celestial one; and the more sanguine of them look forward to the decline of the Spanish kingdom, and their own restoration to what they consider their rightful country.

The Moors have exercised an immense influence over Europe, and one perhaps not sufficiently recognized. Alternately conquerors, possessors, and exiles, driven, after a sovereignty of centuries, from their last stronghold by the race they had subjugated and governed, it seems as if their fate had been to introduce civilization and refinement, and as soon as that destiny was accomplished, and these were firmly rooted, to perish as a nation from the face of the earth.

A PEEP AT HELGOLAND IN 1866.

‘Grün ist der Rand,
Roth ist die Wand,
Weiss ist der Sand,
Das sind die Farben von Helgoland.’

‘WHERE *shall* we go?’ was the inquiry exchanged round our German breakfast-table one morning. August, with its burning sun and languid heat, was making some change imperative. Karlsbad had been decided on, but Bismark and the Emperor of Austria had deprived peace-loving people of the pleasures of Karlsbad for the time; and so, after many debates, Helgoland was agreed on.

The evening of the 10th of August found us at Hamburg, *en route* for the tiny little speck of British territory; and the following morning, at seven, two cumbrous old Hamburger droschken took us to the

‘Landungsbrücke für Dampfschiffe am Hamburger Hafen,’ a picturesque old bridge of pile-work. The steam was already up; and we were soon settled on deck of the ‘Helgoland,’ looking down on the busy Altona basin, covered with vessels of all dimensions, bearing the flags of every nation, and carrying the produce of all quarters of the globe—some battered and repaired, telling of battles fought and won, with the raging wind and waters; others trim and new.

‘The muddy Elbe,’ as it is generally named, calls forth ideas of traffic rather than suggestions of beauty, but the banks below Hamburg are very pretty. The left—wild and weird-looking, with its sedge-covered border, on which some solitary-looking storks were roaming about in search of food, while an isolated tree or wind-mill looms phantom-like in the background. The right—bright and sunny-looking, with its sloping ground covered with beautiful oak and beech trees, amid which peeps forth the handsome villa of many a rich Hamburg merchant; and close down to the shore, one sees every now and then the neat small house of an old pilot, whose chief pastime is to stand with pipe in mouth, watching and criticizing the passing vessels. The day was beautiful, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until we reached Schaarhorn, about one o’clock. Here the division of the brown waters of the Elbe and the green waters of the North Sea is sharply defined, and one sees *die weissen Brandungen laufen*. Now begin the miseries of *seekrankheit*; and when, soon after, Cuxhaven is reached, things have attained their climax. We were supposed to have a splendid passage; the preceding week everyone had been obliged to go down in the cabins, the sea making a ‘clean sweep’ over everything.

Between four and five p.m. land was to be seen, and by degrees we saw the little islet rising amid the vast waste of waters; the steamer soon steered between the island and the Düne, the anchor dropped down into the foam-crested waves of the green North Sea, and the firing of a cannon from the mainland welcomed us to Helgoland. A swarm of small boats, like so many nut-shells on the water, were waiting to convey the passengers to land. The cool imperturbable character of the Helgolandiers may be seen at the very onset of one’s arrival among them. There they sit, resting on their oars, with immovable forms and features, while all is bustle and confusion around them. Sometimes one is sufficiently roused to lend a helping hand to a passenger who would get into his boat—no easy task, tossing up and down, and slipping from underneath the foot at the very moment when one would step in. Half way between the anchorage and the island the passage money is collected, which is twelve Hamburger shillings: there are forty-eight to a thaler, or three English shillings. Hamburger money is current in the island.

The poor wretched invalids, who expect to land among a few quiet pilots and fishermen, are now cruelly awakened from this delusion. Before the foremost boat touches the shore, gay strains from the Bademusick are heard, and the beach is crowded with fashionably

dressed Badsgäste, and the Lästerallee has to be passed. This well named quizzing alley is a narrow passage over planks, with ropes serving as barriers on each side; and it is no small ordeal for poor tottering creatures, scarcely able to stand, with blanched faces and disordered dresses, to endure the quizzing and the *kind* greetings from the *gamin* of the islet. One tries to look perfectly unconscious, and as if walking alone by the sad sea waves; while another seems too ill and wretched even to care for the march in single file up the Lästerallee, to the usual '*Ei! guten Tag Herr Schmidt Sind Sie auch da Herr Dorf.*' One gentleman, with his hat battered and bent, and moreover secured to the button-hole of his coat by a *binnfadon*, had an especial greeting—'*Ei! Sie sind für die Runstausshellung fertig!*'

The island is divided into the Unter and Oberland. The latter is reached by a long flight of one hundred and eighty-four wooden steps; and as this is the only way of reaching the upper part, many persons prefer residing below, to avoid the mounting and descending; but the air on the Oberland is purer. The principal places of amusement, the Conversationhaus and the Pavilion, are *en bas*; in the former there is a table d'hôte daily at three o'clock; and this summer about three hundred dined there every day; and when one recollects that everything has to be brought from Hamburg, the *Lebensmittel* could not be complained of; but fish epicures must not come to Helgoland, for during five weeks the only fish seen on the *table d'hôte* was *seezünge* (soles) either boiled or fried. In the Conversationshaus is a reading room, where the twice a week received papers can be perused; and on the second storey there is a *spielsaal*. In this building are also held the réunions, which take place generally twice a week, when the large *salle-à-manger* is cleared of its tables and chairs, and room given to the dancers and *bademusick*.

The Pavilion is the usual after-dinner resort; it is on the strand, and the visitors can sip their coffee, watch the ever-varying sea, and listen to the band at the same time. The first of the three might be called a daily penitence, for it is a most wretched beverage, perhaps partly on account of the bad water, and also because the milk of sheep and goats must take the place of that of cows. True, the Governor's cow is not now treated with the same respect as used to be the case, when it was the only one of the species on the island; but although there are now a few more, the goats and sheep yield the greater part of the milk used on the island.

In the Unterland are the two principal promenades, the Gesundheitsallee, and the Binnfadenallee. The former extends all along the beach, or rather strand, and is a planked way, between lines of boats of all sorts and sizes, but all strong and firm—no little punts, or cockle-shells of pleasure-boats; and nearly all are adorned with some wonderful and grotesque painting; others have also inscriptions—one was, *Der Herr wolle bewahren alle die mit den Gebrudern zu See fahren*, and two young men in bright sky-blue coats personified *die Gebruder*. The

Binnfadenallee is the street in which are the principal places of business—the apothecary's shop, the barber's, and the watch-maker's; the latter carries on the two trades of fishing and watch-mending, the former being apparently the most profitable, for one may chance to go to him three times and find that he is 'out fishing.' There is also a *Leihbibliothek* in this street, which contains from fifty to sixty volumes of novels, in German, French, and English. This is a real boon on wet days, when the sole occupations of the Badegäste—bathing and boating—are impracticable, when the sea becomes a muddy reddish-brown colour, the streets swim with the same tinted water, and the charms of Helgoland have totally disappeared for the time.

Nearly opposite the Conversationshaus is a little street—if such a narrow thing can be called a street—which leads to the *Treppe*. At the foot of the steps are nearly the only trees in the island, the Strauch of the Helgolanders; under these lime-trees the fish-sellers generally sit. The *Treppe* were built by the Danes, about 1770, but were reconstructed by the English in 1834. On reaching the top, a line of pilots is nearly always to be seen, leaning over the *Falin*, a low wall facing the sea. Here they stand hour after hour, looking over the ocean, watching for a red flag in the distance, or what they like still better, the appearance of a wreck; for the islanders claim the third part as their share; indeed, the broad ideas of their due, would be counted robbery in other countries.

The life on land of the Helgolander is a very indolent one: lounging about, with pipe in the mouth, and hands in the pockets, with an occasional visit to the *Wirthhaus*, seems their only employment; while the poor women have all the hard work left to them. Formerly, it was even worse than now, for they seem ashamed for the strangers to see the women carrying the heavy baskets of turf, &c.; so now a helping hand is sometimes given, which was not the case before Helgoland became a fashionable bathing-place.

The men and women are a hardy, strong-looking race; but the latter age very early, owing to their work. The dress of the men has nothing very different from other seamen and pilots; but the costume of the women is uncommon and picturesque. The gown is of bright red stuff, with a band of brimstone yellow at the bottom. The bonnet is like those worn by the mine-girls in Cornwall; only the latter are made of white or coloured calico, while those of the Helgolanders are of black silk, or satin.

The church is in the Oberland, an uninteresting edifice, built in the seventeenth century. The love of the paint-pot extends even to God's House, for the occupants of the pews have their names painted on a large board, and nailed up opposite to where they sit. 'Anna' seems to be a very common name; in one pew were three different Annas. The Service is in German; and to English ears, it sounds strange to hear our Queen and Royal Family prayed for in that language; and no less remarkable was the petition for a blessing on the fishing.

Near the church is the light-house, erected by the English, in 1810. On the stairs, the word 'England,' in large letters, is to be seen. From the gallery outside, the most splendid view is to be had; and especially grand is it in stormy weather, when the tossing and surging waste of waters seems to threaten destruction to the islet, and the foam of the breakers reaches the cliffs two hundred feet in height.

On leaving the light-house, the Kartoffelallee leads to the Nordspitze. Potato-fields, or rather patches, and scanty herbage, cover the top of the Oberland; the length of which is about 6000 feet, and the breadth scarcely 2000 feet. The green patches are dotted with sheep and goats, who crop the scanty herbage. The Nordspitze is the spot usually chosen to watch the glorious sunsets, which splendid sight can be enjoyed twice in one evening in Helgoland. While standing on the shore in the Unterland, one sees the sun disappear from the horizon; and then, by rapidly mounting the steps, it is again perceived, and can be watched till it sinks as a ball of brilliant fire in the vast waste of waters.

In the sheltered parts of the Oberland, which are on the east side, there are attempts to have miniature gardens, and a few real flowers are cultivated. In one place there is quite a venerable looking pear tree. The Düne, an insignificant little stretch of sand as it looks, is the backbone of Helgoland; were it to disappear, as has sometimes been feared, the island would cease to be a fashionable bathing-place, and would fall back to its original state. Formerly the Düne was part of the real island, they were united as late as 1720, but now a broad band of the green North Sea rolls between them. The length of the Düne is about 3,600 feet, and the breadth 1,000: this tiny islet consists of sand downs overgrown with *Sandhofer*, which prevents the soft soil from being blown away altogether. All around the Düne is a flat beach of fine white sand, forming a delightful bed for the *Sandratten*, who are often surprised to find themselves knocked down by the waves, when standing in water only a foot deep. Besides the soft sand, the clear bright water, and the swell which is always to be found on some part of the island, the Düne has another great advantage for bathing—the hour need not be changed from day to day to suit the tide, but one can always bathe from six in the morning till two in the afternoon; the earliest time at which the boats begin the *Ueberfarht*, and the latest at which boats and bathing-women leave. The row or sail across from the mainland is, for good sailors, a great enhancement to the bath; it generally occupies about a quarter of an hour. The embarking place is usually the same as for the steamers, and the arrangement is rather primitive in its construction. A narrow plank rests on four wheels, one end comes to the level of the boats, the other stretches out on the beach till it is beyond water-mark, and over this narrow way a *Gänsemarsch* goes on during the greater part of the morning. On arriving at the Düne, *beim Ansteigen*, the same process takes place; then the gentlemen all branch off to the 'Herrnbäden,' and the ladies take an opposite direction, generally *die Herren rechts*,

und die Damen links, but the bathing-machines must be moved to suit the wind. The passage across cannot be made when the weather is rough, and sometimes for two or three days the bathers must do without their dip. When the wind is rising, a sharp look out must be kept on the red flag, for when once it has been lowered, woe betide the loiterers on the Düne; many hours of captivity on this lonely weird-like spot may be the smallest penalty, and instances have occurred of persons having to remain there the whole night. There is a small 'Pavilion,' to furnish breakfast to those who prefer taking it here rather than return so early; this is the only building on the Düne. A part of the sandy hillocks is used as a burial place for poor sailors, whose drowned bodies are cast on the Düne; a sort of fence divides these resting-places from the rest of the islet, but there is no other mark to tell that the spot is consecrated to the dead. No simple cross, or weeping willow, to show where the loved and lost are laid; theirs is a more imperishable record; for them the swell of the mighty ocean chants an endless dirge. One of the most beautiful sights of this northern sea is the *Meerleuchten*, when the waters seem turned into a living mass of *Nokteluken*. The boats, as they move along on their silent course, through the dusky night, leave tracks behind them of such brilliant radiance as if they were steering their way through a sea of diamonds, and a fringe of the same lustrous gems is hanging from the uplifted oar, while the waves of the Northern Ocean are casting endless coronals of these rare jewels over the shores of the little island, and the lonely barren Düne. Or one could fancy that by some strange freak myriads of glow-worms had found their way here, and were bathing in the crystal waters; or that some unusually erring comet was following the boat of some Helgolander! Next to the *Meerleuchten*, and the sunsets, the *Grottenbeleuchtung* is the finest sight in Helgoland. About ten at night, the spectators embark in boats, accompanied by the band, and row all round the island. Bonfires are lighted in the principal caverns and hollows, and the effect is very grand; the red sandstone cliffs being converted into masses of a brilliant colour, and each fantastic shape of the caverns brought prominently forward. In some of the larger caves boys will pass and re-pass in front of the fires, and cast grotesque shadows on the deep red back-ground, forming scenes fit for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. One boat carries Bengal lights and rockets, which are thrown up from time to time; and thus one goes round the island—one moment moving on through the dark night, with only the plashing of the oars to break the stillness, and the boats around looking like phantoms on the dusky water; in the next minute one is in a blaze of light, rockets tracking coloured lines in the air, the fires changing the dull dark cliffs into masses of burning red, and the gay music transporting one to some enchanted land.

The sunsets seen from the Nordspitze are grand, but to watch them while on the water is still more magnificent. When the sea is perfectly calm, the sun seems to rest on the bosom of the ocean, and send a long

line of fire before it; and when one turns away from this dazzling light, and looks down into the transparent water, one seems to be floating over a submarine forest: here long palm-like leaves are waving to and fro; there the most exquisite fern-like fronds are resting in the glassy sea; and the colours are as beautiful as the forms. Gradually the line of light on the water becomes shorter, each time we look up we find it diminished, till at last the ball of fire rests alone on the ocean, then this loses its roundness, bit by bit it sinks into the deep; almost breathlessly we watch the last speck vanish, and exclaim, 'It is gone.' But one loses one beauty only to find another, for now the moon lights her silvery lamp, and makes things almost more lovely than they were before; she softens the red cliffs, the green sea, and the blue air—which, though gorgeous, are wanting in harmony, and her soft radiance tones the too glaring colours into subdued beauty; even our restless hearts seem calmed and softened by the spirit of repose and rest around us; the merry laughter and joyous voices gradually cease—and as we move on through the calm waters, we sink into thoughtful reveries, and involuntarily to one of the little party come the words of our glorious Benedicite, 'O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'

B. H.

A SECOND VISIT TO SANDWELL.

(SEE MONTHLY PACKET, 1859.)

It is now eleven years since Miss Selwyn, the sister of the Bishop, then of New Zealand, now of Lichfield, in cordial co-operation with the beneficent designs of the Earl of Dartmouth, placed herself at Sandwell, the noble and spacious residence which he had resolved to make the seat of various charitable institutions.

In 1859, I wrote you a short account of my first visit there, and expressed the interest and expectations which the scheme inspired. A recent visit enables me with pleasure to affirm that when I run my eye over the circular which then spoke of things that *might* be, I can now declare that the five branches into which the admirably-devised scheme was then divided, have each grown and prospered, and been productive of much good to the class it was designed to benefit.

I will just enumerate the various objects, and give a short account of the manner in which each is being carried out. I see no plainer way in which I can render an idea of the present state of things, nor any more likely to stir the desire to aid in the cause. It may also convey to some weary, hopeless hearts the knowledge of a haven within reach.

I. A Home for Ladies. Of this Home, thirteen widows and twenty single ladies have availed themselves. Eight widows have brought with them children, to the number of fourteen, some of them old enough to

receive education, and others infants. At Sandwell they have enjoyed every means of health and comfort, and have received the most tender and considerate kindness from the Lady Superintendent, whose numerous acts of generosity, and devoted attention to the interests of the community, not even duly restrained by care for her own health and requirements, must have excited the liveliest gratitude in many hearts. I am happy to say she has found coadjutors, like-minded with herself, who give her untiring aid and judicious support.

II. A School for the Daughters of Clergymen and Others, of Limited Income. The school is now in excellent working. It began with the tuition of the children of ladies resident, and opened on a larger scale with a salaried governess in 1862. The number admitted has been ninety-three; the average number resident is twenty-eight. Of these pupils, thirty-eight were fatherless, four the orphans of clergy, and twenty-six clergymen's daughters have been placed there by living parents. I must say that nothing could be more agreeable than the impression made on me by the happy arrangements of this particular group. I spent Sunday and Monday under the roof, and it appeared to me that all the ingredients for health, cheerfulness, and progressive improvement one could desire in a boarding-school, were here combined in a very remarkable manner. The locality presents the advantages of England's fine old country homes. The garden, with its beautiful lake, the park, the farm, give scope for daily exercise and recreation, with variety and freedom which must contribute to health and merriment, and expansion of physical and mental faculties, far more than the regular town walk, which, however, may not be without its excitement, however dull and drilled it may appear to the passer-by. Here, the dress is simple, while unrestricted by vexatious rules, the fare good and sufficient; the sleeping chambers at the top of the house show the kind and thoughtful care which ministers to comfort, without creating a taste for, or need of, luxury and softness. There is nothing to unfit these young girls for a return to their own homes and the ordinary course of life before them; while if they seek means of self-maintenance, as many of them desire to do, they go forth well prepared for the effort, strengthened in mind and body by the healthy influences which surround them at Sandwell. The tuition is good and regular, as may be safely reckoned on when the scholastic acquirements and high natural endowments of the Lady Principal, and her singularly happy gift of imparting her stores to others, are taken into consideration. Masters attend from Birmingham to give lessons in those subjects not included in the daily instructions—German, music, and drawing, for example. It is a pleasant circumstance that the scenery affords very good exercise for out-door sketching. Besides the excellent governess and governess pupils, the ladies resident, as well as the Lady Principal, take classes. I shall not forget Miss Selwyn's Sunday class on the Christian Year, at which she kindly allowed me to be present, and to listen to reading,

which was in itself the best lesson that could be bestowed on that most valuable and rarely acquired art. The chapel is now fitted up for the accommodation of the whole household, out-numbering eighty; and the present arrangement with the Incumbent of West Bromwich, to provide the Services of the Church, affords him another curate in his thickly populated parish. We met morning and evening in the chapel for prayer, and I was delighted to find that Miss Selwyn continues her catechizing, which I remembered for its excellence. The Industrial girls and boys are present, and the special objects of her instruction; the upper school sitting in the gallery.

III. A Home for Young Governesses when not engaged in situations. Twenty have thankfully availed themselves of this privilege, finding their work and their improvement in assisting in the school; six of these were French and German. They have gratefully acknowledged the advantages they are now deriving from their improved education, and the power to fill higher situations than they could formerly seek.

IV. A Training Institution for Boys and Girls. This branch of the work has been carried on more or less efficiently from the very first entrance into Sandwell, by Miss Selwyn and the ladies resident; and about two hundred girls and sixty-six boys have passed through the establishment. Many girls were received from the factories during the great distress, and with lively gratitude obtained comfortable shelter in their time of greatest need, and training which fitted them for service, which some of them entered; but most returned to their factories sooner or later. In like manner, there are now many among the boys who were left orphans after the last visitation of cholera. Of the one hundred girls who have been sent out as servants, most have given satisfaction, and some have done remarkably well. Seventy girls have been confirmed, and a few of the children baptized. The labour of the boys, under a labour-master, has been very productive. Miss Selwyn rents about a hundred and twelve acres of land; fifteen are mown for hay, fourteen are arable. Cows, and of late sheep, are kept. The children are all trained and superintended by good upper-servants and the ladies resident; and the

V. Object of the Institution, A Home for Young Servants during the intervals of their engagements, has also been profitable, both to those who needed a home, and those who needed training.

I have now given you a somewhat comprehensive sketch (it is but a sketch) of what Sandwell is. Beyond all the present work, there is a possible future, which engages the thoughts, and excites the earnest desire for accomplishment of all those who have a personal and practical acquaintance with Sandwell. Its noble buildings might afford accommodation to many more than now dwell in them, but are unavailable to increased numbers without extensive repairs and rearrangements. That these will ere long be set on foot, we need not, however, despair. Out-houses, stables, and other parts of the building,

once required by a nobleman's establishment, would now make excellent dormitories and school-rooms. The upper school might be extended to forty pupils. A middle school might be opened for the daughters of the tradespeople of the neighbourhood, who are greatly in want of such for their children, and it is believed would hail with delight such an opening at Sandwell. With respect to the Industrial School, on the contrary, it has been found that the admission of girls from the immediate vicinity is not desirable; they hanker for their homes, and the mischievous freedom enjoyed in them. There is also a difficulty in finding the relatives and friends of girls in any way capable of earning their bread, willing to pay for their training, with a view to starting them in superior situations, however well they know, however frankly they acknowledge the permanent injury done them, and to the whole class of servants, by sending them out untrained. One mode of remedy proposed, is the opening of an Orphanage, admitting the children at six years old, including boys and girls, who at a proper age would be drafted into the industrial classes, and be free of payment from the time they began to work. The industrial boys and girls could be admitted to the school-rooms of the Orphanage at their hours of instruction, coming as they do now in detachments for that purpose. They are at present taught in combination with day scholars, who come from the lodges and cottages on the estate, whose parents thankfully accept this provision.

All the various classes we have enumerated might be brought into connection, to the mutual aid of each. By the adoption of these further plans, the benefits of a healthy home and a good education would rapidly be extended to a much larger number of persons than has yet been reached through the instrumentality of Sandwell. There is good cause to desire, and good reason to hope, that where so much has been effected, much more may be successfully undertaken. The same munificence, self-devotion, and unwearied exertions, which began these works, may by the blessing of God carry them out to an extent not yet to be measured; and all whose interest is awakened in the cause, will unite in a hearty prayer for those engaged in this arduous undertaking, that 'they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of Him be plenteously rewarded,' through Jesus Christ our Lord.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAROCHIAL WORK IN IRELAND.

My dear Friend,

I must not conclude this meagre record of my parochial recollections without some notice of the influence of the Irish language, in many parts of the country, on the relationship of the different classes of society. There are, I believe, about one hundred and sixty thousand

who speak no other language; and to at least three times that number, it is the language of their thoughts and affections, though they can more or less clearly express themselves in the English tongue. I never heard of a Protestant, born of Protestant parents, who spoke Irish exclusively; and I know very few with whom it is the language of choice; though there are probably a great number among the thousands who have of late years joined our communion. Among the Protestants of Ulster of the lower classes, there is a decided prejudice against the language, which they connect with superstition and barbarism and rebellion, and so wish to see it exterminated; and no person above the labouring class ever speaks it habitually—the farmers and country shop-keepers use it as the others use English, for purposes of trade; but it is only among the very lowest it is now employed in household talk.

Many men of profound erudition find a valuable study in the ancient Irish manuscripts, and many have acquired the language so as to read and preach in it; but I know of only one gentleman who was able in maturity to learn it so as to converse in it freely with those who have no knowledge of English: then there are objections, far from vain or frivolous, to having our children taught the language familiarly in infancy; it is possible these objections might, or ought to, have been overcome; but they exist, and the difficulties on all sides are so great, that the division of tongues has indeed caused a division of hearts and sympathies among the inhabitants of Ireland.

One grand principle of the English Reformation, was that the Holy Scriptures and the Services of the Church should be given in a language 'understood of the people;' but this principle was forgotten with regard to Ireland, in the political anxiety to do away with a nationality which severed the two countries, by annihilating, as far as possible, the language and customs; and what was thus begun in an ungodly expediency, has been the fruitful source of the very evil it was intended to guard against, for the people continued to speak and think in their native tongue, while the blessed Gospel, and the pure Services of the Reformed Church, were sent to them in a strange language, and that the language of the conqueror; consequently, they got Irish-speaking priests ordained by Rome, whom they regarded as their own teachers and guides, and whose Latin prayers were not more unintelligible than the English ones.

The New Testament was not translated into Irish until 1600, by Bishop O'Donnell; the good Bishop Bedell, whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose name is held in ever increasing honour, translated the Old Testament about forty years later, having in advanced life learned the language for the purpose; but after the great work was begun, nearly a hundred years elapsed before the Bible was printed in the Irish character, by the exertions, and at the cost, of Robert Boyle. From that time, 1700, it is true such a book existed, accessible to those who could purchase and could read it; but it was an expensive book, quite out of the reach of those who needed it most; and the mass of

the people were so ignorant, that they could not have read it if it had been placed in their hands.

The same as to cost and difficulty was the case with the Book of Common Prayer, which was translated into Irish at a much later period. In the year 1818, a few good men in Dublin, some of them clergymen and some lawyers, and some of higher station, joined together to remedy these two evils—to place the Irish Bible within the reach of the poor, and to teach the poor to read it. This association is called the Irish Society; it has no separate schools, but throughout the country it employs men who know how to read their own language to teach it to others; these teachers are supplied with Irish alphabets, spelling-books, and Testaments, and are to find pupils for themselves, their payment depending on the number and proficiency of their scholars; thus they generally teach all in their neighbourhood who are willing to learn, and the lessons are given at whatever time or place suits the convenience of the learners—under the hedges where the labourers eat their dinner; on the rocks, while the fishermen are mending their nets; at the cabin door, where the women are working at their embroidery or crochet; by the winter night's fire-side; or in the hour of rest in the summer evening—wherever and whenever they find anyone disposed to become a learner. In this way thousands have been taught to read the language which they speak; and it is well worthy of observation that wherever a man learns to read Irish, he becomes anxious that his children should learn to read English as well, so that the result in which that hapless expediency failed is being brought about by the action of the very opposite principle. Absolute ignorance is perfectly self-satisfied, while every ray of light admitted to the intellect shews the surrounding darkness; 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' very dangerous if it be mistaken for a great deal; but certainly absolute ignorance is worse. The man who learns enough to make him suspect that there is something worth knowing which he is not yet acquainted with, will be disposed, if not for himself, at least for his child, to desire farther instruction; and so it has proved, to so great an extent, that in many families where the parents spoke only Irish, and were taught by this Society to read it, the children habitually read and speak English.

As soon as the Irish pupils can read the Testament, it is given to them; and thousands have thus been enabled to hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. The teachers were at first for the most part Roman Catholics, because few Protestants knew the language; and at the meetings where they were brought together for examination and inspection, their intelligent knowledge of Holy Scripture bore a gratifying testimony to the value of having the Book in the language they love best; for all these teachers know English as well, and could have read the English Testament had they been so disposed; but very often after hearing a passage in English they observe, 'That's far better expressed in the Irish, it sticks into one so.'

To this great and wide-spread Irish Society, now nearly fifty years old, auxiliaries have been added, to supply the special and increasing wants, which it could not meet without deviating from its original simple purpose, viz., to teach the people to read God's Word in their own language. The Ladies' Auxiliary Irish Society, and the Island and Coast Society, in different localities, follow up the work, by assisting the parochial clergy in various ways to give the Irish-speaking people farther instruction than the original Irish teachers are capable of giving; the three Societies have worked harmoniously for many years, always under the direction of the local clergy, and have been a great blessing to the country. There are about one hundred and fifty islands on the coast of Ireland; to a few of them the advantages of the neighbouring mainland have extended, but generally speaking, they were in a state of ignorance and darkness scarcely above heathen lands; parochially, they in general belong to clergymen separated from them by the wild waves of the Atlantic; and their inhabitants had no elevating influence of any sort or kind except that of the light-house keepers and English coast-guards occasionally stationed among them. In visiting one of these islands, a gentleman, intending to illustrate the danger of a soul living without God, described a ship without rudder or compass, dashed by those fearful billows on the rocks; 'If you saw a ship in that state, what would you do?' '*Wreck her!*' was the unhesitating reply.

But a great change has of late years been wrought. On one of the worst of these islands there is now a beautiful church, an Irish-speaking curate, and a small but well disposed congregation; there are large and flourishing schools in places where a few years ago a man mistook a clock, the first he had ever seen or heard of, for a living creature, and where a juvenile sceptic thought the story of Zaccheus could not be true because it was impossible a man could climb up into such a little thing as a tree; and where the only idea of public worship was to tell their beads when a sheet displayed on the opposite coast announced that Mass was being performed. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say that these little ones are as much in need of clothing, and that parcels from England are as thankfully received for them, as for the children of Africa.

In these islands especially, the Irish language predominates; their peculiar circumstances require a peculiar machinery to meet them, and therefore a separate society was formed, and is now vigorously working for their especial service; the great object and purpose of it is to send to the people the Word of God in a language they understand—but it embraces also their temporal wants and temporal improvement, including in the latter instruction in English, so as to remove the barrier between them and the better educated of their fellow countrymen—and in many cases their efforts have wrought an entire change in the life and habits of these dwellers in the rocks and caves. From those who understand only the Irish language, we, 'Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,' who

speaking only English, are totally cut off; and if they are barbarians to us, we are no less barbarians to them.

Many years ago, a man came from a neighbouring island to ask me to visit his dying mother; her earnest wish to see me was communicated through an interpreter, and confirmed by signs by the son, who expressed by every means except speech, extreme satisfaction as I took my seat in his boat; and when we landed on his island, he ran up the rocks before me to announce my arrival at the cabin. The face of the dying woman was full of eager joy as she raised herself in the bed to welcome me, and poured forth a torrent of impassioned speech: the tones expressed much, but not one word did I understand; she looked imploringly in my face; I pronounced the only word I could speak, the Name of Jesus; it was evident that her distress was about spiritual things, for she caught the blessed Name, pointed upwards, then smote on her breast, and again began a wailing complaint: her son looked distressed and perplexed. I called a boatman who spoke English as an interpreter; there was woeful disappointment in the tone of her answer to his inquiry, which he translated. 'She says her heart is full and heavy, but she could not open it to anyone but the lady herself;' and such was her answer to a good Irish reader who visited her afterwards. She clasped my hand, and the Name—that 'beautiful Name'—was spoken by both, and so we parted. Long after, and in another province, there was another Irish speaker, whose dying bed I attended for many months: it puts one to shame to think how the languages and dialects of heathen lands are acquired by female missionaries; but unhappily there appears to be some peculiar difficulty in the Irish; and so then again, after the lapse of years, I continued a barbarian to him; and yet, by the help of signs, and tones, and occasionally an interpreter, and especially by the use of pictures, there was much interchange of thought between us: it was like conversing with the deaf and dumb, only that the medium of intercourse had to be invented extempore. Deeply touching was the last attempt at this converse, a few hours before his death; he kissed the feet of a picture of the Saviour on the Cross which I held in my hand, and by signs, which in the course of those months had become to us a language, he most earnestly expressed, 'One—only one Saviour of sinners.' In the village where he lived several of the men spoke enough English to serve them at fair or market, but not one woman or child knew a single word of it; and to add to the difficulty about the language, when we brought a female Irish teacher from another province to teach needlework, and if possible to give more important instruction, they ridiculed her southern accent, and received her Irish speeches with bursts of laughter, while she declared her own dialect was '*sublime*,' and theirs only a mongrel Scotch! Yet even with these women a sort of communication was kept up that at least drew out their kindly feelings, wild and uncouth as was the expression of them, sometimes leading to offers of whiskey, sometimes of embraces little less acceptable. 'Och!' exclaimed one poor creature, 'I wish I could just creep through life before your feet, picking up every stone out of your way.' One dying scene was fearfully memorable; a poor woman was taken suddenly ill, and brought into the house, where after six hours she died, not one single word having been exchanged with her or with the mourning husband. The Roman Catholic priest was sent for, and after spending about five minutes alone with the senseless creature, declared his office

was completed; after that, while we all knelt around her, and her friends and relations crowded into the room, the husband desired to be told when the last moment was near; to relieve her breathing we threw open a window, which was hailed with a murmur of blessings and thanks we did not understand, till they told us the spirit could not get free unless there was an opening to the air; and then, when we said that the life was nearly gone, in a moment there was a blaze of light—every one of her people had provided themselves with rush-lights, or straws placed between the fingers, all which were kindled instantly, to light her soul on its way!

In the immediate neighbourhood of these poor people, there is a peasantry belonging to our Church, whose intelligence, moral worth, and in many instances deep piety, form the crown of rejoicing of pastor and landlord; but they necessarily hold themselves apart from these 'mere Irish,' (as we are *all* called elsewhere,) and are only useful to them by the excellent example of their blameless lives.

I have said that among a certain class of our people the Irish language is preferred, even where English is spoken; this is less the case now than in former years, when a poor woman actually followed the Rev. H. B. into the pulpit to listen to an Irish sermon, and when a man thought we must 'enjoy it better in our hearts, it's so feeling!' though he knew we did not understand a word of it! But even now there is a strong attachment to the language felt by almost all who have not a prejudice against it equally strong. Very lately I was talking with a poor woman, who held on her lap the orphan of her only son, who had died while in England for haymaking. She gave a description of her husband's grief on hearing of his death, that reminds one of Wordsworth's 'Michael.' 'When first he heard it, he was mostly crazed, and away with him down to the bog where the turf was standing that they cut together just before the boy went, and he throws his arms about them, and kisses the sods, and lies down among them, that we could hardly get him home again, for it was the last stroke of a spade he seen the son give; and now,' she went on, 'I keep middling cheery not to fret him worse; but maybe it's when this beautiful boy's asleep on my breast that my poor heart will be breaking over what my own was to me, thinking of when *he* was my baby; and then the poverty and the want comes bothering, and I feels the little troubles all the worse because of the big trouble.' I spoke of Him, Who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, and Who knows our sorrows: she brightened up at once. 'Do you know,' she said, 'I heard tell by them that knows the ould Irish, that He was once in want of a cup of cold water; and He asked a woman for a drink in Irish, for it was Irish He always spoke, for all the people in those days had no other tongue, and it's only the Irish people knows them ould histories that I'm going to tell you—how He asked the woman for a drink, and she wouldn't give Him a sup, because her people had an ill-will to His people, and how after she found who He was she got sorry, and brought her friends to see Him: so you see you're right—He does know what want and trouble is.' She had never heard the rest of that wonderful discourse, and was delighted to hear of the living water springing up unto everlasting life, of which we are invited to drink 'freely.'

It may be asked, Why are there not regular Church Services in the Irish language, as in the Welsh and Gaelic? There are such in all

the places where *recent* conversions to our Church give an Irish-speaking congregation; but the Roman Catholics would not enter our place of worship, so it would be in vain to hold a service for them; and the Protestants, even those who speak the language, have a decided prejudice against it, as keeping up the spirit of alienation from England; the members of the Church in Ireland, and a large proportion of the Protestant Dissenters, are enthusiastic in their devoted loyalty to the English rule; and many of them, under the same mistake as influenced our rulers in the sixteenth century, wish to crush out the language, instead of making it a medium of instruction. There are large districts in which it is scarcely known, and people inhabiting or visiting these places fancy that the societies for teaching in the language are useless or injurious; but no one can truly think them so who knows the blank ignorance in which thousands are sunk who have no other medium of communication, and with whom the diversity of tongues forms an effectual barrier to intercourse with their more enlightened neighbours.

As this is to be my last letter of 'Recollections,' I think I may tell you of a scene that has now become a thing of the past—an Orange procession. The only one I ever witnessed was in a remote and secluded part of a northern county, on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. The clergyman had expressed his objection to having the church used, as it had been formerly, for any political or party purpose; therefore no permission was asked, and he was disagreeably surprised to see an orange flag floating from the church tower at the earliest dawn; he went out to remove it, but the ladder had been concealed, and was not restored till next morning, so the flag held its place all that summer day. At noon the procession appeared winding along the road. It consisted of farmers and peasants with their wives and children, all in holiday dress, the men wearing orange scarfs and the women orange and blue ribbons; there were no weapons whatever. At the head of the party was carried a large open Bible, followed by a flag of 'God save the Queen;' and at intervals there were banners carried by horsemen, one a Union Jack, one a Bible and shamrocks, several 'God save the Queen,' 'No Surrender,' and 'The Glorious Memory of King William the Third.' There was not an emblem or motto offensive to any Christian loyalist; and it was a pretty and pleasant sight, as they marched into a field lent for the purpose, and sat on the grass, or moved about in groups, enjoying what is so rare among our poor people, a long summer's holiday in the open air; a very poor band—or, I believe, a solitary piper—performed 'God save the Queen,' their only music; and the hours passed away in harmless social enjoyment, and in the evening they returned as they came. This was one of the last legal and peaceful processions witnessed in Ireland, for soon after an attack upon one of them led to an affray, and a law was in consequence passed making all such assemblies illegal—a law observed by true loyalists, who know that

'Obedience is the courtesy due to kings,'

but set at naught by others; so that while we have frequent displays of seditious flags, and rebel tunes in abundance, this was among the last peaceable demonstrations of the feeling of passionate loyalty to the Crown and Constitution, which under many discouragements, burns in the hearts of the Irish Protestants.

I began these letters by speaking of the difficulty of giving a true picture of Ireland, and they end by illustrating it; they are about as true as would be a picture of the rough walls of loose stones, often adorned by flower and fern and moss of loveliest hue, which intersect our fields, with little to represent the green pastures that lie between. The daily routine of parochial as of domestic life does not bear to be recorded; we must not speak of the living workers, or of those who live to form their crown of rejoicing; and so it is that peculiarities, hindrances, and interruptions, form the picture—each true, but having an undue prominence and proportion.

The Church of Ireland is a living branch in the true Vine; it has within the last fifty years borne fruit largely and richly; and if the threatenings of its enemies should be fulfilled, it will not be that it is cast off and forsaken, but it will be permitted only to accomplish the word, 'Every branch in Me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTSEA NURSERY.

December 12th, 1867.

My dear ———,

In the November number of The Monthly Packet, attention having been called to the 'Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea,' perhaps a few particulars respecting it may not be unacceptable.

It was opened on the 23rd of January last, for the reception of infants between the ages of one month and three years; and before the 24th of October, *three thousand five hundred* entrances had been registered in the day-book.

The children are taken care of from seven in the morning till seven at night, and only one penny a day is charged for nursing, feeding, and clothing them.

The house devoted to this purpose is much too small, and very cold in winter and close in summer; it would therefore be very desirable, if funds were forthcoming, to procure a better one in a more airy situation. It is also contemplated, in future, to have a cottage somewhere in the country, connected with the Nursery, where some of the little ones recovering from illness might have the benefit of change of air.

The Nursery is situated in a very poor and populous district, where there are indeed few persons to be found capable of affording any pecuniary assistance; it therefore depends in great measure for support upon help from without.

The arrangements of the house are much the same as those in most places of the kind. There is first the little parlour, adorned with an engraving of Overbeck's beautiful picture of 'The Good Shepherd,' where visitors are received, and the children's own clothes kept, arranged neatly on pegs, and duly ticketed. Then behind this is the kitchen, and further on the tiny wash-house. After mounting the steep and narrow stair-case, and going through the needful gate, you get to the two rooms which constitute the actual 'Nursery.' The one on the left, has a large picture over the mantel-piece, of St. Vincent de Paul. He was the first founder of such an institution, and is represented holding a rosy infant, who looks up at him with a smile. In this room are the cradles for the babies; and leading out of it, is the 'manger,' where the elder ones take their mid-day sleep. The other room is more especially appropriated for meals, and has a 'feeding place,' enclosed by a low railing, where those who are old enough are seated to be fed by turns, a spoonful at a time, until the contents of the large earthen pan is all exhausted. It is very amusing to watch the little mouths being opened like birds in a nest, and to see the different behaviour of the little ones. Most of them are very patient, but now and then some hungry infant does not like waiting for its next mouthful, and catches hold of the dress of the nurse to attract attention. On the whole, though, the

children of the poor are strangely good, strangely quiet, making one's heart ache to think of the sort of training which has created such an unnatural lassitude.

Some of the little ones, however, in the Nursery are lively enough; and some have visibly benefited by the better food and greater care they meet with there. It is very pleasant to see the little thin cheeks beginning to fill out, and a faint colour stealing into the 'washed out' complexion.

It is an established opinion, particularly among the male part of creation, that all babies are alike; but I think a visitor would notice a marked individuality among many of the infants.

A short time ago, there was 'the baby in long clothes,' the pet and plaything of everyone; the 'baby with the beads,' with her graceful head, and long neck, reminding one of the 'queenly charms' of the child in 'Lyra Innocentium.' Then among the bigger ones you would notice 'Albert,' who, like his illustrious namesake, might justly be surnamed 'the good;' and 'Louie,' who ought to have been christened '*Placida*,' and who sits by the hour in her little chair, with a shy little smile on her face. Albert is in one sense of the word, what the poor people call 'a heavy handful,' being a very stout child, but with a bad leg, so that he cannot walk any distance; and his mother (a widow) has to carry him from their rather distant home every day, to and from the Nursery. It must be a great thing, though, for her to have such a safe place to leave her poor helpless boy at.

The Nursery is a great boon, indeed, to those mothers who have to go out to earn their bread, and who, before, had to leave their babies to the charge of some little sister or brother, hardly bigger than they, in danger of being run over or scalded to death. Some little time ago, there was a piteous sight to be seen in the Nursery—a little boy of about eight months, who had had *both* his arms broken while left in this way, one day when his mother was out at work.

Minor evils too, constantly occur. One baby getting his teeth, and considered to be too ill to be taken to the Nursery, was observed to be very feverish; and his sister, who was minding him, remarked that he had drank three cups of tea that morning! He was about nine months old, and his mother (a widow with five children) was employed all day at a stay manufactory.

In sickness, too, the Nursery is found to be a most welcome asylum for the noisy little ones. We all know how glad in such cases we are to get the children 'out of the way,' and though among the poor the neighbours are generally very kind, they cannot always keep the little ones all day long.

There is a sailor dying of decline and dropsy down a court in Portsea, and the poor wife (who is but sickly herself) is never tired of saying how thankful she is to have such a place as the 'Nursery,' to send her children (particularly troublesome ones) to, so as to keep their one small room a little quiet.

But besides all these advantages, there is one connected with the 'Nursery of the Good Shepherd,' incalculably greater than any other; namely, through its instrumentality, nineteen of the children who are its regular inmates, have been brought to Holy Baptism, besides many others, whose mothers have learnt the importance of this Sacrament, and been put into the way of obtaining it by the matron of the Institution.

Several of these infants are since dead, and humanly speaking, had the Nursery never been opened, they might have died unbaptized.

Last summer, a stranger visiting the Nursery, could hardly fail to notice a tiny boy, with bright red hair, milk-white complexion, and large dark eyes. He was a very delicate little fellow, about fifteen months old. He had begun to 'pick up' a little in the Nursery, but whooping-cough seized him, and he had not strength to rally from it. He was taken home still unbaptized, but through the exertions of those connected with the Nursery, his friends were at last induced one Sunday to take him to church, that he might enjoy 'the everlasting benediction of that Heavenly washing.' On the following Thursday he died, and little 'Dickie' is now indeed gathered into the bosom of the 'Good Shepherd,' and enclosed for ever in the safe and happy 'Nursery' Above.

Contributions will be gladly received by Mr. S. F. Allnatt, Queen Street, Portsea; even a few postage-stamps will be welcomed, as the expense of the Nursery is considerable, and funds are much needed at the present time.

Thanking you for promising to admit this letter, I remain,

Yours, &c.

E.

HOME FOR INVALID CHILDREN, 70, MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON.

THE air of Brighton is well known to many, who have derived benefit from its invigorating influence.

It is a place to which thousands resort during the year; and many arrangements are made for the amusement and benefit of visitors. It is hoped that some who come from distant inland homes, with ample means at their disposal, leave the place with hearts full of thankfulness for the renewed strength they experience. To such, an appeal is made to help, as far as lies in their power, a Home for Invalid Children. The object of which is to afford them the benefit of medical treatment and sea air; that by these means disease may be averted, or recovery from sickness completed.

The House is arranged for the reception of eighteen children; four out of this number are admitted free, the rest pay seven shillings per week. This small sum scarcely covers the ordinary housekeeping expenses, leaving rent, taxes, medical attendance, and wages, to the amount of about £400, to be met by the charitable aid of others. A lady resides in the house. A nurse, trained in Great Ormond Street Hospital, attends on the children.

The plan has been gradually enlarged since the Home was first originated in 1855; and as it becomes more generally known, applications for admittance increase; six hundred and sixty children having passed through the Home during the last twelve years, and all derived more or less benefit. In the case of those few who came in an advanced stage of disease, all was done that could be done, to soothe their last days on earth; and in each case, the parents expressed much gratitude for the care bestowed upon their children.

The local charities are many; and the residents feel that a Home, exclusively for the benefit of children from London and inland parishes, has small claim upon them. It is therefore requisite to plead for these little invalids with those who, coming from luxurious homes, have experienced the benefit of sea air, a remedy often surpassing in its efficacy medical skill and medicine. Surely it is reasonable to hope that such will aid, by subscriptions and donations, an institution, opened with the desire of supplying the same means which, with God's blessing, may save poor children from the mournful life, which enfeebled health involves in every position, but especially where maintenance itself frequently depends on personal effort.

The lady who superintends this Home, has been gladdened by receiving proofs of sympathy, in contributions of clothing and toys, most welcome presents: and she feels deeply grateful to others, who have strengthened her hands in the work, and increased its usefulness by their active kindness and attention to the children. May God's blessing requite and prosper their benevolent efforts. But subscriptions and donations are most urgently needed to meet the expenses of the Institution.

Contributions, however small, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

E. A. FREEMAN,

70, MONTPELIER ROAD,

BRIGHTON.

Messrs. Hall and West, Bankers, Brighton.

Messrs. Dimsdale, Cornhill, London.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

'It may call out the sympathy of friends of the Mission to know, that through the increased grant of the Bishop's Fund, it is evident that about £1000, in addition to the subscriptions already made, would secure the formation and endowment of the Parish of St. Luke, by the erection of a portion of the church capable of holding seven hundred persons, which the Bishop of London has consented to consecrate.'

Such is the prospect with which the New Year opens in St. Luke's Mission, at a time when East End distress, and the severity of the winter weather, are occupying more than the usual amount of attention with those who work amongst the London poor.

The above paragraph was written by the Missionary Clergyman shortly before the end of December, with the following statement. The estimated cost of the nave is £3500. This is the portion of the church which the Bishop has consented to consecrate as soon as completed, and the Bishop's Fund will allow the grant of £1200 to be used for this purpose. This, in addition to funds in hand, leaves only a deficiency of about £1000 or £1200 to be raised *at once*, in order that the Mission may possess the full blessing of complete services. For writes Mr. Wallace, £1000 only 'is required to have not only the stone laid, but a downright capable church built; for the chancel part will come, I trust, in good time.'

We think it due to the readers of The Monthly Packet, who have so kindly interested themselves on behalf of St. Luke's, that they should be acquainted with its encouragements as well as with its difficulties; and though £1000 is a large sum to raise in a short space of time, yet surely the half which has been so generously contributed hitherto is an earnest that it will not be wanting in the future. Every contribution sent in, however small, will help to diminish the £1000, which at present is the only barrier between the six thousand inhabitants of St. Luke's and their own parish church.

In the meantime, the working of the Mission continues to progress. A volunteer Parochial Mission Woman's Meeting has been started, and is working very well; and late on the night of Christmas Eve, about ten of the men-singers, accompanied by the clergyman, went through every street in the district, singing Christmas hymns and carols. This last was experimental, and undertaken with a view to give such things a 'Missionary' use.

It is because we have found with pleasure that the Home Mission Work of the Church in London has proved of interest to the readers of The Monthly Packet, that we give them these further particulars respecting one of these Missions in the east of London. The contributions which have been sent in have come from many different parts of England, and places more distant still; and they have proved that though hundreds of miles may intervene between the giver and the receiver, the tie of Christian sympathy knows no bounds; and that the thousands of London poor, who but for these Missions would scarcely have been within the reach of brotherly kindness, are cared for in homes of prosperity and comfort—cared for in the highest sense, for it is care for their souls which prompts the efforts now making to bring the blessings of Christianity and the Services of the Church home to every soul amongst them.

IVANOVNA.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. MICHAEL'S, SHOREDITCH.

Durham, January 14th, 1868.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You have possibly heard of Christmas at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, from someone who was happy enough to be there. Such was not my case; but a few particulars respecting it have reached me, and I lose no time in communicating them to you, lest you should fail to learn them otherwise.

The school-children's treat was held on New Year's Day, and it seems to have gone off very well. Two trees were given for the occasion, and they were richly decked with pretty presents sent by the readers of The Monthly Packet. The supply was indeed so liberal, that besides making their own children very happy, the Sisters were able to furnish things for Christmas Trees in two adjoining parishes as needy as their own, but less fortunate in friends. So the number of poor little Londoners whose Christmas has, perhaps for the first time, been a merry one, is very great.

The St. Michael's Sisters are now in the very thick of their winter campaign against misery and wretchedness. Unexpected help has come to them in the form of a house in the country, placed at their disposal by a lady, as a home for the sick children of the district. I saw last autumn how much such a place was needed. The house will hold ten little patients and convalescents, with three Sisters to take care of them. But of course money will be needed for their support. How this is

to be raised, and the new school-room built, while the tide of poverty surging at their very doors threatens to swallow up everything the Sisters possess, I cannot see. But a blessing has so clearly rested on the Sisters' past labours, they have so prospered in all their doings, that I am not without hope that these good works too may be carried out.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

HINTS ON READING.

It would have been well could we have recommended *Footsteps of the Holy Child* (Masters) to our readers in time before Christmas, to have served for an assistance to their private devotions; but we hope that if it be too late now, it may yet be useful to them another year.

Church decorators will rejoice in Mr. Barrett's *Flowers and Festivals*. (Rivingtons.) It is a valuable guide, going so much into principles as well as details, and telling practically how to carry out the designs with due regard to the durability of materials.

Mission Life (Rivingtons) forms a noble-looking volume, by far the most attractive and complete that our missionary literature has yet provided, containing, as it does, biographies of distinguished missionaries, sermons, sketches of colonial life, and histories of churches; all excellently illustrated.

The Net, on its more humble scale, continues the same useful course.

The Churchman's Companion is commencing two most promising new tales, one of home, the other of South African life.

Mercy Downer (Masters) is a grotesquely real sketch of Dissent and its frequent causes.

Courage and Cowards, by Selina Gaye, (Nisbet,) is full of life and animation, and contains good lessons, though there is a touch more slang than we old-fashioned people should prefer for young people's reading. In the same way, we cannot like *Garry*, (Bell and Daldy,) not for any prevalence of slang, but because the heroine is such a pert little Americanized child, disobedient, almost dishonest, saucy, and uniformly disrespectful. The author boasts that there is no moral. This is becoming a fashionable boast, but it is a very poor one. A true picture cannot fail to have a moral; and it may be taken as a rule, what lacks *purpose* lacks *point*.

Lilla's Relations (Mozley) is now published separately; and though perhaps wanting in general coherence, it forms a very pretty book. The characters are admirably conceived, and there is much brilliancy in many of the descriptions, both of scenes and persons.

We would by all means recommend the *Life of Parkin Jeffcock* to be made widely known wherever practical men are readers. The picture of such a holy life amid 'dusky lane and wrangling mart,' is one that many ought to have the opportunity of laying to heart.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

The Clewer Fields Mission acknowledges with many thanks £1, from Miss Akcroyd, Doddington Hall, Nantwich, and a parcel of clothes from H. J. E.

Bee.—Your question has been answered in a former number.

A Member.—The same advice that you give appeared in our last.

Ms. worth of stamps from M. H., for the poor of St. Mary's, Soho, are gratefully acknowledged.

P. C. M. H.—*Your letter shall come in our next.*

Miki will be much obliged by being told where she may find the following couplet:—

'What is his, is history (his story);
'What is mine is mystery (my story).'

O.—*There is an excellent Reformatory for young boys such as you describe at the Boys' Home, Regent's Park Road, N. W.*

Thankfully accepted.—Moods; The History of Engraving.

May wishes to know if it is possible to procure a small Book of Common Prayer (bound or unbound) printed in Old English characters, with margin left for illuminating borders—not more than six or eight inches in length; and the probable price.

C. F. is anxious to know of some modern lectures on Chemistry, and of a simple apparatus for illustration? Must be elementary and popular, the object being to interest an agricultural village in experimental chemistry. The directions for using apparatus must be very clear.

Theophila would be much obliged if the Editor of The Monthly Packet, or any of his Correspondents, will inform her which is the correct version of the two following lines in the hymn, 'Hark, the Herald Angels:—

'Pleased as man with man to appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.'

or

'Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.'

A. K.—*The English Church gives principles of action rather than detailed rules for certain days. Christmas Day should be kept as a Feast unto the Lord, with all mirth and cheerfulness, but it does not of course come under the rule of Rest on one day out of the seven. The only reason why it may be inexpedient to have a Christmas Tree on that day is, that it entails more preparation than for most people is consistent with the devotions of the day, and that servants should not have more burthen and interruption from our festivities than is unavoidable. Therefore, recreations requiring no preparation are kinder in most cases.*

A Book Worm, on sending her address to us, shall hear of a copy of Abbeychurch.

S.—*We believe Elizabeth Wetherell is the name of the author of The Lamplighter. No doubt it can be procured by application to the publisher, Sampson Low.*

S. begs to inform O. that there is a very good Catechetical Series published by the S. P. C. K. It begins with a very easy Catechism for small children, and concludes with a very advanced explanation of the Church Catechism. One of the intermediate series would probably exactly meet O.'s requirements. S. believes the series are published separately, but has herself only seen them all bound together in one book.

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—*The Rev. W. Wallace, 441, Mile End Road, begs to acknowledge the following contributions:—L. J. P., Chippenham, 5s.; Louisa C. H., Reigate, 12s.; Mrs. and Miss Poole, Hornend, Ledbury, £1 10s.; Miss G. Wynne, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, £10; Miss Frances Barton, Stapleton Park, Pontefract, £10; K., Norfolk Crescent, £1.*

For The Soup Kitchen, Soho Square, we thankfully acknowledge—Two Sisters, 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Constant Reader, (with thanks for good wishes,) 10s.; M. H., 10s.; An Old Woman, 10s.; Anon. £1. It is only exceptional cases—as of persons not in want, but requiring protection—that a lodging in the House of Charity is not gratuitous, and then the cost is 6s. per week.

B. T. H. C. B. will thank one of our Correspondents to give her some hints on the cultivation of Mignonette.

E. would be glad to know the author of 'An inadvertent step may crush a worm.' Also if Dr. Newman is the author of the hymn, 'Lead, Saviour, lead amid the encircling gloom.'—'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,' appears in Dr. Newman's just published volume of newly-collected poems.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 27.

MARCH, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

A PARAPHRASE OF PSALM VI.

FOR ASH-WEDNESDAY.

(Domine, ne in furore.)

CHASTEN me, O Lord! but not in anger,
Chide me not in Thy displeasure sore,
Spent with weeping, wearied out with langour,
Must I suffer more?

‘Peace, my child, for I thy loving Father
Smite in love, and never smite in vain;
One by one the children round me gather,
Perfected by pain.’

Every night I lay me down in sorrow,
Every morning finds me drowned in tears;
Endlessly to-morrow and to-morrow
Grows to months and years.

‘Yet through paths as sad, and hearts as hollow,
I, thy Lord and Master, went before;
My disciple, is it hard to follow
With the cross I bore?’

No; but should my spirit, fading, dying,
Lose that presence, vision wearing dim,—
Can I, in the grave’s dark chambers lying,
Even remember Him?

‘Christian, by that low and narrow portal,
Not so sad thy trembling soul should be;
By the breath which made that soul immortal,
He remembers thee.’

Hush, my heart, the Lord has heard thy weeping,
 Let Him stay thee as it likes Him best;
 None can harm thee now, awake or sleeping,
 Labouring or at rest.

SUNRISE.

‘THE sun was risen on the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.’ *Genesis*, xix. 23.

‘Afterward he brought me to the gate, even the gate that looketh toward the east:
 and behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east,
 and the earth shined with His glory.’ *Ezekiel*, xliii. 1, 2.

‘And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there.’ *Ezekiel*,
 xlviii. 35.

THE sun was rising over Zoar,
 The patriarch’s sight to greet,
 When to that city of repose
 He turned his wandering feet.

Type of the glory of the Lord,
 To shine by eastern way,
 And lighten up a city vast
 With brightest beams of day;

Causing the beauteous earth to shine
 With lustre from above—
 With rays of God’s own righteousness,
 The beams of Heavenly love.

The sun that rose o’er Zoar that morn
 Soon set mid shades of night;
 No night e’er comes in that blest land
 Where Jesus is the Light.

Then boldly tread the toilsome way;
 A better home than Zoar
 Is ready for the contrite heart,
 Where suns shall set no more.

Its glory that ‘The Lord is there;’
 Could any city claim
 A higher praise, a loftier meed,
 Than that God-given name?

‘And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the
 glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof.’ *Rev.* xxi. 23.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. III.—AN EVENING HYMN IN PASSION-TIDE.

(Amorem sensus erige.)

OUR heart's affection to Thy praise,
Giver of pardon, raise :
Be gracious to our souls, and cleanse
All stain of guilt from thence.

Thou, Saviour most compassionate,
Knowest man's fallen state ;
How weak his earthly substance is,
How great his miseries.

Our secret thoughts are all revealed,
No mind from Thee concealed ;
Dispel afar, by Thy bright beams,
The world's deluding dreams.

Rich, Thou didst lay Thy wealth aside,
For us wast crucified ;
O let the Fountain opened thus
New life implant in us.

As pilgrims hither are we come—
Thou art our port, our home :
We mourn in exile ; guide our way
Back to the courts of day.

Thou art Life's River ; Charity
And Truth thirst sore for Thee :
Thrice blest Thy people, who always
Adoring on Thee gaze.

Great is Thy Love's memorial—great
In Heaven Thy glorious state ;
Which without end they magnify,
Who lift their hearts on high.

Lord, in the virtue of Thy Name,
Grant us to win the same ;
In Whom alone our works take root,
And bear us worthy fruit.

All praise to God the Father be,
Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
Now and for evermore. Amen.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA.

Who made the good old songs
 That float from place to place,
 And, carolled by a thousand tongues,
 Yet never lose their grace?
 Sweet as the music of a bird,
 That never tires, though often heard.

Who gave those songs their words
 That echo to the heart,
 And seem responsive to the chords
 Of which they form a part?
 Did poets once so spurn at praise
 As to deny their sweetest lays?

Who built our castles old
 And our cathedrals fair?
 The architects remain untold
 Of many a fabric rare:
 They passed away, nor left a name
 To future times—and this is fame!

A. M.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

IX.

GENERAL HYMNS.—(*Continued.*)

THERE is, for all true hymns, a sphere of usefulness besides that which they possess, in what may be called their public capacity, as forming part of the Church Services. They may be used in private devotion as fit subjects for meditation; they may thus be taken more closely to the heart of each individual Christian, while they attune his spirit the better to join in the songs which are the prelude to the eternal harmonies of Heaven. It is on hymns designed chiefly for meditation and private use that we would now venture a few remarks, only premising that we are unavoidably giving a very incomplete view of these hymns, and passing over very many that are worthy of notice.

The number of hymns suitable for private use is greatly increased by the fact, that to most educated persons, the quaintness of expression, which prevents the works of our older sacred poets from being sung in church,

rather recommends them for, than disqualifies them from, private use. There is scarcely any need to direct attention to the poetry of George Herbert, the best known, and most frequently quoted, writer of this class. His lines seem to have been written with the very purpose of repelling all but the most thoughtful and meditative readers. His own words are the best possible apology for the want of poetic smoothness with which some have charged him :—

‘ The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
Is, when the soul unto the line accords.

He Who craves all the minde,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behinde
To make His verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th’ heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want.’

The strange fashion in which he often plays with his metre, his words, and his thoughts, is yet always subordinated to a spirit of deep reverence ; and when once the tangled web of his language is unravelled, it shows the beautiful transparent simplicity of his mind. That so few can use his poems as he himself did, singing them to his own music, results perhaps less from a scanty appreciation of their merits, than from the lack of that pure and noble spirit which inspired him. It was on the last Sunday of his life that he composed and sang to his lute some of his well-known lines on Sunday :—

‘ O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world’s bud,
Th’ indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His Bloud ;
The couch of Time ; Care’s balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.’

We must confine our notice of George Herbert to one more specimen, perhaps the easiest to comprehend of all his hymns :—

‘ King of Glorie ! King of Peace !
I will love Thee,
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me !
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me !

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sinnes against me cried,
Thou didst cleare me !
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me !

Seven whole dayes, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Thou grew’st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst,
And when Justice call’d for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort
 To enroll Thee.
 Ev'n eternitie is too short
 To extoll Thee.'

Wales, the native country of George Herbert, produced, some twenty years later, a poet, whose sacred verses, strangely neglected in his own days, are yet more strangely but little noticed now. Henry Vaughan, named from his birth-place *The Silurist*,¹ has few of the difficulties we find in George Herbert, and writes frequently in a more definitely hymn-like style. To Lyte's edition of his 'Silex Scintillans' (*i.e.* Sparks from the Flint-stone) an excellent biography of Vaughan is prefixed. There can be no doubt that the Silurist studied, and sometimes closely imitated, the poems of Herbert.² Thus we find stanzas in Vaughan much resembling those given above, and beginning—

'King of Comforts! King of Life!
 Thou hast cheered me;
 And when fears and doubts were rife,
 Thou hast cleered me!

Not a nook in all my breast,
 But Thou fill'st it;
 Not a thought that breaks my rest,
 But Thou kill'st it.

Wherefore with my utmost strength
 I will praise Thee,
 And as Thou giv'st line and length,
 I will raise Thee;

Day and night, not once a day,
 I will blesse Thee;
 And, my soul, in new array
 I will dresse thee.'

Though Vaughan never displays any distinctive Romanism like Crashaw, he is not always so moderate in his language as might be desired. Perhaps almost the only lines of his which have found acceptance in any of our hymnals are those which have so grievously offended some reviewers, wherein he thus addresses the Blessed Virgin:—

'Thou art the true Love-knot; by thee
 God is made our allie;'

But it is not fair to judge the author by this really exceptional specimen of his language. The following more fairly represents his style. Its subject is 'Departed Friends':—

¹ As being born among the *Silures*, the tribe which peopled South Wales.

² He speaks of himself as a convert, won by the 'holy life and verse' of Mr. George Herbert.

' They are all gone into the world of Light ! ;
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill ' is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Meer glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility !
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the Jewel of the Just !
 Shining no where but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
 And into glory peep.'

His lines on Peace, beginning, ' My Soul, there is a Countrie,' are very beautiful. His ' Wreath ' is an evident imitation from George Herbert's. His lines, ' King of Mercy, King of Love,' remind us of the similarly irregular metre found in Jeremy Taylor's ' Full of Mercy, full of Love.' There is a fair selection from Vaughan in Fosbery's ' Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering,' where may also be seen extracts from many seventeenth-century writers, whom we have not space to mention here. The hymns in Dean Hicke's Devotions are by John Austin, an author who joined the Church of Rome about the middle of that century. Though intended for private use, many of them may, with very little alteration, be used in church. Of those which can only be used in private, we may notice ' Let others court what joys they please,' ' Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee,' and ' And now, my soul, canst thou forget.' The works of Creation are beautifully commemorated in his

hymn, 'Hark, my soul, how every thing.' 'My God, to Thee ourselves we owe,' is also by Austin.¹

In the voluminous compositions of Watts, the Wesleys, Simon Browne, and other writers of their time, we see an increasing tendency to make hymns, intended for public use, so full of individual and personal aspirations and experiences, as to render them only suitable for private meditation. Sometimes, indeed, the self-exaltation of the individual becomes so absurd, as to render the hymn wholly worthless; *e.g.*—

' When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

Frequently, however, the use of the singular number in the hymns of these authors is only, so to speak, an accidental feature, which it is often undesirable to change for church use, perhaps rather from their being familiar to us in their original forms than from anything else.² In Dr. Watts's hymns, the Morning Song, 'Once more, my soul, the rising day,' and the Evening Song, 'Dread Sovereign, let my evening song,' may be used as hymns of meditation, as may also 'Alas! and did my SAVIOUR bleed,' or the lines beginning—

' Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.'

It seems almost useless to give the first lines of the very numerous hymns by the Wesleys, which are chiefly suitable for private use. The following are but a few:—'Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,'³

¹ 'With all the powers my poor soul hath,' is taken by Austin, with alterations, from Crashaw's translation of '*Adoro Te devote*,' by S. Thomas Aquinas.

² I need not apologize for the following illustration of my meaning;—a translation by Dr. Neale of Watts's hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross.' The permission to reprint it is due to the kindness of the Editor of *The Christian Remembrancer*.

'Crucem sequentes præviam,
Quæ Rex pendit Gloria,
Per lucra damnâ quærimus,
Et temnâs superbiam.

O Crux, tuorum cordibus
Tu sola sis jactatio:
Pendentis ad Regis Pedes
Spretæ voluptates jacent.

Quæ vana complexi sumus,
Jam non placebunt amplius;
Jam per Pedes, Manus, Caput,
Amore mixtus it Cruor:

O cui nec antea Cruor
Talis se Amori junxerat!
O nulla Regis spinæ
Corona comparabilis!

Quæ debitas victoriæ
Tantæ rependimus vices,
Ni, Qui redemit, nos Deo
Fiamus ipsi victimæ?

Sit laus PATRI, laus FILIO,
Tristi levato stipite,
Cum SPIRITU PARACLYTO
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

³ By John Wesley, from Tersteegen's '*Verborgne Gottesliebe Du*.'

'O for a heart to praise my GOD,' 'JESU, Thy boundless Love to me,' 'FATHER, in the Name I pray,' 'O Love Divine, how sweet thou art,' 'Open, LORD, my inward ear,' 'GOD of my life, what just return,' 'JESU, Thou art my Righteousness.' For the death-bed of one prepared to die, his lines, 'Happy soul! thy days are ended,' seem more suitable than Toplady's 'Deathless principle, arise!' or Montgomery's 'Spirit! leave thine house of clay!'¹ Of John Newton's hymns, 'How sweet the Name of JESUS sounds,' 'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,' 'Why should I fear the darkest hour,' 'Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,' and 'I hear the tempest's awful sound,' (the last specially appropriate for use at sea,) must be mentioned. But many more hymns of meditation are due to William Cowper. There is indeed a vein of melancholy pervading many of his hymns, which is only too well accounted for by the author's sad history. 'GOD moves in a mysterious way,' 'O LORD, my best desire fulfil,' and 'O for a closer walk with GOD,' all bear traces of having been written 'in the twilight of departing reason.' 'Hark, my soul! it is the LORD,' and 'Far from the world, O LORD, I flee,' breathe a happier spirit, as do also many of his translations from Madame Guyon, which are far too little known. 'Blest, who, far from all mankind,'² and 'Love is the LORD whom I obey,'³ are especially good, as are also 'Night! how I love thy silent shades,'⁴ and indeed all those on watching to GOD in the night-season. It may be interesting to compare a stanza of the original French with Cowper's translation:—

'Tous sont obligés de T'aimer,
Je le suis d'avantage;
Cent fois Tu m'as sçu délivrer
D'un mortel esclavage:
Mon Petit-Maitre, mon Amour,
Que j'expire en Toi chaque jour!'

'All are indebted much to Thee,
But I far more than all;
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall:
Overwhelm me from above
Daily with Thy boundless Love.'

Many of Charlotte Elliott's poems are suitable for private devotion. Her best-known hymn, 'My GOD and FATHER, while I stray,' seems to have been originally intended for use in this way. 'O Holy SAVIOUR, Friend unseen,' 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and 'O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,' are also well adapted for meditation. In H. F. Lyte's sacred verses there are, besides many others equally worth mentioning, 'JESUS, I my cross have taken,' 'Long did I toil and knew no earthly rest,' and 'When 'at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend.' For meditation in times of trouble there are some lines by Dr. Thomas Gibbons, beginning—

¹ This is not among Montgomery's published hymns, though probably adapted by himself (from a poem written in 1803) for Dr. Collyer's collection, 1812.

² From 'Heureux, qui, loin de tout le monde.'

³ L' Amour me tient asservie.

⁴ Nuit, que vous m'êtes favorable.

‘ To Thee, my God, Whose Presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To Thee, Whose Name, Whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.’

Very much of the sacred poetry of Germany is suitable for private use. The subjective character found especially in many of the later hymns, adapts them to this end. C. J. P. Spitta's works are excellent for domestic edification, for which indeed they were primarily designed. Mr. Massie has translated the ‘Psaltery and Harp’ of Spitta successfully on the whole. ‘O blessed Sun, Whose Splendour,’¹ and ‘My LORD and GOD, Whose gracious Hand,’² deserve especial mention. His rendering of the parting hymn,³ ‘How mean ye thus by weeping,’ though retaining the double rhymes of the original, is perhaps not equal to ‘What mean ye by this wailing,’ the version given in ‘Hymns from the Land of Luther.’ Spitta's poem on Patience⁴ is beautifully translated in ‘Christian Lyrics,’ by M. S. M., in the lines beginning—

‘ Throughout this earth in stillness
An angel walks abroad,
For consoling in our weakness,
He is strengthened of the LORD.’

Miss Winkworth's lines, beginning, ‘O Father-Eye, that hath so truly watched,’ are from Spitta.⁵ Among the older German hymns, some of the most suitable are taken from Angelus Silesius. Space forbids us here to give a hitherto unpublished version of his best-known hymn,⁶ kindly sent us by the Rev. T. L. Kingsbury, which Miss Cox has translated ‘Love, Who in the first beginning,’ and Miss Winkworth, ‘O Love, Who formedst me to wear.’

Miss A. L. Waring's lines, beginning ‘FATHER, I know that all my life,’ are very beautiful, excelling even Miss A. A. Proctor's ‘My GOD, I thank Thee, Who hast made.’ In weariness of spirit, two hymns by F. W. Faber, ‘O LORD, my heart is sick,’ and ‘I come to Thee once more, my GOD,’ may be used. His lines beginning, ‘Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are ringing,’ have become very popular as a sacred song, under the title of the ‘Pilgrims of the Night.’ Bonar's ‘Thy way, not mine, O LORD,’ and ‘Cease, my soul, thy strayings,’ may well be thus used.

The plan of regularly introducing a hymn into daily private devotions is admirably carried out in Mr. A. G. Jackson's ‘Penny Pocket-book of Prayers and Hymns.’⁷ Here we have the lines of Caswall, which are

¹ O JESU, meine Sonne.

² Mein HERR und Gott, Dess guter Hand.

³ Was macht ihr, dass ihr weinet.

⁴ Es zieht ein stiller Engel.

⁵ O Vaterhand, die mich so treu geführtet.

⁶ Liebe, Die Du mich zum Bilde.

⁷ We should, however, have been glad to see a hymn provided, more definitely suitable for Sunday morning than any of those given.

perhaps the best preface to a meditation upon death that has ever been written :—

‘ Now let me close mine eyes,
And strive to picture to myself the day,
When, stretched in my last dying agonies,
I here no more may stay.

Ah! when will be the time
For thee, my soul, to wing thy solemn flight?
Shall it be winter’s snow, or summer’s prime?
Shall it be day or night?

• • •
And will my death come slow,
Or sudden as the lightning’s vivid blast?
Ah me! I cannot say,—but this I know,
That come it must at last.

Oh then, since thus I live,
Certain of death, uncertain of the day;
This grace to me, immortal SAVIOUR, give,
In Thy dear Love, I pray;

That whatsoe’er befall
Of good or ill, I evermore may be
Ready, whenever sounds Thy solemn call,
At once to answer Thee.’

Two other pieces on the same subject, by the same author, ‘Come, my soul, and let us dwell,’ and ‘Borne as an arrow from the bow,’ are also good. Many of Caswall’s meditative pieces deserve to be better known. His Hymn of Reparation to the Holy Sacrament, beginning ‘O JESU, O Redeemer,’ may be found useful. This idea is also well expressed in a hymn by the Rev. T. L. Kingsbury, hitherto unpublished :—

‘ And art Thou coming, LORD, once more
To fill this worthless heart of mine,
To break for me the Eternal Store,
And shed for me Thy deathless Wine?

What so can move Thee to forsake
Thy Throne above the boundless sky;
These lowly forms of earth to take,
Nor pass the meanest suppliant by?

Canst Thou forgive my sinful shame,
My long neglects, my stubborn pride?
And canst Thou from those Eyes of Flame
My vileness, my pollution hide?

Yet, JESUS! all my Peace and Joy!
If so Thou must to me incline,
Come, what Thou hatest to destroy,
And make me all and only Thine.’

The following lines of Archbishop Trench, with which we must now conclude, remind us forcibly of George Herbert’s style of thought :—

' When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by Thy right line again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits ;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots.

My well is bitter ; cast therein the Tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's Own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won ;
Withdrawn from thence, 'tis cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The largest river, from its fountain-head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from Heaven are scattering gold.'

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES OF THE CUSTOMS AND OFFICES OF THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.

A BISHOP'S VISITATION.

AT all times a trying and terrifying business, the expected visitation of the Bishop this year seemed to be peculiarly so to the minds of the clergy of high and low degree in our town and blagotchinie. This probably arose from the fact of His Eminence having been but very recently appointed to this diocese ; and although report decided in his favour, yet there was no knowing how he might be worried or displeased at different places on the road between the government town and our place, and in what humour he might be pleased to arrive ; for it is a fact, proved by many remarkable instances, that bishops have tempers as well as other people.

A Bishop always travels with a suite, consisting of an archimandrite, a protodeacon, subdeacons to robe and attend him during service, and assist at the same, and a youth called a *sloujka*, (which word I really cannot translate otherwise than *Slavey*, it being the diminutive of *Slougà*, a servant.) His work is by no means hard, and consists principally in standing and looking very pretty a little behind the Bishop at his left hand, with a book in his own, which he opens when required at the proper place, and stepping forward, holds it before His Eminence to read from. A good-looking lad seems to be selected, for I never yet saw an ugly *sloujka*; and a certain grave, respectful, but withal coquettish and becoming manner is common to them all, and probably is in a certain degree acquired. A choir of some twelve or sixteen strong, with their Regent or leader, also accompanies the party, and forms one of the attractions at the Episcopal Liturgy, which is altogether very interesting, and much more showy than a mere ordinary Mass, as celebrated by a priest, can be.

The approach of the Bishop was duly announced to us by the ringing of bells, which I have before mentioned,* so that those who wished to see him arrive had time to dress and assemble in the church. The Protopope had gone to the nearest village in the march-route, a distance of thirty versts, to meet the Vladika,† and accompany him hither; but all the other priests (and among them one poor man dying of decline, whom we had not seen at church for many a day) and the rest of the clergy were ready in the Cathedral to receive him, and had only just time to hurry on their canonicals, when he arrived. It was five o'clock on a burning hot July afternoon, but fortunately the Cathedral is large and cool, and all the doors were opened; it was prettily decorated too, with boughs of birch and lime trees, arranged so as to form an alley in one part that he would have to pass; and the 'bit of green' was refreshing to the eyes, if not to the imagination of the other senses, and was suggestive of shade and gentle fannings of boughs.

The carriage, drawn by six horses, stopped at the west door, and His Eminence immediately ascended the steps, supported by two *stanovoys*; it was merely an act of civility on their part, however, for he is a brisk active man, and did not require any assistance whatever. He was dressed in a rich violet and black silk damask cassock, and on his head was a high round hat, (the monkish hood) with a long veil of black stuff something like *barège*, hanging over it down his back. Round his neck, suspended by a chain, is the *Panagia*, sparkling in the sun; of it I will speak presently.

At about five or six steps from the door, within the Cathedral, he was met by the clergy; and here he was robed in his episcopal mantle, an immense garment of puce-coloured satin, on which are sewn three double rows of a striped red and white ribbon, about four inches broad; at

* See The Monthly Packet, Vol. xxvii. p. 608.

† The Bishop.

either side of the fastening at the neck there is a square piece of stiff gold embroidery, having on it a cross; they are about a lady's span in diameter, and typify the Old and New Testaments, signifying that the teacher of God's Word should employ both. The striped ribbons are emblems of the streams of knowledge flowing from the Holy Bible. It is impossible, I think, for even a woman to convey to a woman the exact cut of this garment; suffice it to say that if it were laid out flat on the floor it would be found to be nearly circular—that it is extremely long, and has a train, which the *sloujka* carries; and near the feet are sewn little tinkling things like the bells on a child's coral, which are in imitation of the bells on Aaron's robe. They signify—for everything in the Greco-Russian Church has a symbolic or mystic signification—that the Bishop must be ready ever to preach the Gospel, and to call on others to do the same.* In his hand he holds his crozier, which at first sight might be taken for a parasol; it is about four feet in height, and of considerable weight, being made entirely of metal. Near the top is a sort of handle, silver gilt and chased, which gives the crozier the appearance of an anchor, the symbol of hope of salvation; this is surmounted by a cross, and about two inches lower than the handle is a decoration of white silken material, adorned with several rows of gold fringe and a bow of crimson ribbon at the top, which I can liken to nothing but a little petticoat, and which gives the notion of a smart parasol.

Blessing the people on each side of the narrow space left him to walk to the elevation prepared for him in the body of the church, (the same place as where weddings are celebrated,) the Bishop proceeded, followed by the clergy and his suite. A short Moleben was performed, which did not last more than ten minutes, after which the Bishop returned to his carriage, and drove to the house of the Protopope, where rooms were prepared for him and his companion the Archimandrite, who is Rector of the ecclesiastical seminary, and prior or superior of the monastery at the Government town—an important person among the clergy. Both belong to the order of Black Ecclesiastics, *i. e.* monks and consequently celibates, in distinction from the White Ecclesiastics, or ordinary clergy.

The Bishop is called Apollos, but this is not his baptismal name. He received it on becoming Bishop, and it is probably the third he has received in his life-time. First he was named at baptism, secondly when he took his monkish vows, and thirdly when ordained a Bishop. He has an extremely animated and prepossessing countenance, and so kind and simple a manner, that one felt at once that reports of him must be true; and his brief stay here proved that he is what he had been described, a business-like person with regard to *business*—of which he has an immensity, doing, deciding, and judging for himself, without any advice, direct or indirect, from those who surround him; and a most amiable and agreeable Vladika, without any exactingness or grandeur, of which they

* Bishop Benjamin.

say he has a perfect horror. Contrary to the custom of other prelates whom I have seen, he utters all he has to say in his natural voice distinctly and audibly; there is no affectation of extreme age and weakness, no grandeur or infinite condescension in his manner; altogether a something pervaded his whole person and presence, which made one feel very glad for his brethren the poor dear priests, who have been so anxious concerning the visitation for so many months.

Mass was to begin, people said, very early the next morning. The low-spirited asserted that it would be at six o'clock at the latest, and prophesied such crowds that it would not be worth while trying to get into the Cathedral. Others said that it would be empty rather than otherwise, because it was hay-making time for the workmen and their families, (each of whom has a hay-field,) and because it would be too early for the nobles, who certainly do get up very late. Under such circumstances, therefore, it was very desirable that the service should take place earlier rather than later, particularly as the weather was insufferably hot, and the idea of a crammed church when there are some 28° or 30° Réaumur in the shade is sufficiently terrifying. Eight o'clock, however, was the hour fixed by His Eminence, who with his characteristic good nature consented to a longer ringing of the bells than he is accustomed to, in order to give such of the inhabitants as might not know of the early hour appointed, time to assemble at church.

We arrived at half past seven; it was already very hot, and we felt thankful that service was to take place thus early, and not during the still more oppressive hours of noon-day. There were only the deacons and readers, the sextons and churchwarden, and a very few of the congregation, in the Cathedral; but the Protodeacon soon arrived, and began to put our deacons through a regular repetition of what they would have to do; for although the service is essentially the same when performed by either Priest or Bishop, yet there is more ceremony when the latter is present, and to a person unaccustomed to aiding at a Bishop's liturgy it is doubtless puzzling to remember when and where to bow, how to turn round, to the right hand or to the left, when to wave the incense extra times, and so on. The Protodeacon, a fine old man, the exact likeness of pictures of Moses, was, to confess the truth, very cross with our deacons, (one of whom is nearly as old as he;) got out of patience with them, and pushed them about as a dancing-master does awkward pupils. In the mean time, one of the subdeacons, an old acquaintance of ours, whom we knew as a lad before his ordination, was giving instructions to his young brothers, seminarists who were at home for the holidays. To the younger was intrusted a vast candlestick, very nearly as high as himself, and, with the candle, which is about three inches in diameter, far out-topping him; to the other the crozier aforesaid; both are carried before or behind the Bishop during Mass, as the case may require. The boys doubtless had a slight knowledge of the duties imposed on them, and which were very probably earnestly begged for; but they must have had

wonderful memories, to bear in mind the minute instructions that were given—which side they must stand on at such a time, which on another, when to pass before and when behind the Bishop. Under the charge of the crozier-bearer were also placed several little round mats, which are moved from place to place for His Eminence to stand on. Such a mat is about fifteen inches in diameter, and is called an *orletz*, from the word *orël*, an eagle—a representation of which bird, with a glory about its head, and flying over a fortified city, is embroidered on the mat. The city signifies the diocese of the Bishop; and the eagle—a symbol of divinity—is in allusion to St. John the Divine being represented in pictures with that bird. To keep up the idea of the signification, the glory is added, meaning that the light of Divine teaching should ever beam over the diocese committed to the Bishop's care.*

The candle and crozier bearers also went through a mimic service, their brother correcting them, encouraging them, and amusing them, all the time. A raised platform was placed in the body of the church for the Bishop. It had two steps, and was about two yards and a half square, and fifteen inches higher than the pavement of the Cathedral. It was covered with a carpet, and on it was placed a seat, covered with a crimson velvet cloth adorned with gold fringe.

At eight o'clock the bells began to ring, and all the people, of whom by this time a great number had assembled, rushed to get the best places. We secured those that we had set our minds on ever since we heard that the Visitation was to take place, and managed to keep them too, notwithstanding the pushings and nudgings that we had to endure; we stood in the corner formed by the projection of the Amvou steps, so that we were as close to the Royal Gates as we could be, and besides having the advantage of seeing the whole ceremony, we had also a fair space before our faces to breathe in, as nobody could possibly stand in front of us. The Bishop arrived in the stipulated quarter of an hour, and was robed in his mantle near the door, as on the previous evening.

Service immediately commenced on the Bishop's mounting his platform; and during the chanting of the choir and the intonation of the 'Hours' by the reader, the deacons brought forth the episcopal robes from the Altar, on a large silver dish. He then rose from his seat, and after blessing the subdeacons, who followed the robe-bearers, submitted himself entirely to them; and they, possessing themselves each of one of his arms, forthwith commenced robing him in his canonicals, as follows.

At each new ordination in the Greco-Russian Church some new article of canonicals is *added*, so that the number a Bishop has to put on is greater than those of a Priest—a Priest more than a Deacon, and so on. The canonicals and attributes added at the consecration of a Bishop are—first, the Cope; second, the Omophorium; third, the Panagia, a large medallion-like picture of the Virgin and Child, in enamel; it is richly

* Bishop Benjamin.

ornamented, and surrounded by a glory-like border, studded with precious stones; it is worn round the neck, suspended to a thick gold chain; fourth, the Cross, of unusually large size, also worn round the neck; fifth, the mitre; and sixth, the Crozier, which seems at once to represent the crook of the shepherd and the sceptre of the monarch.

The actual robes are seven in number: viz. the alb, stole, belt, cuffs, and epigonation of the Priest; and the episcopal cope and omophorium.

The cope much resembles the ordinary vestment of the deacon, but it is made of far richer stuff, and has the same little tinkling bells as those on the mantle, sewn down the sides where the seam ought to be, and along the sleeves; for the two sides are united by loops extending from bell to bell after the manner of buttons, the cope being cut out of one whole piece of material, with a hole for the head to pass through, and having no seams, like the garment of the Saviour. It is put on with the same words as those used by priests.

The omophorium resembles the stole of the priest and the scarf of the deacon, but is much longer than the one and broader than the other; it is put on differently too, one end hanging down in front, the other behind, after being wound about the shoulders and looped up in a particular manner. This part of the canonicals is the peculiar mark of the Bishop, as the stole is of the Priest, and the scarf of the Deacon. It contains sheep's wool in its texture, though it is so concealed by silver and silk thread as to be imperceptible. This is a symbol of the lost sheep whom the pastor tends, and of the Lamb of God who was slain for us.*

The subdeacons, accustomed to their task, disrobed His Eminence of his mantle and ordinary cassock, and he remained in his under cassock—a Noah-like garment of brown satin—for a few seconds, when his attendants proceeded to robe him, with a dexterity and unison in every movement that had a degree of gracefulness about it. At the same moment, for instance, they would take the cuffs from the dish, and present them to be blessed; at the same instant finished lacing them, so that the Bishop's plump hands, small and white as a woman's, were ready at once to give the double blessing. After the seven canonicals had been put on, the deacon and subdeacons again retired to the Altar, returning soon after at a certain part of the service, the deacon bearing the silver dish, but this time empty. Over his shoulders was thrown a long and broad towel of new book-muslin, with the ends embroidered in different coloured wools: it was put on exactly as ladies used to wear scarfs some twenty-five years ago, as a *pardessus*. One of the subdeacons bore an elegant vase-like silver gilt vessel, with a spout and handle; from this he poured water into the dish over the hands of the Bishop, who rinses them and his face slightly; and then both subdeacons, taking hold of the ends of the towel and passing the middle over the head of the deacon, present it to him to wipe himself dry. On such an awfully hot day as the one I am speaking of, I am sure those few drops of water must have been refreshing

* Bishop Benjamin.

to the poor man, loaded as he was with his seven canonicals. 'Be it not supposed,' says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in the fifth book of his Teachings, 'that this is done to cleanse the body from outward impurities, for we never enter a church in a dirty state of body. It signifies that our souls must be purified from all sins and wickednesses. For as the hands are the instruments of action, the washing of them shows the purity and undefiledness of our desires. Hast thou never heard the words of David? who says, "I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I go to Thy Altar, O Lord."' And St. Germanus says, 'The washing of a priest's or bishop's hand should remind them that we must approach the Holy Table with a clean conscience, mind, and thoughts, (the hands of our souls,) with fear, meekness, and heartfelt sincerity.'

After another interval an enormous silver comb was brought, on the same great salver, and the Bishop passed it through his hair and beard. It was eight or nine inches in length and at least four or five in breadth, with the teeth very broad—'few and far between.' The mystic signification of this custom, which beyond a doubt exists, I have been unable to ascertain. The Mitre—a very handsome piece of workmanship, which I can hardly decide to whom to ascribe, to the gold-embroiderer, jeweller, or an unknown artificer in a craft that has no name, (for it is impossible to say what it is made of; it is not metallic, yet it is studded with pearls and other jewels)—was then donned, the Panagia, and the Cross.

When fully robed, the Bishop takes two golden candlesticks in his hands; one, with two branches, is called a Dikiria; and the other, with three, a Trikiria. Their peculiarity is that the nozzles are so made as to unite the flames of the three or two candles when they are lighted: the meaning of the first is the twofold nature of our Lord, God and man; the symbol of the other—the Holy Trinity. With these candlesticks he waves the sign of the Cross over the congregation, many more times than I can enumerate during the course of the Service, the people receiving the blessing with bent heads and devout crossings. Each time that the subdeacons present these or any other thing to His Eminence, they kiss the hand which takes it.

While waiting for the arrival of the Bishop to Mass, a whisper that our old friend the subdeacon was to be ordained as priest, was circulated, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. We forgot, however, that such is an impossibility, as he first must be ordained full deacon, and only one ordination can take place during one Liturgy; and the whisper proved to be an incautious hoax, and had arisen merely from the subdeacon's having said in remark to someone's informing him that he had come to church to see the Bishop, 'Oh! I thought you had come to see *me*. To see me ordained pope.' Our disappointment, however, was partially made up for by witnessing the bestowal of the Epigonation* on a village priest †

* See Monthly Packet, New Series, Vol. I. p. 234.

† This distinction was bestowed in reward of the priest's untiring efforts and their happy results in teaching the *Votyak* children of his parish. The *Votyaks* are a tribe

belonging to the *blagotchinie*. He was led by two others to the steps of the elevation, a deacon standing by with the new canonical on the salver; he first crossed and prostrated himself devoutly with his face to the Royal Gates, and then prostrated himself, without crossings, before the Bishop, who after a very short admonition and prayer, threw the suspending band of the epigonation over the candidate's shoulder, the assistants partly removing his chasuble for that purpose. The Bishop, as he did this, called aloud the word 'Axios,'* while the newly adorned priest kissed his hands. The choir repeated the word in a joyful strain, while the Vladika went on addressing the priest, and presented his shoulder to him to be kissed, which of course was part of the ceremony. The priest, an anxious looking man, was not aware of the reward that was in preparation for him, and the surprise and gratification it caused absolutely scared him, and, probably from extreme nervousness, he kept his mouth open during the whole of the succeeding service, like a person in a fever; but he read the pre-amvon prayer at the end firmly enough.

Mass now proceeded much in the usual manner, the few additions to it caused by the Bishop's presence only serving to make it more attractive. It begins by His Eminence, having crossed the candles again on three sides, leaving his elevation in the middle of the church and proceeding to the Altar, followed by the other priests present, who hitherto have stood in two rows, with their sides towards the Bishop, in the space between him and the Amvon. After kissing the sacred pictures on the Royal Gates, he waves incense round the Throne, and then comes out again from the Royal Gates, (which are open all the time of a Bishop's Liturgy, except during the consecration and receiving of the Elements) and waves it to the people, repeating, not intoning, part of the fifty-first Psalm. Never in my life, from the lips of Englishman, German, or Russian, did I hear any portion of Scripture so exquisitely yet so simply, so entirely without all effort, repeated as those few verses. Completely unprepared, and situated so as to be able to hear the slightest intonations of his voice, I drank in every syllable—tears, to my own extreme surprise, streamed down my face. 'Make me to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones that Thou hast broken may rejoice!'—were the last words I heard as he turned into the Altar again, and I think I shall never forget them. The congregation glanced at each other in silent rapture.

The Protodeacon, who continued during the whole time to testify by various gestures his contempt of, astonishment at, and indulgence towards, the awkwardness and ignorance of our deacons, intoned the Litanies and Gospel magnificently: the latter was taken from St. Luke ii., ending with

of Finnish extraction, great numbers of whom reside in the Governments of Viatka and Perm. They are, for the most part, baptized Christians, but they speak their own language, though they all can make themselves understood in Russ. Their occupation is exclusively agriculture.

* He is worthy.

the words, 'For with God nothing shall be impossible.' It was really astonishing that such an aged man could produce such sonorous sounds, they actually rang in one's ears to a degree that was absolutely painful to those who stood close to him; but I conjecture, from the quivering of the half-closed eyelids, the compressed lips, and the raising of the whole body on tiptoe when a very loud or high tone was required, that it was a great effort to him. He performed by far the greater part of the service.

While the Cherubim's Hymn was being sung, the Bishop stood at the Royal Gates, and the trio again appeared with the salver, vase, and muslin towel, and the ablution was repeated. This is done immediately before the great procession with the Elements. The Choir sang the Hymn very sweetly.

On the conclusion of Mass, the Bishop preached a short sermon, the subject of which was an admonition to his flock not to neglect the Table of the Lord. He alluded to his thankfulness to the Almighty for the reception he had everywhere met with on his arduous journeys from the government town, but added that he dare not accept it as a personal distinction to himself, though it rejoiced him to observe the zeal of his dear flock to the pastor whom God had placed over them; and unworthy as he felt himself, he could not but 'take the cup of salvation' presented to him, 'and call on the name of the Lord' in behalf of his children. He spoke in the same simple but impressive way as he did when repeating the Psalm.

Mass being sung, he was disrobed in the Altar, and his cassock and mantle having again been put on, he came to the Amvou to give the people his blessing. Each crowded up, with the back of the right hand crossed on the palm of the left, (both of course ungloved,) the Bishop makes the sign of the Cross over them, and then lays his own hand for one instant on them to be kissed. He would not hear of hurrying this ceremony, nor of leaving his station until the congregation were satisfied; several children told me that they went up several times, and that each time he said something kind to them. We waited on the west steps to see him go out, exposed to the broiling sun of noon; and it must have been very little less than half an hour afterwards that a movement in the crowd betokened his exit. The people rushed again, the stanovoys shouting to them to have done, to let His Eminence pass, but he begged them to desist, and went forward, dealing his blessings to everybody who managed to stumble up to him. Finally, when seated in the open carriage that an inhabitant of the town had placed at his disposal, the crowd tore headlong after him, and he continued making the sign of the Cross on either side, till he disappeared behind the ready open door of his temporary dwelling.

At a quarter to two on the same afternoon, while we were exchanging our impressions of the morning's service over the coldest dinner that could be invented, the principal ingredient in the fare being lumps of ice, we

heard a peal of clanging bells, by which we were informed that His Eminence had left our town; and, once more seated in his close stuffy chariot, was on the way to the next, which is seventy versts distant, and where exactly the same scenes would be enacted as those of which we had been witnesses here.

H. C. R.

July, 1867.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON;' 'MAIDEN OF THE ICEBERG,' &c.

III.

A. D. 1038 TO A. D. 1061.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.

ON arriving in Poland, whither, by the advice of their cousin, King Stephen, they had fled to escape the intrigues of Gisela, the three Hungarian dukes found the Polish Prince Micska* occupied with a war against his neighbours, the Pomeranians. Some say it was a religious war—a sort of crusade, in fact, for promoting Christianity; while others affirm that Pomerania, being tributary to Poland, had suddenly endeavoured to throw off the foreign yoke, and assert her independence. Be this as it may, however, the two armies were drawn up opposite one another in order of battle, when suddenly there came forth from the pagan host a man of gigantic stature, the chief of the Pomeranians. He called upon the Polish prince to submit the matter to the arbitration of the gods, and challenged him at the same time to single combat. 'Let us,' said he, 'spare the blood of our people; and whichever of us falls, let his people be subject to the other!'

Duke Micska stepped back in consternation as he looked at the gigantic champion, for he was already too old to fight, and his sons were too young; yet he could not, without dishonour, refuse to accept the Pomeranian's challenge.

While he was in this dilemma, an unknown knight stepped forth before the people. He was a foreigner, was clad in a foreign dress, and carried foreign arms; and he offered his sword to fight in the Duke's stead. When Micska asked him who he was, he answered proudly, 'A Magyar;' and when the giant champion asked the Duke who it was who stood forth on the battle-field to do battle with him in his stead, the Duke said, 'My son!'

By the side of Duke Micska* stood a fair bright-eyed girl, his only daughter, whom he intended, as the fairest reward he could offer, for the unknown warrior, whose heroic courage was his only introduction.

In the sight of the assembled armies, the two chiefs advanced to meet one another, mounted on prancing war-horses, their long lances in rest.

* Mieczlaus II.

At the first encounter, Duke Béla, for he was the unknown knight, dashed his adversary from the saddle, and the combat was then continued on foot with drawn swords. The Pomeranian had the advantage both of a long sword and a long arm; but Béla knew the Magyar proverb, 'If your sword be short, go a step nearer your foe,' and he did not fail to follow the advice it gave. After a long struggle, the giant champion was stretched on the ground for dead, while the Hungarian duke was as fresh as when he began.

Amid the rejoicing of the people, the Polish duke took his unknown son to his heart, giving him as his reward, the Pomeranian people and his only daughter, both of which Béla had honestly won, the former by his good sword, the latter by his noble heart.

Thus did the expatriated prince win for himself in battle, fame, power, and love.* It is said by some that the name of Levente, or Wrestler, was bestowed on Béla after this victory; but others maintain that Levente was the name of the third brother.

András stayed but a short time in Poland, and then proceeded to Russia, where he married Anastatia, daughter of Prince Jaroslaw, the Prince's two other daughters having respectively married Harald IV. of Norway, and Henri I. of France.

Meanwhile, Peter had succeeded his uncle on the throne of Hungary, and was making himself much disliked by his subjects. He was very punctual in the observance of all external religious duties; he built churches and honoured the clergy; but as his private life was at variance with his public acts, he met with little respect. The people too, seeing his devotion, and knowing too well the vices of his character, ignorantly imagined that his evil life was the result of his Christianity. He began his reign by ill-treating Gisela, the widow of Stephen, deprived her of her property, and finally, it is said, threw her into prison. He despised the Magyars for their want of refinement, and made no attempt to conceal the contempt he felt for them; while on the other hand, he showered favours on the Germans and Italians, gave them lands he had taken from Magyar magnates, and allowed them to garrison towns, which was contrary to law.

The Magyars had found this favouring of foreigners hard enough to bear even from good King Stephen; but it was far worse, and more intolerable, from such a king as Peter, and they soon began to hate him quite as heartily as he despised them.

Discontent went on increasing day by day, till in 1041, Peter was fairly driven from the throne he had so unworthily occupied. In his stead, the people chose Samuel Aba, a powerful noble, who had married Sarolta, a sister of King Stephen, and had exercised the office of Palatine. By some he is said to have been of the race of Arpád, while others trace his descent from a chief of the Kuman Magyars, to whom Arpád had given large estates near the Carpathian mountains.

* Jókai Mór.

Samuel was some way past middle age, was rich, powerful, and enjoyed a reputation for piety, which had been cheaply acquired by the building of a monastery, and does not seem to have been warranted by many other acts of his life.

It is said that he who puts himself at the head of rebels, must be himself either slave or tyrant. Samuel did not approve the former rôle, and adopted the latter, mercilessly putting to death great numbers of Peter's adherents. He offended the nobles by refusing them permission to enslave the free-born peasants; and he did not satisfy the people, for he would not allow them to drive every foreigner, bishop, and monk, out of the country, and re-establish heathenism, as they wished.

Already there were murmurs against him from many quarters; and it seemed doubtful whether his coronation would be allowed to take place undisturbed. He went to Csanád, intending to pass the Holy Week there, and to be crowned at Easter by Gellert, or Gerard, Bishop of Csanád, a most worthy old man, who had been appointed to the see by Stephen himself, and was now one of the oldest prelates in Hungary. He was a Venetian by birth, had been educated at Bologna, and afterwards made abbot of a Benedictine monastery in Venice. He was passing through Hungary on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, when he was detained by Stephen, who begged him to remain in Hungary and help to convert the people, promising him at the same time every assistance and freedom. 'To Jerusalem thou shalt not go,' added Stephen; 'for I have this day chosen thee before God, to be bishop of the town of Máros.'

Until the new see was ready for its bishop, the King charged Gellert with the education and instruction of his son Imre, an office which he most conscientiously fulfilled. On his pupil's marriage, however, he longed to withdraw from the bustle of the court, to prepare himself in solitude for his episcopal duties; and at length he obtained permission to retire to the Bakony forest, where he and his friend Maurus, who had accompanied him from Venice, dwelt in solitude for seven years. At the end of that time, he was obliged to come out and undertake the care of a diocese, which was inhabited for the most part by heathen. At Csanád he lived and laboured many years, loved, honoured, and respected by all for his simple life, untiring zeal, and devotion. Numbers came to hear him preach, rich and poor, young and old, and to be baptized by his priests. On one occasion, thirty newly-converted knights came to him, bringing their sons, and entreating him to provide for their instruction. Gellert thereupon established a school, which was soon so numerous attended, that he was obliged to ask for more teachers from the royal school of Stuhlweissenburg. In the midst, however, of all his business, Gellert did not forget the benefits he had found in solitude, and frequently retired for a few days of meditation and devotion to a hermitage he had had built in the Makoer forest, not very far from the episcopal residence.

By this man, Samuel had set his heart on being anointed and crowned. But Gellert positively refused to accept the office. Others however, were found less scrupulous, and the coronation took place. (A.D. 1041.) But when the newly-crowned king was conducted into the Church of St. George, Gellert ascended the pulpit, and in thundering language pronounced his doom. Samuel did not understand Latin, but every word was translated to him by an interpreter.

Gellert began by reproaching him for the way in which he had spent Lent, and for the murders he had committed; then exclaiming, 'I am ready this moment to die for my Saviour!' he added, 'Hear now, therefore, the doom pronounced upon thee in Heaven. In the third year of thy reign, the sword of vengeance will be raised against thee, to deprive thee not only of the kingdom, obtained by fraud and violence, but also of thy life!'

At this point in the discourse the magnates interposed, and fearing that the King's wrath would be excited, ordered the interpreter not to translate what the bishop said. But Gellert would not desist. 'Fear God, my son!' he cried to the terrified interpreter, 'Fear God! honour the King; and translate faithfully the words of thy Father!' The man obeyed, trembling; but happily for him, the King trembled too, for the time, though the warning made no permanent impression.*

Meanwhile, Peter had fled to his brother-in-law, Adalbert, Margrave of Austria, through whom he obtained assistance from the Emperor Heinrich III. War was declared against Hungary. Samuel invaded Austria, and took Tuln, but lost a battle fought near the river Trasen.

In the autumn of the following year, (1042, A.D.) the Emperor himself led an army into Hungary, and defeated Samuel. The Magyars asked peace on any condition but that of receiving back Peter, whom they dreaded and hated even more than Samuel. The Emperor listened to their representations, and argued with them quite fruitlessly, upon the propriety of restoring Peter to the throne. The divine right of kings was not recognized in the Magyar code, which provided that if the chief did not fulfil his duties to his people, he was to be banished without ceremony. To all Heinrich urged, their only answer was, 'Anything but Peter!' and Heinrich, seeing that if he succeeded in placing his protégé on the throne again, it would be no easy matter to keep him there, graciously waived the point, and demanded only that Samuel should be deposed, and some other relation of Stephen elected in his stead. This the deputation promised should be done; but Samuel's adherents were too many to make his deposition possible, and matters went on in the same way as before.

Peter, meanwhile, was constantly urging the Emperor to undertake another campaign, and by way of inducement, promised, if ever he should be again king, to hold Hungary as a fief of the Holy Roman or Germanic Empire. This promise, as Hungarian chroniclers take good

* Fessler.

care to remind us, was not in any way binding on the nation, for the king had no power to do anything without the consent of the Diet, much less make a contract so radically affecting the interests and liberties of the country.

Still Heinrich undertook a campaign, for the German has ever cast a covetous eye on the rich plains of Hungary; but before any fighting began, Samuel sent large presents to the Emperor, promising to release all his German prisoners, and cede all the land west of the Leitha, for in those days Hungary extended as far as the Kahlenberg.

Perhaps Heinrich thought it was better to be lord of a part, than feudal lord of the whole, for he consented to the arrangement. But Samuel had made conditions which he could not fulfil, for they depended rather upon others than upon himself. The people whose lands lay beyond the Leitha had no wish to give them up to the Germans; those who had prisoners did not care to release them without an equivalent; and finally, those whose relations were detained by the Emperor as hostages, clamoured loudly against Samuel for not causing the German prisoners to be sent home without delay. At last, in their despair, some of the nobles invited the Emperor to come and help them turn him out. In 1044, a battle was fought near the Raab, and Bishop Gellert's prophecy was fulfilled, for Samuel was slain, by some of the relations of those whom he had so mercilessly put to death, having reigned scarcely three years.

The Magyars now found themselves obliged to obey the Emperor's will and receive Peter, who was none the wiser for his misfortunes, and soon made himself as much hated as before. Distrusting the people because he knew they hated him, in A.D. 1045, he begged Heinrich to visit him again, merely with the view of showing the Magyars what a strong protector he had, and how well he could keep them in subjection with the help of his Imperial ally.

Heinrich's entry into the country was marked by a bad omen. He and his retinue were being entertained at a banquet in the Castle of Pösenburg, which stands on the north bank of the Danube, opposite the Austrian town of Ips, and was then occupied by the widow of Count Ebersberg. Suddenly, in the midst of the meal, without any warning, the floor of the hall gave way, and plunged all the guests into the depths of the bath-room below. The Emperor escaped with a slight wound in the arm; none the less, however, were the unfortunate Countess, Bishop Bruno, and the Abbot of Ebersberg, put to cruel deaths by the obsequious Peter, who was ready to sacrifice not only two or three of his subjects, but the whole nation, to the friend who kept him on his throne. He received Heinrich with every possible mark of respect and homage; and on the feast of Whitsuntide, in the presence of the few magnates who still adhered to him, solemnly declared, 'that he owed his kingdom to the Emperor, would hold it henceforth as a fief of the Empire, of which he would be a faithful and submissive subject.'

After taking this humiliating and unworthy oath, and doing homage for the newly-created fief, Peter called upon the assembled magnates to follow his example, and take their oath of allegiance to the Emperor. It appears that no bishops or abbots, and but few magnates, were present at this disgraceful meeting, where the rights of a whole nation were made over to a foreigner, by a man who was himself but half a Magyar, and could not keep the crown on his head without the aid of foreign arms.

As a pledge of the sincerity with which he recognized the Emperor and his successors as feudal lords of Hungary, Peter presented him with a crown and gilt lance from the royal treasury. These afterwards found their way to Rome, being sent by Heinrich as a thank-offering for his escape from danger at Pösenburg.

But Heinrich returned to Germany; and as soon as her feudal lord was gone, Hungary showed little respect for the submissive vassal he had left as his representative. The day of vengeance soon began. Peter's last act of treachery to the fatherland had roused all hearts, and had united all parties of the kingdom in a determination to drive him for ever from the throne. Christian and pagan were of one mind here, and in a large meeting at Csanád, resolved that he should be deposed without loss of time. Good Bishop Gellert foresaw the consequences of this step, and opposed it; but no one heeded his advice. All classes hated Peter, with a bitter inextinguishable hatred, which refused to listen to any arguments suggested by calm reason, or reverence for the kingly office. Peter was unanimously declared unworthy to reign any longer; and with all speed, András was summoned from Russia to restore not only the ancient rights of the house of Arpád, but also the freedom and independence of Hungary.

András responded to the summons, and (A.D. 1046) met a large body of the conspirators at the castle of Aba Ujvár, where he was required to promise that the ancient pagan rites and customs should be restored throughout the land. This condition, so the deputation declared, was the only one on which the people would receive him as their king, and fight for him against Peter; and András, whatever personal reluctance he may have felt, was weak enough to consent.

The insurrection at once began. Heralds were sent to Peter, announcing that, by the will of the gods, and the command of Prince András, all the bishops and clergy were to be killed, the churches thrown down, heathenism restored, and Peter himself, with all his Germans and Italians, utterly exterminated. His friend the Emperor was not within call, and Peter had delayed his flight till it was too late, and he found every way of escape closed against him. After some useless resistance, he was taken prisoner; his eyes were put out, and he was confined in Stuhlweissenburg, where he soon after died. He was buried in a church built by himself at Fünfkirchen; but long after he was in the grave, his unhappy country was desolated by the

misfortunes he had brought upon her. His evil life had been such a commentary upon the religious principles he professed, that Christianity was thought to be the cause of all the misery the nation had endured, and Christianity the people therefore determined forthwith to root out. It had been implanted only too frequently by violence, and by the same means it was now to be uprooted.

Too late András repented his cowardly policy. Relying on his royal word, and led by Vatha, a fanatic, as well as Bua and Bukna, the two sons of Gyula of Transylvania, armed bands scoured the country, pillaging and destroying churches and convents, and murdering bishops, priests, and monks.

Good Bishop Gellert was on his way to visit the new king, when he was seized by Vatha, pelted with stones, and thrown down from the top of a steep rock near Buda, which still bears his name. He was buried at Buda, but was removed a few years later to the tomb he had himself prepared in the church he had built at Csanád.

One bishop András saved from the murderers, and one also escaped; but these two, who shortly afterwards assisted at the coronation of András, were the only survivors of the whole Hungarian episcopate. Gladly would András have believed that the part he had played had been forced upon him by circumstances; but this he could not conscientiously do, for his coronation according to Christian rites and ceremonies had met with no opposition from the people; and however unwillingly, he could not but be aware that the murders now weighing so heavily on his soul, might have been averted by firmness and decision on his own part. But unhappily, András possessed neither firmness nor decision, and was therefore constantly embarking on courses which he lacked the courage to follow out. His first act of power was to put to death those who had blinded Peter; his next, to re-establish Christianity.

Men of weak character are perhaps usually severe, from the feeling that they need some support for their own want of resolution. András proceeded to issue edicts against idolatry, forbidding the heathenish practices usual at executions, and sweeping away every trace of the old religion, with a relentless severity, which made the laws of King Stephen seem mild by comparison. He then went on to restore the ruined churches, and bring the whole country into a state of order, establishing the code of St. Stephen as the basis of the policy to be observed in the management of the country's internal affairs. No one opposed him. His stern measures had struck terror into the hearts of any would-be rebels, and Christianity was finally triumphant. Yet now, when all this was done, the King's courage and energy seemed to sink down and die out like an exhausted flame. He began to tremble at his own vigour, and to be afraid of the numbers who had placed themselves on the side of Christianity and order, and had taken up arms to aid him in enforcing obedience to his laws.

Then there was the German Emperor looming in the distance. He might be expected to appear any day, ready to take vengeance on king and country for the death of his vassal and protégé. In a fit of terror, András despatched an embassy to Heinrich, throwing the blame of all that had recently occurred upon the rebels, and promising to pay tribute and render feudal service for Hungary as a fief of the Empire. The Emperor was not slow to perceive his advantage over one so weak and irresolute as András. He rejected all the King's advances, with the ominous remark that he should come and avenge his vassal in due time. This message did not tend to reassure András. He felt, and rightly, that after so much internal dissension, Hungary needed peace both within and without. Feeling no confidence in his own ability to steer the nation safely through the storm which threatened her, he at last bethought him of his exiled brother Béla, who had a braver heart, a firmer hand, and a clearer head, than himself. He lost no time in sending messengers to Poland, urging Béla, as he had shared his exile, now to return and share his throne. He had no son himself, and promised to make Béla his heir.

Béla therefore left his large estates in Pomerania, and returned with his wife and children to Hungary, where he at once took the command of the small army the nation had been able to collect, and proceeded to the camp near Pressburg, in time to meet Heinrich and his large force.

Civil war had so weakened Hungary, that she was obliged to avoid battle with an enemy whom she had so many times visited in his own country. While Béla occupied the enemy with warlike manœuvres, Zotmund, a diver whom he had brought with him, contrived, by boring holes beneath them, to sink all the ships on the Danube, stationed near Pressburg, and containing the stores and provisions of the Imperial army. The loss of his ships was worse to Heinrich than the loss of a battle would have been, for the Magyars had laid waste their own fields to prevent his finding food for his army, and he saw himself obliged to leave Pressburg at once.

For this time, then, the danger was over, and András congratulated himself on his escape. He made Béla a duke, and ruler of a third part of the kingdom, giving him uncontrolled power over its revenues and government. This arrangement, in the course of time, occasioned endless strife and division; for by it, András gave himself rather a rival than an assistant, kept his brother almost necessarily at a distance from him, instead of close at hand, where he could be of service; and finally, established two courts, between which there were certain to be jealousies and bickerings innumerable. However, for the present all went well, and Béla seemed to have brought fresh life and spirit into the country.

In the times of which we are writing, bishops were as warlike as temporal princes, and sometimes not more scrupulous. There were even freebooting bishops, who made raids upon the neighbouring

lands with as little compunction as a free-lance himself. Such an one was Gebhard, Bishop of Regensburg, who, in 1050, made an attack upon the border-lands of Hungary, which the Magyars were not slow to retaliate. This furnished the Emperor with a pretext for war, if indeed he needed any, and he marched into Hungary the following year, with a still larger army than before, and advanced to Soprony, trusting to Bishop Gebhard to follow him down the Danube with his store ships.

Duke Béla prepared for the Emperor's coming by burning every village, laying waste the whole district through which he would have to pass, and sending all the inhabitants, with their flocks, herds, and possessions, far away into the interior.

Eagerly the Imperial army pressed on after the retreating Magyars, till it reached the scene of desolation, and found nothing but smoking ruins, barren fields, the very wells filled up, and the enemy still invisible. There was nothing for it but to halt until the expected supplies arrived. Meanwhile, the Bishop had sent a letter to inquire of the Emperor where he wished the ships to meet him, and the bearer of the letter had fallen into the hands of Béla's soldiers, who had at once brought him into the camp, where the letter was examined by Miklos, a bishop in Béla's train, and apparently not much more worthy of his office than his colleague of Regensburg. By Béla's advice, Miklos wrote an answer to the letter in the Emperor's name, bidding Gebhard 'return home with the ships at all speed, for there was nothing to be gained by proceeding, as the country was most unpleasant, and moreover, the enemy had marched into Germany, so he had better hasten back to defend it.' Gebhard had no wish to run himself into danger; and as he did not find the description of the country inviting, he set sail that same day with all his ships, and went home, leaving the Emperor and his army to perish of starvation.

Meanwhile, the Emperor waited for the supplies till he was tired, occupying himself and his army in fortifying the camp with entrenchments. The Magyars looked on from a distance, and observed to one another that 'the enemy was busy digging his own grave.' As the Imperial troops became more and more worn out and disheartened by want of food, the Magyars drew near and harassed them night and day. Every man who ventured beyond the entrenchments was caught by a noose; and at length Heinrich's men looked rather like skeletons in armour than soldiers, for they were sinking exhausted on a bloodless battle-field, without having received a wound, or struck a blow. They no longer asked for glory, but bread; and the Emperor, who had entered the country robbing and plundering all he could lay hands on, left it begging.

Duke Béla's skill had won the victory, without the loss of one drop of Magyar blood. It is said that the Pope, Leo IX., came in person to the German camp, and endeavoured to make peace between the Emperor and the King. He succeeded at last, but not until the Emperor was sufficiently humbled to abate considerably of his

pretensions. András refused entirely to acknowledge Heinrich's feudal supremacy, and no persuasions of the Pope even sufficed to extort from him a promise of paying tribute. Any chance the Emperor might have had of gaining power in Hungary was now henceforth quite at an end. The treaty of peace was concluded, (A. D. 1053,) and Heinrich betrothed his little daughter to Salomon, the infant son of King András, by the advice of the Pope.

As soon as peace was made, the Magyars supplied their famished foe liberally, with sheep, oxen, and food of all kinds; and the Germans quitted the scene of the terrible campaign in such haste, as to leave their shields in the entrenchments, whence the neighbouring woods and mountain are still called *Vértés*, from *vért*, a shield. *

In grateful memory of this victory, András founded a Benedictine abbey on Tihany, a mountainous peninsula, jutting out into the Balaton Lake, which was many ages ago an active volcano.

But though he had thus got rid of his foreign foe, András was not destined long to be at peace. When he had invited his brother from Poland, it was with the understanding that Béla should succeed him on the throne; but since then his son had been born, and András was now anxious to secure the inheritance for him. The law of succession was not at this time settled, the only thing indispensable in the candidate for the throne being that he should be of the house of Arpád. Béla's conduct seems to have given no just occasion for suspicion, but András was troubled by the remembrance of his promise to him, and could not but believe that he was aiming at the crown. Of course persons were not wanting to calumniate the brothers to one another, and fan any little jealousies into a flame. András summoned the Diet to meet at Stuhlweissenburg, (A. D. 1057,) and when it was assembled, proposed that Salamon, then six or seven years old, should be crowned as his successor, adding, that it was only on condition of his succeeding to the throne, that the Emperor had promised him his daughter Sophia in marriage. András formally asked the consent of Duke Béla and his sons, Géza and László, (Ladislaus,) to this arrangement; and as neither they nor the Diet made any objection, the coronation was solemnized with great magnificence at Stuhlweissenburg. Duke Béla was present, and showed no sign of resentment, even when the choir sang the coronation hymn, in which occurred the words, 'Be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee.' András watched him narrowly, and was more alarmed at detecting no sign of emotion than if he had seen his face convulsed with anger.

Day by day his distrust of his brother was increased by the reports of spies; and as the brave noble-hearted Béla was popular with the people, András feared more and more that his subjects would be alienated from him. Béla, as far as one can tell, seems not to have entertained any idea of supplanting his brother; but András determined

* Jókai Mór.

to make sure of him. Accordingly, Béla received a summons to attend the King at Castle Várkony, where he found him reclining on a canopied couch, with a carpet spread before it, on which were placed the royal crown and sword. The King received him graciously; and after declaring that he wished nothing but the good of the country, bade him choose, either the crown, the symbol of the kingdom, or the sword, the symbol of the dukedom, adding, 'whichever you choose shall be yours, and the other shall be my son's.'

Béla did not know that behind the curtains of the couch were concealed men, ready to spring out and slay him if he chose the crown; but as he entered the presence-chamber, a scarcely audible voice had whispered in his ear, 'If you value your life, choose the sword;' and the sword he accordingly chose. But henceforth, he felt there was no safety for him in Hungary, and fled once more to Poland with his sons. Here he was again hospitably received, and furnished with an army, at the head of which he returned the following year to Hungary.

All the north part of the country at once revolted in his favour; and András in terror despatched his son and treasure to Mölk. Then, having no confidence in his own subjects, he sent to beg assistance of the Duke of Bohemia, and of the guardians of the young Emperor Heinrich IV. The Germans at first gained some successes, which induced them to advance farther into the country, where they were totally defeated by Béla. András fell from his horse and was trampled to death. He was buried at Tihany, on the Balaton, and Béla was unanimously chosen to succeed him.

Towards the close of the reign of András, an embassy arrived at his court from England, sent by Edward the Confessor, to invite Edward the Exile home to his native land. His brother Edwin had died some years before; but Edward and his family prepared to leave the country which had received them so hospitably when they had come as homeless wanderers, forty years before. He had three children, Edgar the Etheling, Margaret, (who married Malcolm of Scotland,) and Christina.

German historians give him four children, being apparently puzzled by the title of Etheling, which they take to be the name of a second son.* It may well be doubted whether Edward would not have been happier had he been allowed to finish his days in peace in the land which had sheltered him so long. However, he left Hungary with his wife and children, loaded with presents, and accompanied by a Magyar noble, named Leszle, who became the founder of an English family.

At this time, there were but two nunneries in Hungary, and these of the Greek Church. One was founded by King Stephen, probably in consideration of the permission accorded him to build a church in Constantinople; the other, either by András or his Russian wife Anastatia.

(To be continued.)

* See Karl Gottlieb von Windisch.

THE PROVENÇAL ANTIQUARY PEIRESC.

BY THE LATE JAMES F. MORGAN, Esq.

1580-1637.

IN the reign of St. Louis, a gentleman of Pisa, named Ugone Fabri, settled in Provence; he was much favoured by the King, and by his brother Charles, Count of Provence and King of Naples. He married a lady of the country, and had a progeny distinguished for devotion and for valour. The family flourished, and became rich, and gradually acquired many important lordships.

The immediate ancestors of Peiresc were prosperous advocates and magistrates. His father, Reynaud Fabri, was brought up at the court of Renée, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, and Duchess of Ferrara. After the death of the Duchess, in 1575, Reynaud became a student of law. He was afterwards an administrator of the revenues of the crown, and Governor of Hyères. Reynaud had an elder brother Claude, who never married. He was small and delicate in person, but had a very active vigorous mind, and was a conspicuous man in Provence, a senator of the Parliament of Aix. The brothers were always staunch adherents of Rome, though Reynaud's principles had been in some danger while he attended on the Duchess of Ferrara, who was the friend and patroness of Calvin. Reynaud married Margaret de Bompar, a woman of good family, and a great beauty; so beautiful, that when she was presented to Catherine de Medici at Aix, the Queen was graciously pleased to kiss her.

In the year 1580, on account of a pestilence which raged in Provence, and especially at Aix, Reynaud Fabri and his wife retired to the Château de Beaugensier. The position of Beaugensier can be readily marked by a dot upon the map, for we are told that it is at the apex of an equilateral triangle, of which the base is formed by a line drawn from Hyères to Toulon. The château stands, or stood, in a very narrow but very pleasant valley, watered by the little river Gapelle. It was a fair place before Peiresc was born—before the beautiful gardens which he made, and which he filled with the rarest treasures of nature and art, were in being.

At Beaugensier Nicolas Claude Fabri was born, on the 1st of December, 1580. He was called Nicolas after his grandfather, Claude after his uncle. He assumed the title of Peiresc in early manhood, after a town in the hills belonging to the family.

A year and a half after the birth of Nicolas, his mother had a second son, who received the name of Palamède. Margaret died two months after the birth of Palamède, aged twenty-two years. Some years afterwards Reynaud took a second wife, whose name was Catherine de Caradet. She was a widow, and had had by her first husband a daughter, who afterwards married Palamède. When he grew up,

Palamède assumed a title, as his brother Nicolas had done, and was known as M. de Valaves.

Nicolas had a second father in his uncle Claude, who always intended that he should inherit his senatorial estate. The boy was forward and inquisitive, and wanted to know the nature, purpose, and destination of everything. He was curious about books at a very early age; and as it vexed him to be told that he could not understand any book, his friends rather unwisely humoured him. The brothers were educated together at Brignolle, at Saint Maximin, and at the Jesuits' College in Avignon. Nicolas had no taste for sports of any kind. He read hard, even until his head ached, and his digestion was impaired.

In his fifteenth year (1595) he returned to Aix, and studied philosophy for some months. His uncle wished him to try riding, drilling, and martial exercises, but he rather grudged the time that they would take up. About this time, a gold coin of the Emperor Arcadius, found at Beaugensier, was brought to his father. It came into the hands of Nicolas, and he so much gratified his uncle by reading the Emperor's name and the legend, that the senator gave him two other coins, and some books. This was the beginning of the Peireskian Museum. Thenceforth Nicolas hoarded all the old coins that he could catch, and tried to decipher all the inscriptions that came in his way.

In 1596 he was sent with his brother to Tournon, to finish a course of philosophy under the Jesuits. He devoted himself to geography and chronology, thinking that history could not be understood without them. His constitution was naturally delicate, and hard reading increased the weakness of his stomach, which he tried to cure by taking something which is called in his letters a digestive powder. He returned to Aix at the end of a year, and began to study jurisprudence. He collected a series of Consular and Imperial coins to illustrate his researches in the civil law, for he wished to study the countenances of the legislators as well as their ordinances. About the same time he began a correspondence with one or two eminent antiquarians.

In September, 1599, Nicolas and Palamède went to Italy, under the guardianship of a M. de Fonvive. Before they sailed from Cannes, Nicolas was able to visit the old monastery of Lérins, in the Isles of Hyères, and the ruins of Fréjus, the ancient Forum Julii. They spent nearly three years in Italy, visiting Genoa, Padua, Bologna, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. At the Quarries of Massa a bandit offered himself as their guide; had they not timely discovered his real character they would have been murdered. They were at Rome during the jubilee, at the opening of the seventeenth century; but the health of Nicolas did not allow him to attend all the ceremonies. Wishing to see the Pope to advantage, on Maundy Thursday—when his Holiness washes the feet of poor men—Nicolas and his brother put on the clothes and took the places of two of the poor. The Pope detected them, but good-naturedly overlooked the prank. M. de Peiresc was by

no means a man accustomed to play tricks. There is no evidence that he ever committed himself again.

Our traveller became acquainted with nearly all the eminent men then living in Italy. He met Sarpi, (Father Paul,) Galileo, Bellarmine, and Baronius. But the Italian scholar who attracted him the most, and had the most influence upon his future character, was Gian Vincenzo Pinelli, by descent a Genoese, but a native of the kingdom of Naples. Pinelli was a man of good fortune. He settled at Padua, and collected a fine library, not for his own gratification, but for the benefit of others. Instead of considering his own credit and reputation, his only thought was to excite the studies of other men; and Scaliger, De Thou, Casaubon, and many scholars of the time, were greatly indebted to him. He took much notice of Peiresc, who became strongly attached to him; and the warmth of their friendship was proved by many letters that Gassendi, the biographer of Peiresc, had seen. Pinelli died before Peiresc left Italy; and he returned to Provence full of a secret determination to take his departed friend as a model—to become a second Pinelli.

He returned to France by way of Turin and Geneva. He visited Thonon, on the south side of Lake Lemman, and enquired into some cases of supposed demoniacal possession. That corner of Savoy must be a haunted part of the world, for we hear that tricky spirits are at work there still. Peiresc took an interest in such phenomena. He went to see an ecstatic woman at Naples; and some years afterwards it was his duty to sit in judgment upon a priest, who was accused of sorcery, and sentenced to be burnt alive at Aix. The general opinion since has been that the priest was not a sorcerer, but quite an ordinary scoundrel.

Peiresc went along the northern shore of Lake Lemman to the shrine of St. Claude in the Jura, and did honour to his uncle's patron saint. He took leave of his tutor at Lyons. His father and uncle were astonished when they saw all the treasures which he had collected. The heavy things, which could not be carried over the Alps, had been sent home by sea through Genoa and Marseilles. Peiresc assured his father and uncle that he had not neglected the study of law, but had given up to antiquarian pursuits the time that others would have spent in revelry. He lived quietly at Aix for a year or two, and studied law for ten hours a day, paying some attention to anatomy, botany, and other branches of natural philosophy. In the meantime, his friendship with De Thou the historian began; and he became intimate with Guillaume Duvair, President of the Parliament of Aix, afterwards Garde des Sceaux to King Louis the Thirteenth. Peiresc took his degree of doctor in January, 1604, but did not become a senator of Aix at once, though his uncle offered to resign to make room for him. He hardly studied law for its own sake; to him it was rather a branch of historical research than a matter of business. His father wished him to marry, and even pointed out a suitable lady; but Peiresc answered that he was

devoted to Minerva and the Muses. He did not care to confess that he had resolved to follow the example of Pinelli. At the time he was thinking of founding a monastery of Camaldolites between Aix and Marseilles; but there were difficulties in the way, and the project was abandoned. He had an illness in the spring of 1604, and hardly got over it by the summer. His skin was so tender and irritable, that he was hurt by the pressure of his clothing. Another illness in the following spring interrupted some astronomical observations which he was making. By that time Duvair had become his almost inseparable companion. Duvair was obliged to go to Paris, and was not inclined to go without Peiresc, whose father and uncle did not exactly like the plan. They probably considered Paris a half Hugonot city. Duvair, however, managed the old gentlemen, assuring them that their fears and scruples were unreasonable. And in the beginning of August, 1605, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, Peiresc was allowed to go to Paris.

He was cordially welcomed by De Thou and the other Parisian scholars. He saw St. Denis, St. Geneviève, and St. Germain's, and made an excursion to Orleans, but did not think that all the monuments were as old as they professed to be. In the following spring Duvair was obliged to return to Provence; but he suggested that his young friend should go to England in the suite of the ambassador, and he undertook to persuade his father and uncle to ratify the arrangement. Peiresc accordingly went to England, and we are not told whether the old gentlemen grumbled. In crossing the Channel, he avoided the pitching by seating himself near the mast, and thus he made the passage without much inconvenience; while his companions, who were not masters of homely philosophy, had the *mal-de-mer* very badly indeed. Peiresc was presented to King James, and was well received at court. He became acquainted with William Camden and Francis Tate—with Cotton, Saville, Norden, and other distinguished men. He is mentioned in Camden's *Britannia*. He often wrote to Camden and Cotton, and often received letters from them.

We know that the old gentlemen at Aix disliked the trip to Paris, for they thought that the young man's principles might be shaken in that wanton city. We can fancy that they shook their heads, and looked grave, when they heard of the voyage to heretical England, even under the convoy of the most Christian King's ambassador. They must have heard, with something like consternation, that Peiresc had gone on—all alone—to intensely Calvinistic Holland. The journey thither had been part of his plans from the first, though he had not let it out. In Holland he became personally acquainted with his correspondents Scaliger and Clusius, and with Grotius, then quite a young man, but beginning to be famous. Peiresc went from Holland to Fontainebleau, was present at the baptism of a little prince, and then returned to Provence.

By that time his uncle Claude had become very infirm. He was

obliged to retire from the senatorship, and his nephew was induced to take it up. The old man died in 1608. For three or four years Peiresc hardly moved from home. In the beginning of 1610, some business took him to Montpellier. He returned home in the company of a M. Rayner, a citizen of Aix, and they slept in the same room at a place between Montpellier and Nismes. In the course of the night, Peiresc began to murmur in his sleep, and disturbed M. Rayner, who asked him whether anything had gone wrong with him. 'Well,' said Peiresc, 'it is no great matter; you have only roused me out of a very delightful dream. I dreamt that I was at Nismes, and that a goldsmith had shown me an aureus of Julius Cæsar, and had agreed to sell it for four crowns. I have often longed for the coin in my wakeful hours.' The next day the travellers found themselves at Nismes, and they actually fell in with a goldsmith, who produced the medal which Peiresc had dreamt of, and sold it to him for four crowns. While he was making this journey, Peiresc was greatly shocked to hear of the assassination of King Henry the Fourth.

A little while afterwards, he heard of the invention of the telescope, and of the discovery of Jupiter's satellites. He could not rest until he had procured a telescope, and had looked through it at the Medicean stars, as the four moons of Jupiter used to be called. It occurred to him that the satellites of Jupiter might be used in determining the longitude; but he was unable, through ill-health, to work out the problem, and was glad to hear that it had been taken up by Kepler and Galileo. He had very poor health all through the year 1611, and he was obliged to nurse Duvair, who was dangerously ill. After his illness Duvair was very dainty, and Peiresc found it difficult to hit upon anything that he could relish. At length, Duvair let out that he had a fancy for the trout of Lake Lemane, and his friend procured a very fine fish. It was packed in bread, and arrived in good condition at Duvair's villa, near Marseilles. Henry the Third of England used to receive salmon from Gloucester preserved in the same way. Peiresc also regaled Duvair with a dish, made of the tongues of flamingos.

Peiresc paid a short visit to Paris in 1612. In this expedition he suffered much from a distressing complaint, which troubled him all the rest of his life. In 1614, he was overtaken by a fetid mist, after he had been exploring some ruins. The accident brought on a very serious illness, which he did not get over for many months. His spine was affected, and he could not move without help. His hair fell off: it grew again, but was ever afterwards very fine and thin, though it had been thick and bristly. He had a new disorder in 1616. As soon as he was well enough, he accompanied Duvair, who had just received the seals, to Paris. Duvair's elevation pleased him very much. He resolved never to ask a favour of Duvair, unless for the sake of literary men. Duvair was a judge, and interferences of the kind with the course of justice were then allowed. On the continent they are hardly

thought unseemly now. If Peiresc announced the resolution of so doing, he exposed his weak side; he let out that he only cared for a particular class of men. Anyone without a taste for science or art could hardly hope to win his sympathy.

From ill-health, he was unable to observe a comet which appeared in 1618; and he missed a remarkable display of the Northern Lights in 1621. The *Aurora Borealis* is now so commonly seen that it attracts little attention, but it was a rare phenomenon in the seventeenth century. Many people in France were persuaded that they saw ranks of soldiers in the sky, and that they heard explosions of cannon. Peiresc was not well enough to welcome Grotius, who visited Paris in 1621; and in the same year the death of Duvair afflicted him very much. He lingered seven years in the north of France, often proposing to return to Provence. He was roused in 1623 by the serious illness of his father. He had received the Abbey of Guistres, in Languedoc, from the King; and as he wished to look at it, he journeyed homeward by the western provinces, passing through Orleans, Tours, Bourdeaux, and Toulouse. He found the abbey in a ruinous state, for it had been shattered by the civil wars. He reached Aix in October. By that time his father's health had improved. Though Peiresc had assumed an ecclesiastical character, his position was hardly changed by the preferment. He continued to hold his civil office—that of senator of the Parliament of Aix; and he obtained a licence from the Pope to act as a judge in capital cases, which an ecclesiastic could not regularly do. He never took advantage of the dispensation. The Pope, Urban VIII., and his nephew, Cardinal Barberini, were his friends and correspondents.

The long sojourn of Peiresc at Paris was partly caused by a law-suit relating to lands in Provence. It was for a long time before the courts of Paris; then it was removed to Toulouse, and then carried back to Paris; and it gave the Fabri family much trouble for several years. For seven years Peiresc never saw his old father, and never looked at his almost equally cherished museum. When he opened it, his consternation was very great, for he missed a cabinet which had been full of his rarest treasures. The weight of a thousand crowns in ancient gold coins was gone. Twelve hundred sculptured gems were gone. Some very precious specimens were missing; among them an Egyptian talent, bearing the name and effigy of Arsinoë, sister and wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and a golden sou or shilling of Louis the Pious, or Le Debonnaire, which he believed to be unique. Old M. Fabri never heard of the mishap: when he asked his son whether the things were all right, he was told that everything was safe. Peiresc was afraid that the old man would be upset, not by the loss of the relics, but by the discovery of the treachery of someone in whom confidence had been placed. He did not choose to prosecute, or to advertise. He wrote to friends and collectors in all directions. He recovered some of the gems, and among them the rarest, which luckily had not been set in gold, or they would

have gone the way of those irrevocably lost. He made an unsuccessful expedition to Marseilles after the Egyptian talent, but ultimately regained it in another way. The golden effigy of Louis the Pious never turned up again.

Camden, Grotius, and other friends, sent him sympathizing letters when they heard of the misfortune. Grotius was then writing his great work on the Law of Nations, and he hinted that he should be grateful for any help that Peiresc could give him. Peiresc was then making a collection of portraits of eminent men, and wanted that of Grotius to add to those of the Pope and Cardinal Barberini, Pinelli, Scaliger, Camden, and others. For many months he was seldom able to leave his father. The old man was breaking up, and required much attention. In 1625, Cardinal Barberini came to France as legate. He landed at Toulon; but instead of passing through Aix, he went by way of Lambesc. Peiresc joined him at Avignon, but could go no further. He gave the Cardinal letters to his brother De Valaves, then resident at Paris, and to the great Peter Paul Rubens, then working at the decoration of the Luxemburg Palace.

Peiresc went home to nurse his father. They were a wretched pair—the father and the son. In addition to an internal disease, the old man had the severest form of gout. His son nursed him with all care, consulted with the surgeons and physicians, prepared food and medicine, and gave them with his own hands. Peiresc only left his father's side when he was obliged to attend to business in the Parliament. He suffered dreadfully all the time, labouring under a complication of disorders.

In the midst of this heavy trial, the legate returned to the south. Peiresc went to Avignon to meet him, but was hastily recalled by the doctors. Some little imprudence had aggravated M. Fabri's illness. Peiresc found the old man alive; but he was sinking fast, and in a couple of days he died. The funeral was over, and the black trappings had just been taken down, when the Cardinal arrived at Aix. He was welcomed by Peiresc with princely hospitality. The councillors and leading citizens of Aix were presented to him, and a splendid banquet followed; eight tables were served at a time. The Cardinal looked through the museum, and had a pleasant talk with Peiresc about the collection before he took his leave. It is strange that at such a time either the host or the guest had heart enough for a feast, or for an antiquarian discussion; but Peiresc was a very loyal Romanist, and the Cardinal was a great prince of the Roman court, and to Peiresc he was more than a great prince. The two men were close allies and regular correspondents; and two or three good friends of Peiresc were in the Cardinal's train. The next year (1626) Cardinal Barberini went to Spain as legate, but was driven by a storm upon the coast of Provence. His place of refuge was a cape called Tour de Bouc, which is mentioned in Sully's Memoirs, and he was joined there by Peiresc. They read

choice books together, they planned a systematic observation of the tides; and the Cardinal promised to forward to his friend anything singular that might fall in his way in the course of the Spanish legation, especially epitaphs, and other memorials, of the ancient Counts of Barcelona. But the visit of Peiresc to the Tour de Bouc was an imprudence. It must be an exposed place. There is a gusty sound in its very name. He went home with a remarkably bad cold, which, added to the complaint in his loins, made him very restless, and unable to sleep. He was cheered in his illness by the arrival of several books, forwarded by various friends. He was especially pleased with a glossary of non-classical Latin words, sent to him by his English friend, Henry Spelman, for the preface contained a very grateful recognition of himself.

In the year 1626, Rubens visited him, who wanted his opinion on a very elegant marble shrine, which had been found near Brignolle. It had been brought to Aix by twenty picked men, upon a vehicle specially made for it. When his old complaints gave him any respite, Peiresc went on with his favourite inquiries; and he always took a lively interest in the pursuits of other speculators. He was greatly interested when he heard through Gassendi that William Harvey, an English physician, had put forth a remarkable book on the transmission of the blood from the veins into the arteries, and again from the arteries into the veins through concealed apertures, and begged that the book might be sent on to him at once.

In 1629, Peiresc went to Nismes to salute the King, who was making a progress in the south. As he passed through Arles on his way home, he met with an ancient nuptial-ring, which had belonged to an early Christian lady. The inscription upon it may be rendered thus:—‘May Thecla live with her husband in the Lord.’ We hope that Thecla’s ring has not been lost. In its humble way it is a match for the rich bridal casket lately deposited in the British Museum, which bears the legend—

SECUNDE ET PROJECTA VIVATIS IN CHRISTO.

The King’s expedition to the south had a political object. Gassendi, the biographer we have followed, was himself a Provençal, and he hardly dwells upon the embroilment which ensued. We are only concerned with it as far as it affected the fortunes of Peiresc. France, at that time, was in some ways rather a confederation of states than a compact kingdom. In some of the French provinces—and one of them was Provence—the tax called the *taille royale* was collected by the land-owners, who, in effect, taxed themselves. In other parts of France it was collected by the royal agents. In the years 1631 and 1632, the King, or rather Cardinal Richelieu, tried to nominate the collectors of the *taille* in Provence. But most of the senators of Aix did not choose to give up their rights; and Peiresc, always a staunch Provençal, was one of

the malcontents. He had many friends at court, and he escaped the sentence of banishment passed upon some of the refractory counsellors. A pestilence was raging at the time in Aix, and there were riots in the city. The house of his nearest neighbour was sacked; and Peiresc trembled for his own goods, but the storm passed by him. He removed with the least bulky part of his treasures to Beaugensier, and dwelt there for three years, occasionally giving shelter to friends who were driven from Aix by the pestilence or the commotions. He went on with his researches and experiments, and often added a new treasure—a mummy or an antique goblet—to his collection. We are not sure that he had not been paralyzed in 1614. In 1631, he lost, first the use of his leg, then of his right arm, then of his tongue. But he recovered the power of speech by a sudden impulse, or effort, in a few days. He was soon well enough to entertain an elephant. The great beast had landed at Toulon. It was invited to Beaugensier by Peiresc, and it stayed there two days. It behaved very properly, and received the sweet things given to it very graciously. Peiresc minutely examined every part of its huge carcase. He even ventured to put his hand into its mouth, ascertained the number of its teeth, and took impressions of them. About that time he tried the waters of a spring in Les Zembics, some small islands near Toulon. He heard that they were good for his complaint, and that they had benefited the great Genoese hero, Andrew Doria. He thought himself a little relieved. In addition to the latent trouble, he had painful tumours or abscesses about him.

In 1632, he was obliged to resign his office. There was a nephew ready to succeed him, as Peiresc had succeeded his uncle Claude; and after his death, another nephew received the sinecure benefice in Languedoc. It was a happy age for well-connected young people. Public functions and other good things were not heir-looms exactly, but they adhered to particular families, and were handed down very pleasantly; but the exertion made by Peiresc in presenting his nephew to the Parliament brought on a great irritation, and aggravated his complaint: then he was interested about the time in the anatomy of the eye and the laws of sight. He dissected the eyes of the pole-cat, the cat, the owl, the eagle, the tunny—the prime fish of the Gulf of Lyons—and the whale. He was doing a good deal to promote astronomical research. He had an observatory on the top of his house. Gassendi wanted a picture of the moon, and Peiresc had it painted by a first-rate artist. He tried to persuade the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the other religious orders, to make observations in all parts of the world; and any missionaries who passed through Provence were usually caught by him, supplied with books and instruments, and urged to devote themselves to astronomy. Galileo was in trouble at the time, and Peiresc sent him several letters of condolence, and tried to help him. He constantly assisted poor scholars, who had not the means of bringing out their works. Perhaps at this day we are under obligations to

him. Perhaps we ought to thank the poor afflicted invalid for books credited to other men—books which are in every complete library, and which are used every working day.

Peiresc was of the middle height, and slenderly built. He was weak in the joints, and had suffered three dislocations of the left shoulder. In his last years he walked with the help of a stick. He had a broad forehead, and it was deeply wrinkled: there were lines extending from his eyebrows upward, and they were thwarted by horizontal lines; and the veins in his temples and upon his hands were prominent. His eyes were weak, and a slight thing brought the water into them. He had a hooked nose, its point a little turned aside. He had some little colour in his cheeks. His hair was light, as was his beard, which he wore long. He never used silk; otherwise he wore the usual dress of a man of his rank. The engraved portrait at the beginning of the volume represents him in a black skull-cap—'with nine straight hairs below'—worn by grave divines at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The rooms in which he received visitors were furnished handsomely; but his private apartment was not kept in good order. Portraits of his particular friends, and of distinguished men, were hung up instead of tapestry; and there were piles of notes, essays, maps, extracts, letters, and other papers, upon the table, and upon all the chairs. He entertained his guests in a splendid manner, but his own diet was very plain. He generally supped alone, unless Gassendi shared the meal. He preferred white wine, and liked it somewhat acid. He mixed his wine with water from the hot wells of Aix. He had observed that the halest and oldest people in the city not only drank the waters, but used them in baking and cooking.

He shut himself up at four or five in the afternoon, and studied until nine, when he took his supper—unless the post happened to be going to Rome or Paris, when supper was put off until ten, eleven, or twelve o'clock, that he might have time to prepare his letters. He sometimes prevailed on the couriers, by bribes and entreaties, to delay their departure.

He never slept for more than four hours at a time, and suffered very much whenever the mistral, the fierce wind of Provence, was blowing. In the morning he kept a hat, or some other covering, upon his head, until he could get rid of the heat which had come over him in the night. The neglect of this precaution often brought on tooth-ache or rheumatism. He never ventured to sit at an open window when he read or wrote. He could not bear the sun, and he could not bear the wind. He used to say that other people might be made of plates of iron, but that his frame was made of paper. He bore his ill-health with the utmost patience. He had reasoned himself by long suffering into habits of endurance; and he used to say that he ought to be thankful that his pains were no worse. And yet his temper was naturally quick. He was sometimes angry with

his servants, or with his secretaries, when any stupid blunder was made by them.

He could only walk out when it was calm, and when the sun was not very strong. A servant followed him with an umbrella, to ward off the sun or the wind. But he did not always choose to be attended in this way; and often looked out for a sheltered valley, or shady place, in which he could walk without a servant, his eyes and his ears alert. In these walks he was accompanied by some man of learning and of gentle manners—by M. Gautier, or M. de Bargemon, eminent ecclesiastics of Aix, and the former a student of astronomy. Peiresc always found that in such company the flush of vegetation, the beauty of flowers, the sound of waters, and the song of birds, gave him a kind of new life. The garden at Beaugensier was watered by an aqueduct connected with the river Gapelle, and he had contrived a waterfall. The garden was full of the most exquisite plants from all parts of the world. In 1605, Peiresc discovered the double-blossomed variety of the myrtle. It was growing wild in the middle of a wood near a place called Le Chastellet. He managed to propagate it, and sent plants to the royal gardens, to Rome, and to Flanders. The tulip was brought into Provence in 1611, and at once found its way into the little garden which Peiresc had at Aix. He was the first cultivator of a plant which Gassendi calls the Indian jasmine, and describes as an evergreen shrub, with a yellow flower, and a very sweet scent. Gassendi's *Gelsimum* cannot be the jasmine of our gardens: he speaks of the giant American jasmine with a scarlet flower, the purple Persian jasmine—most likely the Persian lilac—and the Arabian jasmine with double flowers. Peiresc sent *Gelsimum indicum* to Cardinal Barberini; and the Cardinal sent him in return the China rose, then a new importation. He tried to cultivate the tree papyrus, which he procured from Upper Egypt, and the cocoa palm, but he never got any ripe cocoa-nuts. Of course, the garden at Beaugensier was formal and artificial, according to the taste of the time. The trees were planted in orderly ranks, and were regularly clipped and trimmed; and the topiary work—as the business of clipping and trimming was called—gave him a deal of trouble.

He was as fond of birds as of flowers. In the winter the small birds were encouraged to take refuge in his orangery. Grain was thrown down to them, and no one was allowed to scare them. The song of birds suited him better than instrumental music, and better than the music of the human voice; for he found that human music, though he took delight in it, agitated him and broke his rest, while the warblings of birds never affected him so much. He had tame nightingales, and other small birds: he tended them himself, and understood all their wants; while they were silent in his absence, and began to sing as soon as they heard the sound of his stick or of his voice. He had some flamingos for a short time. The bird is now scarce in the Mediterranean. At that time it haunted the lagoons of Arles in the winter. His flamingos generally

fed themselves in the night. They were chilly, and would literally run into the fire, and thus they burnt their toes. After one of them had lamed himself in this manner, he would walk in a curious way, using his bill instead of the disabled foot. In sleep they stood upon one leg, and drew the other up short. It has been said that Peiresc and Duvair found that the tongues of flamingos were good eating. They tried to eat the rest of the bird, and discovered that it was fishy.

He kept chameleons at one time, but they did not live through the winter. He observed that they did not take the colour of any neighbouring object, but were usually green or grey, and that the side of them opposed to the light was often blackish. He observed also that they did not live upon air, but upon flies and worms; and the eye could hardly follow the quick glance of their long slender tongues, with which they picked up food. He observed again, that their eyes did not work together; they could look to the right and to the left at once, or they could fix one eye while they turned the other askance.

Peiresc had not been fond of cats. He took to them because they killed the mice which gnawed his books and papers. He began by keeping a few cats for his convenience, and he afterwards kept a large number of them for his amusement. He procured grey, tawny, and mottled cats from the East, and he sent their progeny to Paris, and to friends in other parts. He made many curious observations on their physical and constitutional peculiarities.

He was a very delightful companion to those who suited him, and whose tastes and manners were in harmony with his own. He was perfectly compliant, and could adapt himself to the bent of his associates. When he was visited by intelligent strangers, he was anxious to learn their tastes and pursuits before he brought out any books or curiosities. He conversed in a lively manner, and sometimes, though seldom, introduced a jest. But the philosopher had no liking for idle talk; and the writer of this article must make an awkward disclosure. He cannot, without flinching, acknowledge that Peiresc did not care for the society of ladies. He thought their company unprofitable. He supposed that women only talked about toys and trifles. Let us pity Peiresc, and forgive him. He was made an old bachelor by disease, hardly by perverseness of intellect, and assuredly not by crossness of grain.

In pagan times, the degradation of woman made friendship between men of more value than it now is; for in those times love was something less than it now is. Peiresc was an old Greek or Roman in his devotion to friends of his own sex—to Duvair, Pinelli, Barberini, De Thou, Gautier, Gassendi. He was always on the most cordial terms with his brother De Valaves, an amiable and intelligent man, who entered into all the philosopher's pursuits and plans. Peiresc was very kind also to other members of the family, and always welcomed as cousins a number of gentlemen of Provence, though some of them could only make out their connection with him by working back for three or four generations.

Peiresc was profusely liberal. He would send a packet of costly books to a poor scholar, outwardly as a loan, but actually as a free gift. If he heard that a needy scholar wanted a transcript of a manuscript in a distant library, he would order the transcript to be made. He did this sort of thing, to Gassendi's knowledge, at least six hundred times. He did much for our countryman, John Barclay, who wrote a political romance called *Argenis*. It is doubtful whether it would have seen the light without his help; and after the death of Barclay, he continued his kindness to his family. When Campanella, the Italian philosopher, took refuge in France, and landed at Marseilles, Peiresc sent a carriage to meet him—for Campanella was poor and in weak health—entertained him for several days, and supplied him with letters of credit and ready money. He sent his bounty through a third person whenever he thought that the object of it would be mortified by direct advances. He employed Gassendi's offices in this manner only a few days before he died. Except in such a case he never sought for a witness of his benevolence. Gassendi heard of the large sums which he had advanced to Campanella, not through Peiresc, but from Campanella himself. And if Peiresc gave a hundred gold pieces to one man, two hundred to another, three hundred to a third, it was only heard of by chance. He disliked any reference to his beneficence. He extenuated it as much as possible, and denied it as far as it could be denied.

But if any man gratified him in any way, he made the most of it. If he received a coin, a seal, a record, a marble, or goblet—anything ancient or out of the common way—he was quite uneasy until he could return the gift with interest. He was not satisfied with a verbal or written acknowledgement, however warmly expressed. If he thought himself under obligations, and did not dare to offer money, he used to give pictures, plants, or books—such books as the *Mercure François*, Coeffeteau's *History of Rome*, or Octavien Stada's *Lives of the Emperors*, with plates. Of these works he often had eight or ten copies in his possession at a time, to be given as presents. Still he gave away many books which he could not well spare, and could not easily replace.

He was diligent in the fulfilment of his religious duties. He constantly attended divine service, when not hindered by ill-health. He was a regular communicant, and a sincere believer, and full of trust in God's love and mercy. He was devoted to the Supreme Pontiff, and showed to the cardinals, legates, and nuncios, all affection and duty. He was always ready to serve them, and often acted as their agent in Provence. One of his friends, a M. Pace, an eminent jurist, who had become a Calvinist, was reclaimed by him. About that time several Huguenots became tired of the Calvinistic system, and renewed their allegiance to the Papacy.

Peiresc was a very loyal Frenchman. He was ever ready to maintain the honour of France, and the dignity of its sovereign, against a foreign scribe. But Paris was not the centre of his loyal affections. In

his eyes, the heart and centre of France was his beautiful Provence. We have seen that he was ready to withstand the crown when it threatened her liberties. He did all that could be done to glorify her. He collected the memoirs of her old Counts, and of her noble families, and raked their history out of the very dust. He amassed records of every kind—wills, deeds, sepulchral inscriptions, pictures, coats of arms, coins, and seals. He had very elegant plates engraved to illustrate a book on tournaments, written by the eccentric old René, Count of Provence and titular King of Naples, and father of poor Margaret of Anjou, who married our Henry the Sixth. There is a good account of the old prince in Scott's 'Anne of Geierstein.' Peiresc published two maps of Provence, and was not contented with either of them. He brought out a new edition of a work on the medicinal plants of Provence, designed to show that by the bounty of Providence, the fortunate Provençals had so great a store of indigenous simples that they could do without exotics. He proposed to connect the river Durance with the sea by a canal, which would pass by Aix, and would, he thought, enrich the city. He wrote to Flanders for some of the engineers who had been working at the junction of the Meuse and Scheld, but the political disturbances put an end to the scheme. When he was at Naples, he sought out families which had branches in Provence, as well as descendants of persons who had migrated from thence. He was much disappointed when at Rome, because he never met with inscriptions relating to Aix, Arles, Nismes, and Avignon. When at Rome, he was very anxious to explore the Aurelian Way, which leads to his home, and he carefully traced its course through Provence. And he took the greatest interest in the Pont de Garde; the Maison Carrée, and other remains at Nismes; the arches at Orange and Saint Remy; the amphitheatres at Arles and Fréjus; and in three Roman towers attached to the Palace at Aix, which were shamefully pulled down some years ago: they are well described in 'Anne of Geierstein.'

Peiresc had a very wide range of studies and acquirements. It not only comprehended every branch of learning and of science, and the dignified arts, but also mechanics. He employed many ingenious workmen, and induced them by fees and by presents to stay with him for months or for years. When in Holland, he went to see a car which was driven by the wind. There are several notices of him in the memoir of Cornelius Drebbel, a Dutch artist, who settled in England, and exhibited a variety of ingenious machines at Eltham in Kent. Drebbel flattered himself that he had worked out the problem of perpetual motion.

As early as the year 1601, when Peiresc was a mere stripling, he pored over coins, gems, ruins, inscriptions, and manuscripts—collected plants and fossil-fish—enquired into the phenomena called parhelia, or mock-suns—watched the growth of young chicks in the egg, and the

formation of crystals of alum. He paid much attention to physical science throughout his life. He highly admired the genius and the philosophical method of Francis Bacon, and was always sorry that he had never made the chancellor's acquaintance. He had a collection of minerals and fossils. He found pectens, ostreæ, and ammonites at Mont Defense, star-stones at Le Chastellet—where he had met with the double-blossomed myrtle—amber at a place called Tour de Bevon. At Long-champs and in the Grotte de Guerin were impressions of leaves, like oak, alder, ilex, elm, nut, poplar, ivy, and bay leaves. He had noticed a bed of rock, forming a long zone, very high in the hills, but perfectly level, and parallel to the plane of the sea, and this bed was quite full of petrified animals. He did not doubt that the sea had formerly flowed over the bed of rock, and that the fossils were as old as the Deluge, if not as old as the beginning of the world. It was certain that some regions had been under the sea, and that firm tracts had been formed by the Nile, the Danube, and, as Peiresc could testify, by the Rhone. He thought that at some future time Venice might be joined to the mainland, for the mainland had advanced a mile and a half since the foundation of Venice. Such speculations may appear trite and familiar to us, but they were in advance of the philosopher's time.

He once made a rough expedition for one so tenderly framed. Coral could be found at that time off a cape near Toulon. He hired a boat and went to the spot. The dredge, a sort of wooden frame or cradle, was let down with nets attached to it. It was dragged about, and then hauled in, and with a number of dry, dead, and decaying specimens, a few living branches of coral came up. The fresher parts of the coral were soft, and when squeezed they shed a sort of milky fluid, not unlike that of the fig tree. Peiresc was told that the fluid was acrid, and that he had better not let it drop upon his skin. They found other queer things in the net. They found a mollusc without a shelly case of any kind—a congener, perhaps, of the sea-mice or sea-hares, which are found in English waters; and they found a fish with a purple lymph in its shell, supposed by Peiresc to be the fish which produced the famous Tyrian dye. Peiresc transported 'the whole congeries,' 'the portentous mass of oyster-shells, dirt, stones, and sea-urchins,' and coral, to Beaugensier, and had it dried in an oven, and so preserved it.

In July, 1608, some singular red drops were noticed in Aix and its neighbourhood. They were found on the walls of the cemetery, on the fortifications, and on walls in the neighbouring towns and villages. The people were as affrighted as they were by the comets of 1607 and 1618, and as they were by the Northern Lights in 1621. Some labourers at Lambesc declared that they had been caught in a storm of bloody rain, and that they ran into the nearest houses in terror. Now it happened that some months before, Peiresc had got hold of a remarkably fine chrysalis, which he shut up in a box, and never thought of, until one

day he heard a buzzing in the box, and when it was opened, behold! the chrysalis had changed into a splendid butterfly, which as it took to flight left a red drop of the size of an ordinary sou at the bottom of the box. Peiresc then remembered that there had been swarms of butterflies about, and thought that they were probably the authors of the bloody rain. He pointed out that the drops upon the walls were not upon the upper surfaces of the stones, where they would have been if they had fallen from the sky, but in crevices and nooks in which a grub might be expected to nestle.

If Peiresc heard that anything remarkable had been found, or had been seen, he immediately wrote for a correct report of the prodigy. In 1636, he received an account of a merman, which, it was said, had appeared on the coast of Belleisle. The part of the creature which could be seen had a human form, with shorter arms and larger hands than a human being. It had thick white hair spread over its shoulders, and a long beard, fierce eyes, and a rough skin. It was not very shy until an attempt was made to capture it, when it broke the net, and upset the boat. It was seen again—sunning itself by some steep rocks, striking its palms together, and hissing. It was in the water still, so that the lower part of its person could not be seen. It was shot at, and was either killed or frightened away, for it never appeared again.

In 1613 there was a marvellous story of some bones of a giant discovered in Dauphiny at an undefined place near the junction of the Isere and the Rhone. It was said that a brick vault had been found, thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, crowned by a stone with the inscription—

THEUTOBOCHUS REX.

In the vault a skeleton was found, twenty-five and a half feet long and ten feet across, and the depth of the chest was five feet: the skull was five feet in diameter and ten in circumference. Most of the bones crumbled into dust; but some fragments of the lower jaw, the vertebral bones, and parts of a rib, a shoulder, and some other joints, were sent to Paris. The story ran, that about fifty silver coins were found at the same time: they bore on one side the letters M. A. and on the other a head, supposed to be the head of Marius, who defeated Theutobochus, the gigantic king of the Teutons, in the plains of Aix, B. C. 102. Peiresc believed that some large bones had been found, but he thought that the rest of the story must be a fabrication. He said that the King of the Teutons—though a giant—was not more than ten or twelve feet high: that his countrymen, if they had buried him, would not have put a Latin inscription upon the tomb: that the Romans, if they had buried him, out of respect for a gallant enemy, would have built a tomb of stone or marble, not of brick. He also wished to know why the inscribed stone was not produced. He said, moreover, that the letters M. A. upon the coins did not stand for Marius, but rather for Massilia—Marseilles. After a time he obtained fragments

of the bones, and was inclined to think them the bones of an elephant. He wished that some trustworthy person would inspect the large bones which had been found near Palermo. Cervantes had heard of the great Sicilian bones. He has made Don Quixote say a word or two about them.

Peiresc was interested in dissection. He made some discoveries in animal physiology, and might have done more, had it not been for his wretched health, which did not allow him to make astronomical observations; but he had several friends who were constantly looking out. He studied the course of the winds in Provence; and in so doing he required the help of his friends, whom he stationed at Mont Venta, Mont Coyer, Mont Malignon, and other breezy points. He was equally curious about remote parts of the world. He published the log of the Dutch navigator, La Maire, who discovered the straits which bear his name. He wanted an account of the arctic regions, but the Dutch skippers were so close and mysterious that he could learn but little.

Towards the close of his life Peiresc had not much time for reading. He read slowly, and with great care, never shunning a difficult passage, but scoring it that his eye might be drawn to it again. Though very careful of his books, he did not scruple to make marks and notes in them; and his most valuable books were full of annotations. The pages were usually brushed with a weak solution of alum before they were bound, and many were interleaved. His books were handsomely bound and covered. He always kept a skilful binder in his house, and sometimes had more than one. If books lent to him were out of condition, he had them bound and decorated. His own volumes were distinguished by a neat monogram, composed of the Greek letters $\text{N. K. } \Phi.$, the initial letters of his name—Nikolaos Klaudios Fabrikios. He had a fine collection of manuscripts. When he could not obtain original manuscripts, he had transcripts made, and often by his own hand. He procured books from Rome, Venice, Paris, Antwerp, Amsterdam, London, Lyons, and other places. His books were not for himself, but for all who needed them. It has been said that he gave them away without number. He also lent a number which were never returned to him.

He had hardly space for his books, though he had shelves in the middle of the room, as well as along the walls. He often talked of building, but did not like to move the books; some of them had belonged to his father and grandfather, and he chose to leave them in their old quarters. The vestibule of his library, the hall of the house, his garden, and other places, were quite full of antique marbles. He had an immense collection of old coins, and ancient weights and measures of small dimensions, in his cabinets. Larger measures, pieces of armour, and statues, were scattered about in seeming confusion, but their owner knew the place of everything. He did not guard his treasures very carefully until some of them were stolen. Warned by this misfortune, he had cases of ebony made, for a little tripod, found at Fréjus, and supposed by him to be a votive offering, for a pair of silver cups found in a vineyard, and other

particularly precious relics. He had antique vessels of all capacities. He had a notion that the dimensions of antique vessels were not casual or variable, but that every spoon, vase, and goblet, represented an exact measure. He was greatly interested in the subject of ancient weights and measures, and suggested that the old Roman standards might be recovered by weighing the contents of the modius preserved in the Farnesian palace at Rome, which modius held exactly ten pounds of water, Roman measure.

He was very sagacious in investigation, suggesting the most ingenious theories, and then supporting his conjectures by multifarious arguments. He was very persevering, and used to say that many failures were compensated by one success. He worked too hard for his health and strength. He set down something, not every day, but every hour; and nothing that came to pass escaped his attention. He kept accounts of all public calamities, of the good or bad fortune of great men, of controversies, of conversations with princes and distinguished men. Anything that he heard, or that entered his mind, was booked at once. His notes were drawn up very carefully, and a margin was always left for additional notes.

Some of the problems which we are still working at were started by Peiresc. He had a fragment of a brick from Babylon in his collection, and he longed to be able to read the marks upon it. He thought that they might prove to be an astronomical record.

His library and museum were increased by agents in all parts of the world. Gabriel Naudé, a scholar, whose name is still remembered, says, in a letter to Gassendi, that no ship ever entered a French port that did not bring some strange animal—some exotic plant—some incised marble—some Samaritan, Coptic, Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, or Greek manuscript—some relic from the Bosphorus or the Peloponnesus—for Peiresc's museum. The philosopher had several agents in the East constantly searching for manuscripts and antiquities. He opened communications with Coptic priests and Samaritan rabbis. He received several contributions from a renegade who had settled in Barbary, and he tried to get supplies from an adventurer, who started in life as a jeweller at Marseilles, then dropped out of sight, and at last appeared as a general in Abyssinia.

Peiresc encouraged art. He collected pictures, and always regretted that he could not paint. He used to say that he would willingly sacrifice two fingers of his left hand, if, by so doing, he could give his right hand the coveted skill. He took the like interest in sculpture and engraving, in architecture, in agriculture, in every art and liberal pursuit.

He published many books, but they were chiefly the works of other men. He printed no works of his own excepting a few tracts and memoirs. He wished to bring out a work on the antiquities of Provence, to publish observations on coins and other relics, on the weights and measures of the ancients, and on the satellites of Jupiter; but in the end the letters which he addressed to his friends remained the only records of his diligence.

But shall we call him a barren student, or an unproductive labourer, who spent himself in helping others? Anyone writing on a subject which Peiresc understood—and it would be difficult to name a subject which he could not illustrate—received from him ready, often unsolicited aid. He would send such a person contributions of every kind—relics, notes, transcripts, books, and even money, if money could be proffered without offence, and would further the work in hand. He never asked for any acknowledgement of his assistance, for his own credit or reputation was the last thing he thought of. A more unselfish scholar never lived. He did not know how to be a dog in the manger. Any discovery which he made was let out at once. Any curiosity which came into his hands was at once proclaimed. He only considered the public gain, and was ready to make any sacrifice for the public advantage. He was much pleased with 'the golden book of the learned Selden' on the Arundelian marbles, which are now at Oxford, though in fact Peiresc had a title to them. They had been discovered and dug up by one of his agents, Samson of Smyrna, who paid fifty gold pieces for them. But Samson got into trouble, was thrown into prison, and the marbles were dispersed. Lord Arundel afterwards picked them up. Peiresc did not entertain a grudge in his heart when he heard that his marbles had been rescued by another. He rejoiced that they had fallen into safe hands, and that they had been so happily illustrated by his old friend Mr. Selden.

In the summer of 1637, a fever, which seems to have been infectious, prevailed at Aix. Several friends of Peiresc were ill with it, and he was very anxious about them. One of them, a gentleman from Marseilles, was laid up at an inn. Peiresc removed him to his own house, and tended him with all care. But while the guest was gradually recovering, the host himself sickened.

His weak frame was quite unable to resist an addition to the disorders which afflicted him at all times. He suffered very much, and was not well treated by the doctors, who left him at one time for some unexplained reason, and could not relieve him when they were present. His mind wandered occasionally, but even then his conversation was suggestive. He was able to make his will, though he could not sign it. On the 23rd of June he asked whether the solstice had not come round, and told Gassendi to take the sun's altitude at noon. He was sensible to the last, though he lost the power of speech and almost of action, for he could only raise his eyes to heaven, when his friends asked him for some token of his faith. He died on the 24th of June, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was buried with his ancestors in the chancel of the Dominican church at Aix, to the left of the high altar. His epitaph, written by Nicolas Rigault—a friendly Parisian scholar—commends his liberality in opening his museum to students of all countries, and the zeal with which he aided the researches of scholars, and adds that he had the rare happiness of living with honour and without feuds in a contentious age.

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XIV.

HUNGER.

It was within a dismantled tower forming the extreme point of the English fortifications on the side opposite to Mount St. Michael's: the roof was gone, the slanting rays of the moon lighted the top of the walls, but could not reach the enclosed ground, where, however, the reflected lights made a confused and uncertain glimmer. There was a stone on the ground slightly covered with the thin grass of the scanty pasturage of Tombelaine. On the stone a tall old man sat and slept, his great sword between his knees. In front of him were two loop-holes scarred by balls and missiles of all sorts. One commanded a view of the shore, the other of St. Michael's Mount. The old man was Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, Lord of Roz, of Aumône, and of St. Jean. He leaned against the wall of the tower, with his head bare, so that the reflected moonlight cast silvery tints amongst the masses of his white hair: his long beard covered his breast. He held himself so still and straight, that you might have taken him for a sleeping sentinel; or rather in the uncertain light you might have thought you saw the statue of a knight carved in dark granite, with its upper parts whitened by the snow.

It was the same night on which we were following the steps of the Fairy of the Sands from the mansion of St. Jean to the prison of Aubry de Kergariou in the crypts of the monastery. The sky was clear, and there was scarcely any wind to ruffle the waters of the receding tide. No sound was heard save that of the wave murmuring on the sand of the shore.

The old man slept quietly; the hours of the night went on, the moonbeams became pale as they advanced. The dawn sent its cold grey light, which hollows the cheek and sinks the eye in the shadow of its enlarged socket. The old man's face became gradually more distinct: it was fine, noble, and stern; but there was the trace of suffering in its deeply-engraved lines. The features were sharpened, the shadow of the wrinkles was deep. Monsieur Hugh de Maurever was fifty-five years old; four years before, Gilles de Bretagne, his liege lord, had exiled him in consequence of his unacceptable advice and severe remonstrances; for he had often tried to stop the unhappy young Prince in that downward course of evil conduct and political intrigue which was likely to serve as a pretext to his brother; and in fact, the arrest of Gilles de Bretagne was at first looked upon with favour by the people.

As soon as Monsieur Hugh heard of his imprisonment, he went to him

unbidden, and attended him in the several prisons where the hatred of Francis pursued him, never quitting him till he was compelled to do so when Gilles passed the threshold of the fatal Castle of Hardouinays. Hugh de Maurever was a Breton of the old stock, true and hard as steel. In the retreat that he had chosen to escape the vengeance of Francis, there was nothing—no furniture, no food; all that he possessed was an empty pitcher, and a cross which he had made with two pieces of wood: these constituted his riches.

As soon as the dawn of morning began to make objects visible, Hugh started up and seized his sword. His eye sought the entrance to the tower, which was barricaded with a few planks, and he made one forward step, raising his sword as if to repel an invisible enemy; no doubt he had seen, in a dream, his retreat attacked. The deep silence of the Mount soon convinced him of his error, and his sword was lowered. He murmured, 'It will not be to-night.' This was said without regret and without joy, in a perfectly indifferent tone. He stretched his legs, tired and benumbed with the constrained position he had remained in during his sleep. He then knelt down before his cross of wood, and amongst his other petitions was one that he might be pardoned for the sin of rebelling against Duke Francis, his lawful suzerain. He prayed that the Duke might be led to repentance, and receive mercy at the hour of death.

Long after he had made these prayers, which he spoke with a loud voice, he remained upon his knees with his head bent down, a murmur on his lips, in which the name of Reine was often repeated—Reine, his only child, his only hope.

At last Hugh de Maurever rose up; the day had advanced, but the usual morning fog concealed St. Michael's Mount. Hugh could go out as safely as if it had been dark night; he threw aside the barricade of boards and went out.

The tide receded slowly; there was still a broad and rapid stream between the Mount and Tombelaine; the fog was clear enough to allow the sight of the blue waves a hundred paces distant. Hugh walked towards the stream—'She came not yesterday, nor the day before; can some misfortune have befallen her?' So saying, he raised his hand to his breast, and pressed it. This gesture was caused not by his uneasiness as a father, it was by bodily suffering—he was hungry! Forty-eight hours before, his provisions had been exhausted. Reine knew it; and Reine, his courageous and devoted daughter, did not come. It was not long that he felt the pangs of hunger, which break down the strongest, for his heart soon bled for his daughter, and mental grief destroys bodily pain. But Reine's absence might be accounted for. The tide had been high for these two nights at the time when she usually traversed the space between the two mounts, and perhaps she might be waiting hidden amongst the rocks of St. Michael's Mount.

He walked slowly, following the retreating wave; and as his reason

persuaded him that he need not fear for Reine, hunger became more importunate.

This stern knight was no epicure, nevertheless his tired brain was visited by appetizing dreams. Have you ever suffered hunger? I mean the hunger which wrings the muscles of the breast and makes the head delirious? Hunger, which is to your usual appetite as death is to sleep—as the martyr's faggot to the hearth which gently warms the soles of your slippers. Hunger, that grievous suffering! You have never felt it? All the better; may you be preserved from it! He who writes these pages has endured starvation; he knows each phase of that slow and horrible agony. There is a moment when hunger seems to mock you. You are still far from death. You suffer, but your strength is scarcely affected; your legs remain firm, and you have only a dazzle dancing before your eyes. You have waking dreams, a mirage appears between the four walls of a garret, empty space becomes a crowd, everything eatable appears on that mean bare table; the display at a cook's shop is nothing to the magnificent spread that hunger puts before you.

This was the present state of Hugh de Maurever. He only wanted a piece of bread, and generous hunger gives him a royal feast—on the fine pieces of smoking venison, hams, tongues; the pheasant dressed in his beautiful plumage; patties reposing in their fantastic architecture upon folded white damask; and the spices, the pyramids of fruit, the golden pear, the velvet peach, the transparent fair grape, and the ruddy wine which sparkles in chased golden cups.

Monsieur Hugh saw all these fine things in his walk along the sands. Bread! bread! The last time that Monsieur Hugh had supped at Aumône, there was a piece of wild boar at table; he remembered it—he saw it—his mouth watered. Bread, bread!

It was like a miracle. As he turned to go to his retreat on perceiving that the fog was clearing away, at the moment when he was answering his anxiety for his daughter and the rebellious outcries of his stomach by murmuring 'She will come this evening,' the manna appeared, not falling from heaven, but sailing on the sea; a basket—a pretty little basket, neatly packed, on which was seen the top of a loaf of wheaten bread. No illusion this time: a loaf, a good large loaf, such as are made at St. Jean's. The basket floated off with the tide. Monsieur Hugh ran after it like a boy. As he approached, he saw that the loaf was in good company—a bottle of wine, and a couple of delicious fowls. He put his feet in the water, and tried to seize the happy basket with the cross of his sword. But his hand relaxed at once; he became pale, and uttered a cry of distress. He had discovered the basket was that of Reine. No doubt Reine had tried to swim over the arm of the sea; she knew that her father expected her. Reine! oh, Reine! the old man put his two hands before his face, and tears flowed through his trembling fingers. All this time away floated the basket, loaf, wine, and the rest. The chance was lost. Now it was too late. He could not have caught the basket if he

would; it began to grow heavy, and would soon overset with its precious cargo. Little did Monsieur Hugh think of that. His daughter, his beautiful Reine! he feared to look up lest he should see a veil—a piece of a robe—some horrible thing. The fog was quite gone; he took courage and looked around. The fog was quite gone, the sea was retreating gradually, uncovering more and more of the sands. Mount St. Michael came gradually out of the fog, with its crown of bold buildings.

Between him and the Mount a young girl, just in a ray of sunshine, was running lightly as a sylph. Reine! Reine! The sylph looked round and blew him a kiss across the arm of the sea; he raised his tearful eyes to heaven in thankfulness.

It was Reine herself who was running there, and it was her basket that he had been on the point of seizing with the cross of his sword.

Reine, after having escaped two shots from the sentinel on the terrace of the Convent, had lost her way amongst the rocks towards the Chapel of St. Aubert. She wasted some time there. Then at daybreak she turned towards Tombelaine, but the tide was not low enough to allow her to pass between the two rocks. She found a sort of rapid river before her. Day approached; she wished to take advantage of the fog, and began to swim the river courageously; but the current caught her on the first few strokes, and she was obliged to turn, letting go her basket. She knew that her father must wait twenty-four hours longer; her heart was very sad as she walked along the sands; but besides that, the tide had carried away her basket of provisions: she could not go to Tombelaine by day-light, lest she should betray her father's place of retreat.

The way to St. Jean was very long, for she could not go by the sands on the Breton side, on account of the presence of Méloir's soldiers. She must stay on the Norman side, where the hedges might conceal her. She was tired, and almost discouraged. If she had not given Méloir's purse to Jeannin, she might have stayed till night at the other side of Avranches, at Genest, or some other village, have bought some provisions, and when the tide was low in the evening, might have gone to Tombelaine. But she had nothing; in her haste to escape, she had given the whole, and now her only chance of procuring food was to wander all night round the houses of St. Jean, and take the provisions left outside the closed doors for the Fairy of the Sands.

She was obliged to wander about all day in Normandy. At mid-day she arrived at Ardeon, half a league from the frontier. She concealed herself in a wheat-field, and there happily fell asleep; but not like little Jeannin, who slept twelve hours in his straw bed that day. She waked some time before sunset, and making a long round, she arrived at St. Jean as night drew on.

The house was deserted when she reached the hill, for Méloir was publishing the Duke's edict in all the neighbourhood; the hounds were reposing for that night's hunt. As Reine went down the village, she heard the sound of laughing and clamouring. Beyond the hedge of

Master Simon's garden, she saw his apple trees tinged with a red light. She approached, the hedge sheltering her, and she distinguished by the light of the torches, a crowd of peasants, women, and soldiers. An archer was tying a cord to the branch of a tree before the house of Simon le Prioul. She came nearer. She heard the soldiers saying, 'Steal a knight's purse, indeed ! he deserves worse than hanging.'

Reine stopped, trembling ; she guessed it all ; the boy who had pursued her on the sands was going to die for what she had done.

CHAPTER XV.

JEANNIN AND SIMONETTE.

BRITTANY long regretted the national power of her dukes ; and even now, when she is truly French, she still loves to recall the time when she maintained her independence by the sword, though placed between two powerful kingdoms. She was never conquered. Noble and proud nation though she were, she was slipped into a marriage portion ; and if she has kept a pleasant memory of the Duchess Anne, it is because she has no rancour. The Ducal Brittany had a sort of feudal liberty ; the Royal Brittany was oppressed by the throne, and defended it whenever it was attacked.

We are not going to extol the fifteenth century here or elsewhere ; but the extent of civilization is never to be judged by individual excesses, by crimes, which were crimes then as well as now. If we were judged in that manner, our record of crimes would devote us to the malediction and contempt of future years. For crimes increase fearfully in our boasted light as much or more than in the dark ages ; and such crimes as would revolt future dramatists. We are led to these reflections by the fate of poor little Jeannin, who was going to be hanged by Méloir's soldiers ; and the soldiers of Méloir had no more right to hang Jeannin than Louis Philippe's gens-d'-armes had to assassinate the unhappy offenders in this same Breton country. There were laws, good laws, under Duke Francis as well as under Louis Philippe of Orleans ; there are laws always—there always will be crimes.

The whole village of St. Jean was assembled before the door of Simon le Prioul ; the house was closed. It was the prison of the little Jeannin, who with his hands tied, was lying near the two cows. Keravel had said that the return of M. Méloir must be waited for, at least till the usual curfew time. Gueffès was not of that opinion, but he was not consulted. Little Jeannin was literally thunderstruck ; he moved no more than if he had been dead already. This blow coming when he was at the height of happiness, had overwhelmed him. Outside they talked, and the soldiers laughed. The village people in their alarm never once thought of protesting. Simon and his wife were standing immovable at their door ; all felt that Monsieur Hugh de Maurever's disgrace deprived them of the

means of resistance. Behind the part of the house where the cattle were, was a little door into the yard; this door opened gently, and Simonette came in. Her eyes swelled with tears, and sighs oppressed her breast.

‘Oh, poor little Jeannin,’ she cried, falling on the straw by his side, ‘why did you go to that wicked fairy?’

We said that these two children had never talked of love; but that must come now. He was just thinking of Simonette. He started, and threw off his stupor; his great blue eyes fixed upon her.

‘You weep, Simonette,’ he said; ‘you love me, then?’

‘Do not I love you, my poor Jeannin?’

‘Sometimes I hoped,’ he interrupted, smiling; ‘but I did not dare to think much of it, for I should have suffered so much if I had been mistaken. Ah! Simonette, how often I said to myself there under the apple tree, where they are going to hang me, I would give my life to know that she loved me.’

‘Under the apple tree, where you are to be hanged!’ said the poor girl, amid suffocating sighs.

‘Well,’ continued Jeannin, still smiling, ‘my prayer has been heard; I know that you love me, and I am to die.’

Simonette seized his two hands, and looked at him in despair.

‘Die—die,’ she stammered amidst her tears; ‘I cannot let you die, Jeannin, my little Jeannin; pray—pray do not die!’

She was like a mad woman; a tear came into the youth’s eye.

‘Ah! Simonette,’ said he, ‘if you love me so much, how happy we should have been!’

‘Alas! alas!’ she murmured, wringing her hands.

‘Listen,’ replied Jeannin; ‘be reasonable. In my trade you know a man goes to the sands in the morning, and never comes back at night; think, then, if you had waited for me in vain amongst the cradles of your orphans, how you would have cried then.’

This simple and sweet serenity was sublime in Jeannin, who was accused of having no more heart than a chicken. Amongst the soldiers who were laughing outside, there was not one who would have met death with so much calmness; his concern was to console Simonette, but she would not be consoled.

Through the door they heard the soldiers saying that Monsieur Méloir was late, must they wait for their supper till the young rogue was hanged? Master Gueffès was remarkably merry that evening, and he observed that Monsieur Méloir would like to find the job done.

Simonette had restrained her tears to listen.

‘They are coming,’ she murmured.

‘When they come, I shall kiss your cheek for the first and last time; then I shall commit my soul to—’

A cloud passed over his forehead, he hung his head to conceal a tear.

‘I know how good you are,’ he continued timidly. ‘Down there at Quatre Salines is a poor old woman—’

‘Your mother, Jeannin?’

‘True, I ought to have thought of her sooner—my mother; she is almost blind, and she has no one but me to support her.’

‘I will be her daughter,’ said Simonette.

‘Do you promise?’ replied Jeannin, still rather uneasy.

‘I promise.’

The brow of Jeannin cleared up; he said—

‘Since it is so, you will go to her to-morrow morning; you will not say suddenly, Dame Renée, little Jeannin is dead; it would give her a shock, for she is not strong. You will take both her hands, as I take yours, my Simonette, and you will begin—Ah! Dame Renée, collecting shell-fish is a dangerous trade. She will stop her spinning-wheel to look at you, you will embrace her, and you will begin again thus:—Dame Renée, oh Dame Renée!’

He stopped and sighed bitterly. Simonette was broken-hearted.

‘Yes,’ the boy went on, struggling against the pathetic part of the scene with heroic courage, ‘yes, I do not know, my Simonette, how you will express that; you are more clever than I am, more to be trusted. The point is to be gentle, for she loves her little son; and oh! oh! I wish they would come and kill me; waiting is hard to bear.’

Outside, the soldiers were talking to pass the time.

‘The Fairy of the Sands,’ said Kervoz, ‘the night washerwoman, the cat without a tail, the white woman, and the rest—all lies, and boobies believe them!’

‘Lies, lies,’ growled Morry, ‘when one has seen—’

‘What have you seen?’

‘On the hedge at the right of my father’s house at Treguier, I have seen the tailless cats hold a council—yes, there were three of them, one white, one black, one black and white with yellow eyes; the white one had red eyes, the black had green eyes.’

‘What were they doing on the hedge?’

‘They were talking Latin.’

This announcement was received with a shout of laughter.

‘As to the white woman,’ said Conan the archer, ‘in the Bishopric of Vannes, where I came from, there are dozens of them; there is the white woman of the marsh of Glenae, near Carentoir, who seizes the barges by both ends, turns them round like tops, and sinks them to the bottom.’

Another soldier said—

‘I have never seen tailless cats, nor white women; but my uncle Renot died of a fright from a moonlight washerwoman.’

Now the laughter was faint; for if you wish to see a true Breton in spirits you must not talk too long about supernatural things—that is their way; at ten minutes’ end they are cold, in a quarter of an hour their teeth chatter, and so they delight in the marvellous.

‘And,’ pursued Morry, ‘who has not seen the corniquots dance round the crosses on the moors? Once, Morry de Poulvan, my godfather, was

in his orchard beating down apples; it was Sunday, and he was wrong. At the time of Vespers, a gentleman came into the orchard—how he got in I do not know—and said to my gossip, “It is better to gather one’s apples than to bawl with the choir, my man.” “Yes, yes, all the same,” answered he, thinking no harm. The gentleman, who was a corniquot, took a stick and began to knock down the apples; they fell by bushels. When all were down, the gentleman held his pole to my gossip; he took hold of it, and—it is as true as that Poulven is in Plonbylay, near the river Rance—my friend found himself raised up above his apple trees; the gentleman held one end of the pole, and swam in the air like a fish in the water. What happened? Why, my friend had the wit to repeat an Ave; so the evil one let go the pole, crying, “You burn me!” When my gossip got up, he found himself with his side beat in on the stones of St. Juliac, on the other side of the Rance.’

There was a low sound amongst the soldiers and the villagers, who had come round to hear the story.

‘But the Fairy of the Sands,’ said Kervoz, who was already no more than half a boaster.

One of the Mathurins took upon himself to answer—

‘She had not been seen for some years; but lately she has appeared again, for the gruel is taken away every night, pot and all.’

A Mathurin having thus spoken, the four tongues of the Gothons were on fire, and all spoke at once.

‘True, true; and all the world knows that if she is met by a man in a state of mortal sin, he never sees the sun rise again.’

Amongst the soldiers perhaps there was not one who was not in a state of mortal sin, so they were silent, and looked out with terror into the night; silence augmented their fear. Monsieur Méloir stayed too long. The torches burnt dimly; Conan the archer having shaken his to revive the flame, a dark shadow was seen passing the apple tree from which the rope was hanging; each held his breath. As the flame died away, the shadow seemed to sink into the earth. Soldiers and peasants all shook, even to the marrow of their bones.

‘Come, comrades,’ said Morgan from a distance, (he was the man-at-arms who had replaced Keravel,) let us make haste, let us make an end of it; fetch the boy, be quick with the rope!’

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE soldiers were obliged to obey orders; but it was unwillingly—they had been appalled.

In the farm, Jeannin and Simonette were on their knees side by side; he had begged her help in his last prayer. She shed burning tears, but

he could still smile when he looked at her. He did his best to pray, asking for his mother a peaceful old age, and for Simonette a long life of happiness. And thus on his knees, little Jeannin had the face of an angel. When the soldiers entered, he got up.

‘Adieu, Simonette,’ said he, kissing her as he had promised; ‘think of me sometimes, and remember my mother.’

‘Oh! Jeannin, do not go!’ she cried, clinging to him in despair.

Simon and his wife seeing this from without, perceived that happiness had departed from their dwelling. The soldiers took Jeannin. Simonette said—

‘Oh, take me with him! I will die with him!’

One of the soldiers, struggling with Simonette, seized her by the waist and tried to kiss her. Jeannin, whose hands were tied, struck him with his head on the breast such a blow that he reeled and fell. Then he walked to the apple tree, that was to serve as gallows.

Maitre Vincent Gueffès, hiding behind the Gothons, grinned diabolically.

‘My pretty little man,’ cried he, as Jeannin passed, ‘I told you I would be at your wedding.’

A hand was placed upon the Norman’s shoulder; it was that of Simon le Prioul.

‘Vincent Gueffès,’ said he, ‘I forbid you ever to pass the threshold of my house.’

Gueffès stepped back and muttered—

‘Good Master Simon, good houses and pretty girls are for the strongest or the cleverest.’

Jeannin had not deigned to make any answer; Simonette had fallen into her mother’s arms.

There was a singular commotion amongst the soldiers who were waiting under the apple tree; they were speaking in low and alarmed tones.

‘I tell you I saw it!’

‘A face as white as the dead, and a figure all in black!’

‘There she is!’ cried another; ‘she watches us!’

‘Where!’

‘Behind the hedge.’

‘St. Guinon! it is true; I see her eyes shining among the leaves!’

The torches shed a dull and dying light that made all faces look livid; the moon, large and red, showed half its disc.

‘Is it done?’ asked Morgan.

The two soldiers who were passing the noose round Jeannin’s neck trembled from head to foot. Jeannin murmured—

‘Ah! good Fairy, good Fairy, you told me that the crowns would bring misfortune!’

‘He calls the Fairy!’ cried one of the soldiers; the other let go his hold. Jeannin’s neck was in the noose.

‘Is it done?’ asked Morgan again.

‘It is done.’

‘Hold up the torch that I may see.’

The torches were shaken and threw out long jets of flame. There was poor little Jeannin suspended from the apple tree; but there was a beautiful young girl sustaining the weight of his body by supporting his feet, and Jeannin was smiling instead of rolling his eyes and hanging out his tongue, as persons hanged are apt to do.

The torches having thrown out their last light, they went out. In the sudden darkness, the panic-stricken soldiers ran away, crying out that they had seen the man that was hanged smiling, and the Fairy of the Sands supporting his feet.

It is needless to say that the Mathurins, the Gothons, the Catiche, and the rest, had run away before the soldiers.

A few minutes after, in the barricaded farm, Simon’s wife and the pretty Simonette gathered round the fainting Jeannin. Simon and his son Julian were standing pensive at the fire. There was in the corner a woman dressed in black, quite silent.

‘He is coming to himself, poor boy,’ said Fanchon.

‘Jeannin, my little Jeannin!’ repeated Simonette, between crying and laughing.

‘We never can give him up to those rogues of soldiers now,’ said Julian.

Simon shook his head.

‘I said that my son-in-law should have fifty crowns,’ he thought aloud; ‘but I reckoned without my daughter.’

Jeannin opened his great blue eyes.

‘Simonette,’ he said in ecstasy, ‘am I in Paradise?’

Simonette had no words to answer, she was too happy.

Her father went on—

‘The boy has not a farthing; but it is all the same, since my child wishes it.’

‘The boy will have the fifty crowns, if it please Heaven,’ said a sweet voice from the dark corner.

Jeannin sat upright.

‘It is the voice of the Fairy,’ said he.

‘It is the voice of our young lady,’ said Julian and Simonette at the same moment.

For a moment they were confused, for they thought Reine was dead; and the idea of a phantom is the first to present itself to the Breton mind. Reine was obliged to come forward. Little Jeannin, still tottering, fell on his knees before her.

‘Woman or Fairy, living or dead,’ said he, ‘blessings be on you!’

Reine took his hand.

‘Oh! our dear young lady is alive!’ cried Julian; ‘she takes the hand of the poor boy!’

Simonette all this time was holding and kissing the other hand.

‘I loved you very much even before you saved his life,’ she said.

‘And you love me twice as well now,’ Reine interrupted, with a smile.

‘Simon and Fanchon, my good friends, we must arrange this marriage for the Feast of St. Anne.’

Le Prioul and his wife bowed respectfully.

‘It behoved me to save the good little man,’ continued Reine, ‘since it was I who put the cord round his neck.’

The looks of the whole party were interrogative, while Jeannin murmured in confusion—

‘If I had known that it was you, noble lady, down there on the sands, I would not have held you so tight.’

‘My friends,’ said Reine, ‘I will explain it all in a few words. It was I who took away the Chevalier Méloir’s purse, because the purse contained the accursed price of my father’s life. Jeannin took me for the Fairy of the Sands, and asked me for fifty golden crowns. I was in haste, for I was carrying food to Monsieur Hugh, so I threw the purse to him, telling him to take care.’

‘That is true,’ said Jeannin; ‘I scarcely deserved to have good advice at that moment.’

‘Then it was you, noble lady, whom I saw yesterday in the fog near the broken windows of the great house?’ asked Julian.

‘It was.’

‘It was you, our mistress,’ said Fanchon, ‘who carried away the gruel that we placed at our doors for the Fairy of the Sands?’

‘It was.’

‘And why, dear lady,’ said Simonette, caressing the hand of her suzerain and friend, ‘why did you not come to your faithful vassals?’

‘Because it was a matter of life and death.’ And this time Reine did not smile.

‘Our young lady distrusted us, sister,’ said Julian rather bitterly; ‘she pretended to be dead, lest the Le Priouls should betray her.’

Reine answered, ‘Your young lady, friend Julian, joined in your play when you were a child; she would willingly confide her own life to you, but—’

Julian interrupted her by a respectful gesture, and knelt on one knee near Jeannin.

‘What our young lady has done is well done,’ said he; ‘my tongue was false to my heart.’

Reine, much affected, gave him her hand. There was the making of a fine soldier in this proud young man on his knees before her; he kissed her hand with chivalrous enthusiasm.

‘I am but a rustic,’ said he, ‘but I know where there are swords, and if Maurever my lord and his daughter need my blood, here I am.’

‘And I too,’ repeated Jeannin cheerfully.

‘You, little one!’ said Reine, laughing though touched; ‘you who are chicken-hearted!’

‘I am no coward now,’ said Jeannin with all sincerity. ‘I even think that I am brave since I saw death face to face. I know what it is. I

now fear nothing but the great God; as for the devil and the soldiers, I laugh at them.'

He threw back his fair hair with a gallant look, and his eyes sparkled. Simonette was so pleased with this speech, that she actually kissed his cheek.

'And I also, and my father and mother, and everyone here, and everyone in the village; oh! how I would fight for my dear young lady!'

'Here I am then at the head of an army,' said Reine gaily; 'my first military operation must be to send a convoy of food to the retreat of Monsieur Hugh, for I have not been able to go to him for three days.'

'Let us take all that there is in the house and depart,' said Julian.

Simon and Fanchon looked at each other; they were equally devoted, but they were older. Simon said decidedly—

'My son, it was well said; but you should first have consulted your father.'

'My father does not know all that I know,' the young man answered, turning to his father. 'I was amongst the soldiers just now; I found that the viper Gueffès has excited them to mischief. They say that the village of St. Jean is a nest of traitors, and that it must be set on fire some night.'

The old man held down his head, saying, 'They are the stronger.'

'Not for long, perhaps,' continued Julian, 'for I know more. While Monsieur Méloir is resting his hounds and plotting mischief, there is strange news in the town. Duke Francis is very ill, and his illness is looked upon as a judgment from Heaven for fratricide; a priest said so in the pulpit at Combourg. If Monsieur Hugh desired it, he might be at the head of ten thousand peasants and citizens to-morrow.'

'Monsieur Hugh would not,' said Reine. 'Maurever is a nobleman and a Breton, and he would rather die than raise his banner against his sovereign.'

'I assure you, my young lady, things will go on without him; and the soldiers have only to make haste if they would have time to burn our houses. In the meantime, if my father and mother accept this fellow for their son,' and he stretched his hand towards Jeannin, 'and I shall be well pleased, for he has a good heart under his torn sheep-skin, it is my advice that we march off; for to-morrow daylight will come, and all that rabble in the clattering old iron only fear goblins in the night.'

Fanchon looked sadly round upon her farm, murmuring—

'I have slept under this roof for thirty years; and here you, my two children, were born.'

'Here my father died,' said Simon, 'and the father of my father; on that bed I closed my mother's eyes. Listen to me, son Julian, and believe me. Not for all the gold upon the earth, not for the fear of death before my eyes, would I leave this poor house of the Priouls. I go from hence because I wish to show my strong arms to my Seigneur, Hugh de Maurever, and to say, These are yours.'

Reine embraced the old man as if he had been her father; then she embraced Fanchon, who wiped her tearful eyes. Simonette with

trembling hands and heavy heart caressed the two favourite cows, the black and the red.

‘Come, come,’ said Jeannin, who grew in importance, and had a voice in the council, ‘we shall return, Master Simon ;—we shall return, Dame Fanchon ;—my Simonette, we shall come back to the black and the red ; only if we do not set out before the chase begins, we may perhaps stop on the way.’

Everyone was struck by these words. The women filled their baskets with everything eatable ; Julian went to that part of the house which served for the cow-house ; he called Jeannin, with a good will, his brother ; and the two came back with three swords and three cross-bows. Imagine how grand Jeannin looked, with a great sword by his side and a cross-bow on his shoulder. With a sort of instinct he felt for something to curl at the corner of his mouth ; but it is true that he found nothing.

When all was ready, Julian took down the barricades from the door, and the caravan set forth ; the father and mother, Reine, Julian, Simonette, and Jeannin, with warlike equipments. A look round lest anything should be forgotten ; then Simon said, in his deepest voice, ‘Let us go.’

But the old man’s eyes were wet. As to Fanchon, they had to take her by force. She was on her knees before the wooden crucifix at her bed-side, and kept on begging for one minute more to finish her prayers. It was like dragging her to execution. Jeannin had not made half so much ceremony about going to the apple tree.

At last they were all out, and Simon closed the door, and commended his home to the care of Providence. The cattle were in the pasture.

The caravan began its march, Jeannin forming the advance guard ; then came the three women, and Simon and Julian brought up the rear. At the first turn of the road, Jeannin spied against the hedge the tall and ill-built form of Master Vincent Gueffès ; up went his cross-bow to his shoulder, but the Norman slipped through the hedge, crying—

‘A good journey to you !’

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER III.

MR. MARVIN’S permission had been so quickly acted upon by Miss Salterne, that her first week at the Park had enlarged her acquaintance with English poor to an extent that made the Salterne villagers exult in the prospect of perpetual help ; and the Vicar’s hinted suggestions had been necessary to limit the liberality of her supplies.

It was a severe test of her obedience to his wishes that she substituted shillings for half-crowns, and even once unwillingly withheld a begged-for sixpence, on the Vicar's assurance that it would only slightly increase the nightly disturbance of the village public-house. But each day, in increasing her experience of practical poverty, showed her the wisdom of the clergyman's restrictions; and before a month had gone by, Mr. Marvin had congratulated himself on the habitation of Salterne Park, as warmly as even Annie could have done.

Returning from an afternoon of cottage work, Miss Salterne reached the lodge in time to catch sight of a travelling-carriage disappearing into the stable entrance, and walked up the long avenue with a little more excitement than her quiet manner often showed. Mrs. Salterne met her in the hall.

'Whose carriage was it, Mamma?' asked Ada quickly.

'The Clunes', my dear. Rather strange of Isabella not to write, but she took a sudden fancy to come unexpectedly; it was a great surprise when I saw her walk in.'

Mrs. Salterne looked more flurried than was quite natural to her ordinary serene way of taking more untoward events than an unexpected arrival. Ada noticed it.

'You like having her here, Mamma?' she asked, a little anxiously.

'Yes, my dear; except that she reminds me—ah! it was different when she paid that first visit to us just after her engagement! Never mind, dear, run up to see her; I promised to send you.'

And Mrs. Salterne went on into her splendid drawing-room, with a weight of care on her pleasant face, that would have given Annie Marvin a very different idea of the happiness of riches. While Ada walked through the long gallery, and into the visitor's room, as if undecided whether to be glad or sorry at the arrival.

Isabella Clune turned round from the window she had been looking out at.

'Well, Ada! are you very glad to see me again?'

'Very glad,' answered Ada, overcoming a little timid shrinking from the tall stately figure, and making her welcome a conscientiously warm one; 'it is so long since we saw you, in the Riviera.'

'Long, indeed! and I hope you have learned, in the meantime, not to be afraid of me and my nonsense. You used to tease me unmercifully by that frightened look whenever I said a word to you.'

'Yes, I think I have got over that weakness,' said Ada, rather piqued.

There was some excuse for her past timidity, in the sharpness of the visitor's clear voice, which, in the most commonplace remark, left a suspicion that every word might be a sarcasm.

'The truth is, I was longing for some news, Ada; and when one of my fits of impatience comes upon me, it makes me wild to wait for the etiquette of letters and invitations. Eddy was very tractable—dear good child! and even went the length of perpetrating a solocism in politeness

by bringing me here at a moment's notice. And now, child, tell me about him.'

'William?' asked Ada sadly; 'there is nothing to tell; he has never come home. Papa told me, once, that he dares not come to England. I don't know even where he is. Isn't it dreadful, Isa? my own brother!'

'I wish he were *my* brother, almost!' returned Isabella; 'I could put him out of my mind, perhaps. Are you sure there is nothing more to tell?'

'Nothing at all. I fancy sometimes that Papa knows something about him, but he never tells us—Mamma and me. So it can be nothing good.'

'No!' was the bitter answer; 'I really don't know why I should have expected anything else.'

'Isa! and you care for him as much as ever?' said Ada; 'I thought it was all at an end.'

'Ada! don't be such a baby, or I shall frighten you again! "At an end?" of course it is. Did you expect to see me rush over to the Continent after him, and petition to be graciously permitted to become your sister-in-law? But because that honour is beyond my reach, you need not give me credit for being quite conventional enough to do without feelings of any kind on the subject. If I cared for him once, I suppose I may care for him still. My attachment would be worth having, otherwise!'

'Please not to be so bitter,' entreated Ada.

'I can't help it, my dear. It must be my nature, since I find myself getting crosser and more disagreeable every day. I do indeed; look at me, and you will see it in my face.'

Ada looked up at Isabella's large well-formed features, regular enough to be strictly handsome if the complexion had not been too sallow.

'I do not see much change,' she said; 'your hair seems even blacker and thicker than it used to.'

'It is very nice stuff,' interrupted Isa, 'it reaches almost to my feet. Anything else noticeable?'

'I think you look a little worn, not cross—as if something were wanting to your life, and you were looking and waiting for it.'

'So there is, Ada! a great deal is wanting before I can fill out my life. Rest, or happiness, call it which you like; the opposite of restlessness and disappointment. A tolerably large want, is it not? And to talk of something else: why don't you ask after Edwin?'

'How is he?' said Ada, half amused, half worried by Isabella's capricious talking.

'You will have an opportunity of discovering for yourself at dinner,' said Isa; 'he brought me here. Dear good little boy he is! the perfection of a brother! Eddy is very young still; I am ten years older than he.'

Ada looked up.

'Yes; literally he is twenty-three, and I am twenty-five; but for all

that he is a mere boy. He is going to take Holy Orders; did you know?’

‘No; I am very glad!’

‘He has had a battle for it. Grandmamma happened to take up the wise theory that it was below the dignity of an Honourable; and really the labour of convincing her that Reverend is not quite a title of degradation, was the most meritorious thing I have undertaken for a long time. I am afraid I represented lawn sleeves in a most unnaturally attainable light, and worked upon the poor old lady’s feelings by a touching picture of the Honourable and Right Reverend Edwin something or other, seated in picturesque robes in his Cathedral stall; I am afraid a curacy will sound slightly flat after it.’

‘I am very glad!’ was Ada’s answer.

‘So you said before, my dear,’ retorted Isabella. ‘Eddy will be delighted with your approbation, especially if you are up to the usual amount of school and cottage chatteration.’

‘I am not,’ said Ada, vexed again at the sarcastic tone.

‘Our Vicar happens to be coming this evening; your brother may do the schools with him.’

It was the first occasion of Mr. Marvin’s dining at the Park, and the Vicarage had been thrown into a chronic state of excitement ever since the receipt of the formally polite invitation, which included Annie. Mrs. Marvin had declined, as a matter of course.

It was the beginning of the realization of her bright anticipations, and poor Annie’s delight was only damped by the dread that she had nothing fit to wear on such a grand occasion. But she resisted bravely the temptation of a new dress suggested by her mother, and gave up many an hour to the not easy task of making her solitary white muslin, rather outgrown as it was, into the nearest approach to her ideal of a correct costume.

‘It will do beautifully, Mamma dear,’ was her constant answer to Mrs. Marvin’s sad, ‘I wish I could give you a better one.’ And when, at last, her father brought in unexpectedly a parcel containing a new cerise sash, her fears, she said, were all the other way, and she only hoped she should not be over-dressed.

‘Very nice, indeed, my darling,’ was her mother’s loving decision, when Annie came to exhibit herself before muffling up. In that plain simple family, a dinner was a great event, and caused an excited interest to the whole household; and the children looked on in intense admiration, the boys declaring that the red ribbon in her black hair was almost as bright as her cheeks; a compliment she hardly appreciated.

In spite of her enjoyment, a fit of undoubted shyness came on at the first sight of the long lighted drawing-room, and she was almost too flurried to know who was present, or to discover that the party that was such an unusual dissipation for her, was a mere family dinner, with no guests besides herself and father.

Thanks to Miss Salterne's tact in seeing and helping her over her embarrassment, she got through the few minutes before dinner better than she expected ; and by the time the soup was over, had all her senses about her, and was aware that the gentleman who had taken her down was Mr. Clune, and that he was brother to the richly-dressed, haughty girl opposite to her.

It was a pleasant surprise to discover that her powers of conversation were equal to the demands of her neighbour, and that even the Honourable Edwin Clune appeared quite satisfied with discussing no more aristocratic subjects than the topics she was well up in at home, and showed unwearied interest in drawing out her various statistics of schools, clubs, and old women generally.

Mr. Salterne's host-like remarks to her frightened her at first, relating chiefly to the amount of balls she had been to, or was expecting to go to ; but he was too evidently good-natured to be very formidable ; and with Mrs. Salterne's kindly face to encourage her, she would have been troubled with little remaining awkwardness, if only Miss Clune had not been there to effectually spoil her enjoyment.

The very rustling of her rich silk made poor Annie inclined to blush for the shabbiness of her own toilette ; and a chance look from those large piercing eyes made her stammer confusedly over the simplest sentence, under a disagreeable conviction that she was being quietly ridiculed by those curling lips.

'How can they be brother and sister?' was Annie's prevailing impression, contrasting, as most people did, the very boyish-looking light-haired man, who seemed to find interests in the common-place duties that came into any curate's routine of work, with the sarcastic dark beauty, and equally sarcastic conversation, of his stylish sister. Yet even Annie noticed, in spite of prejudice, how strangely Miss Clune's whole manner would occasionally soften, and her voice lose the sharp intonation that gave every word a sting, and wondered why it was only in speaking to Mr. or Mrs. Salterne that this change came. And there was something so fascinating in the change, that it seemed only natural for the host and hostess to return it by a marked cordiality that was even affectionate in its wistful attention.

'I could like her, I think I could love her if she behaved to me like that,' thought Annie, watching the smile that answered Mrs. Salterne's hint of departure ; though she still trembled at the idea that she might possibly be obliged to speak directly to her, perhaps even have the ordeal of a regular introduction. And, going into the drawing-room again, she kept under Mrs. Salterne's wing, and examined album after album of photographs, only too glad to listen to the uninteresting accounts of some hundreds of perfect strangers, rather than join the conversation carried on at the other end of the room. A few words reached her at length in Miss Clune's penetrating voice.

'Connexions ! what a bore ! Everybody is connected more or less ; I

suppose most of us come down either from Shem, Ham, or Japhet, in a universal cousinhood. Must I, really ?

The maize silk rustled across the long room, and Annie had to make her most frightened bow at the dreaded introduction ; but Miss Clune's hand was offered with enough of her softer manner to make the ceremony very bearable, if her previous remonstrance had been less audible.

'Miss Salterne has been telling me that you and I belong to each other in some unknown manner, and that we must make friends accordingly.'

Annie, in her extreme of shyness, could only stammer out some incoherent remarks about—'A great pleasure—Mamma had told her of some relations of the same name—very distant indeed,' and inwardly called herself opprobrious names for her folly in having mentioned the connection ; and thus brought on herself the terrible infliction of finding Miss Clune on the chair next to her, haughtily discussing pictures and photographs for her benefit. It was very trying to be expected to recognize copies innumerable from the old masters ; and Annie's best attempts at applying her small artistic knowledge could not save her from some ignominious confessions of ignorance.

Her favourite wish of sending obnoxious things to the bottom of the sea, had many an inward and very hearty expression, as applied to portfolios and albums that evening.

'Let me show you one of my favourites, Isa,' said Miss Salterne, giving Annie a little respite from the labour of criticism ; she held a photograph before Miss Clune's languidly reclining figure ; 'it is such a lovely face.'

'What is it ? The Angel of Prayer. Yes, I rather like it. It is as sad as if the angel were meditating on the number of prayers that would fall out of the censer back again to earth. Miss Marvin looks shocked.'

Annie had given her a very natural look of astonishment. Miss Salterne spoke.

'You mean as sad as if the angel knew how many eyes would get tired of looking up and waiting for an answer, and then shut themselves up in disbelief.'

'Like me, possibly,' said Isabella, coolly. 'Enter the gentlemen, accompanied by rolls of paper.'

Mr. Salterne came up to the table and began unrolling plans.

'The design for a new church,' he explained to Isabella ; 'merely a suggestion which one of my tenants perseveringly makes. I believe I bear a somewhat low reputation in consequence of not adopting this fellow's rather extreme views on the subject, since it certainly appears to me an unnecessary expense.—The case I was explaining to you just now, Edwin—my tenant at the Abbey Farm.'

A quiet remark from Mr. Marvin on the benefit a church would be on that part of the estate, was lost in an energetic reply from Mr. Clune—

'The farmer is right, in my opinion.'

Annie looked up, rather surprised at the unexpected warmth, and half inclined to thank the speaker for his advocacy of Mr. Hatherly's pet scheme; if only he had not called him 'the farmer!'

'You look at it, like our friend Mr. Marvin,' said Mr. Salterne, 'from a professional point of view. As a landlord, I strongly object, on the other side, to such a radical proceeding as submitting to be dictated to by my own tenantry. A wrong state of things, depend upon it.'

'Vide Sir Leicester Dedlock and the flood-gates of society,' remarked Miss Clune; 'who may this very obnoxious farmer be? do you know, Miss Marvin?' Annie coloured, with vexation as much as timidity.

'He is not a farmer,' she began incoherently, 'at least not a common man; he is a gentleman farmer; his family has had the Abbey lands for hundreds of years, I believe.'

'And,' said Mr. Marvin, who had heard the question and Annie's answer, 'Mr. Hatherly is our intimate friend.'

'Why did he say that?' was Annie's mortified thought.

The remark effectually put an end to the discussion of Mr. Hatherly's position. Mr. Salterne had too much gentlemanly feeling to return to Sir Leicester Dedlock's manner, as Isabella expressed herself; and while displaying the various designs for the building, took occasion to allude to 'the great liberality with which Mr. Hatherly had proposed to bear a very considerable share of the expense. But the endowment is the real difficulty.'

'Necessarily; but it is a difficulty that ought to be got over,' said the Honourable Edwin. 'Mr. Hatherly's view is undeniably a correct one. I like his idea of it.'

'It may possibly be carried out at some future time,' was the rather stiff answer, as Mr. Salterne proceeded to roll up the scattered drawings with a manner that shewed a little vexation, and promised ill for the fulfilment of Mr. Hatherly's hopes.

And the subject was dropped for the short remainder of the evening.

'Papa,' said Annie, as they were walking home in a bright moonlight, 'I am very glad you said that about Mr. Hatherly—about his being our friend. It was wrong of me not to, I know.'

'I should like to have heard you do so, certainly,' was the gentle answer, 'for it was the truth. We must not give up old friends, because we go once to Salterne Park; must we, Annie?'

'No, indeed,' said Annie, too elated at recovering liberty of speech and capacity of enjoying in perspective the dignities of the evening, to feel her father's quiet rebuke very deeply.

'How stingy of Mr. Salterne to hesitate about the church, and with all his money! But Mr. Hatherly will like to know how Mr. Clune took his side, won't he? Papa dear, did you know that Mr. Clune, the one that took me in to dinner, is an Honourable?'

'I did, my dear.'

‘He saw at once that Mr. Salterne ought to do it,’ rattled on Annie, ‘and so he ought.’

‘Perhaps he judged Mr. Salterne, like you, without knowing his circumstances, and in consequence misjudged him. Don’t you see how easy it is to make mistakes in laying out other people’s money for them? Most likely I have been called stingy a hundred times, because I do not give away as much as some of our neighbours think I ought to.’

‘You, Papa!’ said Annie; ‘you do give away a thousand times more in proportion than that church would be. Just look at Mr. Salterne’s money; it would be nothing to him to endow it.’

‘If you knew a little more about business,’ said her father, with an amused laugh at Annie’s partizanship, ‘you would see that it is not quite as easy as you seem to fancy, to alienate a part of a property. There may be difficulties with the next heir, for instance.’

‘That is Miss Salterne,’ said Annie; ‘and I know *she* would make no objection; you cannot think how interested she looked in the plans.’

‘Her brother is the heir, and the estate is entailed; there may be many obstacles in the way, that you and I know nothing of, my dear. We must be a little charitable.’

‘I never knew there was a son!’ cried Annie, in astonishment. ‘How very funny! I never heard them mention him.’

‘Very possibly, my dear. You are not on very intimate terms with Miss Salterne; she would hardly talk of her relations to a mere stranger.’

‘It is strange,’ persisted Annie; ‘where is he?’

‘Abroad, I believe,’ was the short answer. Mr. Marvin had suspicions enough of the real state of the case, to make him anxious to keep his talkative little Annie in ignorance of the fact, guessed at by the neighbourhood, that the young heir of Salterne Park had been going from bad to worse, since the time when his father had burdened the estate heavily to clear his university debts, and that he was little likely to set foot in England.

It might have been well for Annie, to learn that under the beauty and pomp of the riches she almost coveted, the burden of the sorrow of life pressed painfully and wearily; it would have opened a new phase of thought to her, and shewn her something of the great life-lesson, that the ‘great tribulation’ lying between the souls of men and the Triumphant Church, is never wanting to homeward-struggling wanderers.

That the Cross hallows, with its dim shadow, rich and poor alike.

Annie Marvin knew little of this; and the two girls who were free from her own especial troubles, who could live in enormous rooms, dress in expensive silks, and spend money as they chose, untroubled by thoughts of account-books and bills, seemed to her to enjoy a very undue share of felicity.

‘How tiny the house looks!’ she could not help thinking as she opened the Vicarage wicket-gate.

‘A light in the drawing-room, Papa. Then Mamma must be sitting up, to hear all about it. How delightful!’

Mrs. Marvin had not been so imprudent; but, which Annie thought even more delightful, Mr. Hatherly came to open the shut-up house-door, explaining that he had walked over, and as there was some little parish matter he wanted to talk over with the Vicar, Mrs. Marvin had suggested his waiting.

Annie’s vanity rather enjoyed the chance of shewing herself off in her evening finery, where there were no maize silks to put her out of countenance; and it was very pleasant to describe the delights of the Park to a new hearer, with a naughty little exultation in the thought that she had been in a society where *he* was nothing more than ‘my tenant-farmer.’

Then, the discussion of the church question gave her an admirable opportunity for enlarging on Mr. Clune, which she made good use of, hinting at the glorious fact that there was *some* relationship between them, and representing the Honourable gentleman’s simple approval of the church-building project in a patronizing light, that Mr. Hatherly seemed far from appreciating.

‘Run to bed, my dear,’ her father interposed at last, ‘and sleep off your excitement.’

Annie ran off, with her good-humoured laugh, and assurance that she was not a bit excited; why should she be?

‘It is rather a dangerous thing for her,’ said Mr. Marvin; it was natural for him to talk of Annie to Mr. Hatherly, he had always shewn such an interest in her; ‘visits to the Park are not the best preparation for her home life. They just touch the weak point in her character.’

‘I see it,’ said Mr. Hatherly; ‘but after all, the weak points in one’s disposition could hardly be strengthened without some temptation to act against. And she is too sterling to be spoiled.’

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER VACATION.

‘ARE we *actually* off for our pic-nic! Well!’

This was said by Edward Grey, as he walked along by his mother’s side, carrying a basket over his shoulder.

‘The day is not so bad,’ he added, looking up at the blue vault above him.

‘You see, dear,’ said his mother, ‘it was worth waiting for, although we have had to wait till the middle of August.’

On they went, followed by the rest of the party, with the exception of Mr. Grey, who said pic-nics were not much in his line; and each carrying something required for their lunch.

At the Vicarage they took up the three little Wilsons; and at the ferry they were to meet Frank Carlton, a college friend of Frederick's, who was now at Scaleby reading hard with a tutor.

There he stood beside the ferry, looking very handsome and very happy.

'Mrs. Grey,' he exclaimed, 'how very kind of you to ask me; I have been longing for this day. Let me help you.'

And one after another he handed Mrs. Grey, Emily, and the children, into the boat.

'Is *this* the ferry, the thought of which frightened me so?' said Mrs. Grey.

'This is the ferry,' replied Frederick.

'You mean the same, but not the same.'

Frederick nodded, but said nothing.

'Was it very dreadful, Fred?' said Johnny. 'Was it terrible? Tell us.'

'Yes,' said his brother. 'It *was* dreadful, it *was* terrible. It was so swollen, that the water reached three or four times as far as it does now, up those green banks. It was not a pretty clear stream, as it is now, but raging and boiling, a great black torrent of water.'

Johnny. You didn't like the thought of crossing, did you, Fred?

Frederick. Not particularly.

Edward. And you, you little extraordinary creature, what made you fix on such a night to be ill in?

Johnny. I thought it might amuse you; that's why I fixed on it; I enjoy amusing people.

'Say, Johnny,' said little Sibyl Wilson, 'how did you manage to get down to your mamma?'

'Very easily,' replied Johnny. 'I got down by the stairs.'

'But how was it you did not tumble down in the dark?'

'I held the bannister,' said Johnny.

'And were you much frightened?'

'I don't know. I was glad when I saw Mamma.'

'There, Sibyl,' said Mrs. Grey, 'don't ask any more. And here we are across the ferry.'

Then they all got out, and set off walking along the road until they reached the Norcliffe woods, which were so pretty, that everyone was charmed. The oak trees rose out of masses of rock covered with moss; the ferns were so fresh, so green, so large; there were little streams and waterfalls; and hollows, fragrant with damp earth and fallen leaves; the path was up and down, up and down; there were bridges of a single plank and a single rail. There were also breaks in the foliage, and distant peeps, so pretty. Through these beautiful woods they walked along the narrow path, single file, and there was no end of mirth and good humour. They chose a lovely spot to sit down and rest; and there the lunch was spread out—and oh, how everyone enjoyed it! It signified

very little that the table was a slanting bank of moss, and that all the dishes were slipping and sliding down; Mrs. Grey had provided against that probable emergency, and everything that could be, had been cut up beforehand. The pies, too, were all little patties, and the tarts were beautiful little tartlets, so there was no trouble of carving, indeed no trouble of any kind at all—nothing but pure enjoyment and happiness: and when the lunch was over, and the bits given away to sundry little children who were looking on, they left the woods and turned down to Dimmock's Cove, such a very little bay of white sand, surrounded by a wall of sheltering cliff, and there they sat down on the shore, and threw pebbles into the sea, or walked about looking for shells and sea-weeds, while Emily got out her pencils and began to sketch the view.

Here they must remain until Mrs. Grandly came with the spring-cart for those who were tired; and as some of the party were already in that condition, they clustered round where Mrs. Grey and Emily were sitting, and lay upon the sand, with only energy to be amused, and nothing else.

So it was that Mrs. Grey was called upon to tell them something in the shape of a story to pass the time away, and having no story at hand, she told them of a pic-nic they once had at a place near Dresden, called 'die Heiligen Hallen;' that being soon exhausted, she remembered another in the Pyrenees, if they liked to hear what happened there?

Voices from the sand—'We should like it extremely.'

Mrs. Grey. But I can assure you there is very little to tell; I never have had any great adventures in my life, and hardly the threatening of one; however, on that occasion I had a great fright, and you shall hear about it. The party was a very little one, only Papa and me. We were going over the Pic de Cauterets, from St. Sauveur. The mountain was some three thousand feet high; I never shall forget the ride over that pass. The day was like this, only we never have in England the perfection of weather one has in the southern parts of Europe. It was happiness merely to live—

Voices again from the sand—'Precisely what it is here.'

Mrs. Grey. I am very glad to hear that murmur; nevertheless, it was different, *and* indescribable. Papa rode first, I next, and Bernard, our guide, walked behind or before, as the case might be. As we mounted higher and higher, I began to know for the first time what dead silence was. The hum of life in the valley had ceased—we had passed the sheep and cattle browsing on the lower slopes—we had got so high, that we were past even the buzzing of insects—all was still to an extreme. I looked about, and listened for some sound, but I could only hear silence, dead silence. There on the summit we sat down, and had our little pic-nic. Bernard filled my cup with snow, which soon melted with a little wine added, and Papa gathered me blue gentians, a handful—such a colour as they looked when they were buried in the turf! Then we began to descend the other side, and half-way down we had the

fright I told you of. We heard most terrible howlings—you are hoping it was wolves. No, it was not wolves; but it was the fiercest pack of large shepherd's dogs that I ever saw. Papa declared afterwards that there were only a few—to me it seemed as if there were dozens. They seemed to be on all sides, and gathering nearer and nearer in a great circle, rending their throats the whole time with their fierce bayings. The shepherds looked nearly as fierce, and paid no attention to us, never calling off the brutes. 'Take no notice,' said Bernard, 'but dismount.' Off I sprang, and away flew my dear little pony—never did I see such a flight! Papa also got down, in order to walk near me, and his horse was gone in a moment: the terror manifested by our horses increased my fears tenfold. I held Bernard's hand on one side, and Papa's on the other. I assure you I was in a perfect ecstasy of fear. Bernard walked with his eyes on the ground, but Papa looked at me encouragingly, and smiled. This reassured me a little; I looked round, and saw that now not one dog was nearer than another, and they appeared to be rather hanging back. Insensibly we were getting through and beyond them. Soon their howlings were behind us, and presently they had ceased altogether.

Mrs. Grey was warmly thanked for this little history.

'And now,' said she, '*I want to be amused. Come, see if you can do nothing to amuse me. Frank, have you no story, no adventure, that you could tell us?*'

Fred. Oh, that he has, if he would tell of the night he spent on the Sella Pass.

Frank. Mrs. Grey, I assure you it was not half so exciting as your adventure with the dogs!

Mrs. Grey. Let us hear and judge—when and how was it?

Then Frank, sitting up, pushed the hair off his forehead, and frowning in thought, remained silent a little while; after that, he began—

'Herbert and I agreed to cross the Sella Pass into Italy. We set out too late, (that was our first mistake,) but we had a splendid walk to the beginning of ice and snow. Then, Mrs. Grey, *we* also knew what dead silence was. It was now nothing but climbing from rock to rock, or from one mass of ice and snow to another. During this part of our advance, I felt the knapsack at my back growing wet, and found that our wine bottle was leaking. I pushed the cork further in, and carried it upright in my pocket, but presently felt wet trickling down. Alas, the bottle had cracked, by knocking against a rock as we clambered along. My last resource was to boudage it up with some oil silk and a bandage which I had with me.'

Mrs. Grey. What did you carry oil silk and bandages for?

Frank. On a former expedition my knee had given way, and I thought the same thing might happen again; fortunately, I did not require it for myself, but it saved the little of our wine that remained until we reached the summit; and there we encountered a thunder-storm.

Emily. Oh, that I had been there!

Frank smiled to himself, and went on—

‘You can fancy the thunder echoing from rock to rock—the lightning flashes—the fury of rain! We got under the shelter of a piece of rock till it was over, and then in a few minutes the sun was shining, and the clouds were gone from below, and there were the mountains of the Tyrol before us, and such magnificent views! Here we stayed from three o’clock till four, and then began our descent, first leaving our wine bottle in a cairn of stones at the top, with our names in it. Then we trudged along over snow slopes, till, just before sunset, we arrived at the top of a precipice, down which I knew, from inquiries I had made, we must descend. As it was rapidly growing dusk, we tried to get down the first couloir we saw.—Shall I tell them what a couloir means, Mrs. Grey, or do they know?’

Edward. You needn’t; we all know what it means. It’s a weather-worn seam in the rocks, down which stones are for ever rattling.

Frank. Well, that is not such a bad account of it. It was most fatiguing scrambling down. The loose stones were showering down behind us, and every step we took displaced a lot more. As the darkness increased, our danger became greater, for we could not see where to put our hands and get a firm hold. I began to feel so dissatisfied, that I proposed to Herbert that we should return to the top of the precipice, as the couloir was now nothing but smooth slopes of rock, getting steeper and steeper. The horrors of the Matterhorn accident kept recurring to my mind, and adding to my uneasiness. But Herbert thought it would be too cold to sleep at the top of the rocks, and implored me to push on. Then we considered what to do, and decided that one of us should be lowered down to see if there was any available sleeping-place below. I tied the rope round Herbert, and lowered him. He presently reported a good slab of rock; and so with difficulty I scrambled down to him, but, to my disgust, found it was a mere shelving ledge. However, to return was now impossible, and while considering whether to descend further, a large avalanche of stones started almost beneath our feet. This determined us to stay where we were, although the ledge was so narrow, and slanted so much, that we could only keep on it by digging our axe into a crevice, and holding on by the handle. While sitting there, Herbert felt so desperately bad, that with my loose hand (for I was clutching the axe) I undid my knapsack, and got at the brandy flask. But he could not drink, for he was feeling sick from the intense cold. Then, being myself hungry, I examined our eatables, which consisted of chocolate bon-bons, lumps of sugar, raisins, and half a roll of bread—having so little food with us was our second mistake.

Mrs. Grey. I should say your first, and your second mistake was having gone without a guide.

Frank. I do not think so; at least, not if we had had plenty of time, for then we should, no doubt, have found the right couloir.—However!

I ate some food, and after in vain trying to get Herbert to take something, we settled for the night, not to sleep, but to keep alive. The darkness overhead was now complete; the rain beat down steadily, and the cold was fearful. While Herbert took a turn at the axe, I gingerly unrolled my mackintosh, and covered as much of him and myself as I could. Soon after, I lit a match and looked at my watch. I remember the slight momentary warmth and light of that match! It just revealed that it was past nine o'clock. Then we braced ourselves up. The sun would rise at five o'clock, so we should have between seven and eight hours of it. We were so cramped, that, to relieve myself, I every now and then stretched out one leg, then another; when I did so, my leg hung over interminable space. Poor Herbert, I tugged him up between me and the rock, and got him to lay his head on my shoulder, and take a little rest; but that was absurd, for, to keep from freezing, we had to shout and sing and holloa; if you could have heard what a row we made!

'In the midst of all this noise it was so dreadful to hear Herbert groaning. The fact was, he had had, two or three years before, an attack of pleurisy; and now I dreaded his having a recurrence of it. For myself, the Matterhorn was perpetually before my mind, associated as I had been with the main actors in that terrible tragedy; so that our songs, you may well believe, were not from a light heart. Meanwhile the stones rattled down the couloir, and once my foot was grazed by one of them, filling me with apprehension that our ledge was not altogether out of the way of danger. The hours passed slowly; I wonder they ever came to an end! When it was one o'clock, I thought we should certainly not get through the night alive. But two hours after it was different. Those matches I lighted! They were like the epochs of a life, the intervals between seemed so long, and so dark. At last, conceive, Mrs. Grey, what it was to see the first faint mitigation of the darkness. Then I could just see the great grey clouds, with their weird forms, moving along, now above, now below us, now covering us as with a pall, then sweeping past or opening, so as to show beyond the snow-mountains all ghastly white in the dimness.

'Herbert for some time had been so horribly quiet, that I was afraid he had fainted; but when I told him we should soon have light, he roused up, and I took care he should not shut up again. In half an hour there was light enough to consider what next to do. Great was our anxiety to see whether it would be practicable to descend the couloir to the bottom. After some thought, I decided to lower Herbert, and having tied the rope round his waist, I let him down till his feet were safe on the ledge below; then I lowered all our things, and finally myself, having attached the rope, by a noose, to a projecting rock. I jerked off the rope when I was safe down. This first descent was about thirty feet. The whole thing had to be done twice down that face of rock; and at last, just as the sun rose, we found ourselves in safety, on a sloping hill-side of débris; down this we scrambled, and gradually got on to the

grass slopes, and at last saw the longed-for chalets where we had meant to pass the previous night. Thoughts of a wash, of no end of milk or cream, and of clean hay to sleep on, filled our minds ; but to no purpose, for the chalets, or, as the Swiss call them, sennhuts, were entirely deserted, and that obviously quite recently. Water we found in abundance, and greatly we needed it. I never saw such a ghastly hue on anyone, as on poor Herbert ; he looked half green, and half purple. I, too, from his account, must have looked wretched ; but the luxury of a wash ! I never knew what it was before. After this, Herbert ate the remains of our food. He had not eaten a bit of his bread since we halted for dinner the day before, on the very summit of the pass. After a little halt, and having read our usual chapter of the New Testament, with heartfelt thankfulness that we were spared to read it, we found a track leading down the valley, which, after some hours, brought us to the highest inhabited chalets. Here, with the aid of a dictionary, we conversed with our Italian friends, who brewed us some capital polenta—that is, the flour of Indian corn stewed in cream ; after eating this, they let us lie down on some straw for an hour or so, and then we walked on (after having been thoroughly fleeced by our hosts) to the little town of Chiesa, where the Osteria Antica (as the principal and most primitive inn is called) received us, and gave us a hearty welcome. Herbert did not recover the effects of this adventure for some time. I was none the worse.'

Mrs. Grey. And you listened patiently to my poor little adventure with the dogs !

Frank. It was a very good little adventure.

Then every one broke into thanks, and Frank was asked many questions.

Mrs. Grey was excessively touched by his description of his friend Herbert's heroic endurance of pain through the night, and the suppression, as far as possible, of all complaint.

This led to a good deal of talk about 'true heroism ; and Emily, looking up from her drawing, (it was no longer of the tranquil scene before her, but of the two poor fellows on the ledge, and the grisly clouds like ghosts all about them,) said :

'I think, Mamma, you and I saw a hero yesterday, when we met the litter with Philip Pardoe on it.'

'Poor boy,' said her mother, 'he was behaving, certainly, with great heroism.'

The boys asked what she meant.

'He was on his way to the station,' replied their mother ; 'he is gone to York to have his leg taken off. His mother was so overcome when it was proposed to her, that she could not decide, and left all the responsibility of the decision to the boy. He had the courage to decide in favour of amputation ; and he told me the same evening that he did so because he thought it was right, not that he expected any good to come of it.'

Edward. I would rather die ten times.

Mrs. Grey. Not if you knew it was right to have it off. But oh, I am thankful we have no such terrible question to decide!

Here the children came running to say Mrs. Grandly was upon the cliff with the spring-cart, and looking up, there against the yellow evening sky, was Mrs. Grandly's broad figure, standing and waving a red handkerchief. The scramble up the narrow path, the occasional rests, the ever widening view of sea and sky, the help administered by the three young men, and the offers of help on the part of the two little boys, the glorious sunset when they reached the top, the drive home at foot's pace, and the boys all round exchanging their inexhaustible fun; and lastly the delight of all, when at a distance they saw Mr. Grey coming to meet them—all this must be left to the imagination of the reader. Frank Carlton left them at the road to the station, and returned to Scaleby, having settled to come out some day soon to bathe with the young Greys at Dimmock's Cove; and the rest went home tired and happy. They were ready for the good tea prepared by Mrs. Grandly and Sarah, (Mrs. Grey's maid,) and still more ready soon after for bed. So ended a most happy and a most beautiful day.

It was on an evening of the following week that Mrs. Grey and her three younger children were coming home from a walk up Silverbank. They had been to see Mrs. Pardoe, where they heard that Philip had safely reached the hospital at York, and that the amputation had taken place the day following. Poor Mrs. Pardoe had remained at York until it was over, and then came home. She cried as she described the whole scene, which had evidently struck her with great awe. She said the doctor had promised she should be admitted to see her son as soon as the amputation was over, on condition that she neither spoke nor shed a tear; and this reduced her, when she was called in, to a safe condition of silence. She said there were three doctors and six apprentices (she meant pupils) besides several nurses in the room, which was large and light and airy. On a table in the middle, with his head on pillows, lay her boy, having just recovered from the effects of chloroform. He stretched out his arms to his mother, and she said his face was like an angel's. She kissed him, and then cried, but remembering the command of the stern doctor, she looked round frightened and ashamed, to ask his pardon, when his eye met hers.

'O Mistress Grey! Mistress Grey!' and the poor woman burst into a loud fit of weeping; 'his heart that was so stern, was broke for my poor boy! his lips, so firm pressed and so hard just afore, now trembled; tears shone in the eyes that had frowned on me. Was I over bold? I caught his hand, and fell on my knees to him. He riz me up. "Gang home," said he, "contented; niver was there a finer nor a safer operation; your boy will do now, with God's good blessing; only now you must leave him." So I kissed my blessed one, and I cam' home.'

Mrs. Grey was greatly touched, but also cheered. She recognized by

the description the skilful operator who had taken off the poor boy's leg, and also that remarkable sternness of countenance, which vanished so completely when the necessity for it was over, leaving an expression which she had heard described as perfect in its beauty and tenderness.

Talking of him and of Philip, they approached the house. It was near sunset; and Mrs. Grey was hastening on, because her husband was kept at home by a severe cold, and would be glad of her return. How great then was her surprise to see him coming along the road to meet them!

'Children!' she cried, 'what can be the matter? Papa is not fit to be out, and there he is coming to meet us!'

In another minute they were near enough to speak.

'Where,' said Mr. Grey, 'are the boys?'

'What do you mean? Are they not come home? They went with Frank to bathe in Dimmock's Cove.'

Mrs. Grey, as she said this, had turned deadly sick and faint. She caught at the fence by the road-side.

'Mary, my darling! Oh, I dare say all is right; here, take my arm.'

'I must go after them this moment!' and Mrs. Grey turned to go.

'Come into the house, and lie down. You are *not* going after them; we will send.'

And Mr. Grey at once led her home; the children following.

'Harry,' whispered Emily, 'let *us* go; we can, and we must.—Johnny, do you stay with Papa and Mamma; and we will go as fast as we can. Most likely we shall see the boys a long way off, and if so, we will fly home with the news.'

'Couldn't you wave a handkerchief?' said Johnny; 'and I should see it from my room, and run and tell Mamma.'

'No, it will soon be dark; besides, you had better stay with Mamma, and say whatever you can to comfort her and Papa.'

While the children were whispering these words, Mr. and Mrs. Grey had gone in; and Mrs. Grey, after vainly trying to feel quite well, sank upon a chair, with a dreadful rushing in her head.

'Papa,' whispered Emily, 'let us go—we know the way.'

And scarcely waiting for an answer, she and Harry had started off as fast as their feet could carry them. They went by the road, and thus it was that they missed meeting a man who was hastily crossing the fields towards the Hall. They saw him over the hedge; Emily knew there was no way but to the house, and she looked round at Harry—the same thought struck them both. They said not a word, but ran quicker. The man reached the back-door.

'Mistress!'

'Wha's there? come in!'

'There's one of the young gennelmen drowned down at Dimmock's Cove!'

At that moment Johnny came to the kitchen to fetch some water for his mamma; he heard the last words only, and asked eagerly—

‘Oh, did you say you came from Dimmock’s Cove?’

‘No, Honey,’ said Mrs. Grandly quickly, ‘he’s not been near Dimmock’s Cove all day; he’s just come wi’ a load of wood. Tak’ this glass o’ water to your mamma!’

And Johnny left the kitchen.

‘May God forgive me!’ said Mrs. Grandly, dropping into a chair and beginning to cry. ‘Oh, whatever shall we do! whatever shall we do! Are you sure, Peter Jackson—did you see it?’

‘Ay, as sure as I see yo’. I was up on t’ Cliff. I sees two on ’em a dragging of a third up to Mullet’s house.’

‘And wha sayd he was drowned?’ cried Mrs. Grandly, suddenly starting from her chair.

‘Up comes Mullet’s lads a puffing and a blowing to fetch doctor, but said lad was as dead as a stone.’

(‘Charles,’ said Mrs. Grey suddenly, after drinking the water, ‘I must go to the kitchen and speak to Mrs. Grandly.’)

‘Till I sees him mysel’,’ pursued Mrs. Grandly, ‘laid out in his winding-sheet, I’ll no believe it.’

‘And I tell yo,’ said Jackson, somewhat nettled, and raising his voice, ‘that the lad’s dead, and landlord suld know.’

There stood Mrs. Grey at the kitchen door, white and petrified.

‘Mistress Grey, we’re none so sure!’ and Mrs. Grandly caught her hand. ‘I’ll gang mysel’ and see.—Peter Jackson, you’ve said your say, and gang your ways, like an ill bodd as yo’ are.’

But poor Mrs. Grey had turned to leave the kitchen. She walked along the dark passage. She walked slowly, thinking, not of the son she had lost—she sank on a chair in the hall and said to herself, ‘How am I to tell him!’ And there Mr. Grey found her a few minutes after in a dead faint.

Meanwhile Emily and Harry ran till they were breathless; then they walked, then they ran—they did not speak a word—they met no one; now they were nearly at the top of the cliff where Mrs. Grandly had waited for them a week ago; and where, looking down, they could see to the sandy cove below, and the little path, by which they had scrambled up on that happy day.

Just there a little boy in a canvas blouse and sou’wester appeared from the path below, panting, and with drops of heat rolling from his brow. He suddenly found himself face to face with the children; and checking himself in his onward course, he said, looking at Emily—

‘Be you Mistress Grey?’

‘I am Miss Grey. Why?’

Emily’s heart almost stopped beating.

The boy made no answer, but taking off his sou’wester, lifted the lining and pulled out a little twisted note. Emily snatched it, and opening, read—

'Dear Mamma, Frank is coming round, but we want help. F. and E. G.' (These initials were in Frederick's clearest writing.) Below was a P.S. 'Give the boy sixpence.'

'That I will! that I will! if it was the last in the world!' cried Emily, with a burst of hysterical crying; and pulling out her little purse, she got out a shilling.

'Dear good boy, take this!'

Then turning, they ran—they flew. Happily a good deal of the way was down-hill; they felt no fatigue. As they ran Harry said, 'We may as well,' and out came his white pocket-handkerchief.

'And mine too!' then Emily's also was fluttering in the wind—and on and on they ran.

'Poor Papa and Mamma!'

That was all they said the whole way.

And now let us run even faster than these dear children, and join the sorrowful three in that drawing-room. Mrs. Grey was long in coming round; her husband watched her with his fingers on her pulse, and Johnny ran for restoratives as he was told. Sarah, Mrs. Grey's maid, was in the room, and also Mrs. Grandly. It was Johnny, bursting at last into a loud fit of sobbing and falling on his mother, that brought her to her senses. She tried to sit up.

'Oh, Charles! I am so vexed, so disgusted with myself!'

'My dearest Mary, why do you let yourself be so easily cast down? How do you know the boys are not safe at Scaleby with Carlton all this time?'

For Mr. Grey knew nothing of Jackson's fearful communication. His wife perceived this, and was silent. She prayed. Mrs. Grandly and Sarah left the room. So did Johnny. The women, wonderful to relate, had not yet told him. He ran to his room.

'They said they would not wave,' said he to himself; 'but I shall perhaps see Emily's hat with the long white feather; anyhow, I'll look out.'

Johnny jumped on a chair, and looked through the little window, which commanded a widely extended view, and the road for nearly a mile towards the cliff. Far away upon that road were two little fluttering signals; and as he looked he plainly saw the figures of his brother and sister running and approaching.

Oh! how did Johnny ever get off that chair! how did he ever run down the crooked stairs, and along the passage, and down the other stairs, and into the drawing-room! and how did he ever find voice and breath to say, 'All right!—all—all—all—right!'

Then with a shriek he fell into his mother's arms, repeating, 'They're coming! they're waving! all's right!'

Even as he spoke, there were the two beloved messengers at the gate.

'Here, here, Mamma! It was Frank, but he's coming round.'

'Frank!' cried their mother.

Mr. Grey seized the note and read it out.

‘Oh, Mary, let us thank God! Are you fit to go? If so, you may.’

Mrs. Grey was gone in a moment.

‘Mrs. Grandly, it was Mr. Carlton, not either of the boys, and he is coming round. But they want help. Put up food and blankets, and get the spring-cart quick!’

Sarah began to cry; but she went up to the linen-press, and thinking sheets would be wanted where blankets were required, she brought down a pair, and began to spread them before the kitchen fire. Mrs. Grandly, who had meanwhile put the whole contents of the larder into an ample market-basket, and was now tying on a hat as big as a parasol, looked at her with a mixture of pity and contempt.

‘Oh, you fond lass!’ said she, dashing up-stairs, and into the nearest bed-room, where in a twinkling she had rolled all the blankets, sheets, pillows, and bolsters, into a bundle, and pinning the whole with a giant pin, carried it down and put it in the spring-cart before Sarah had had time to look round.

With a woman of such energy, Mrs. Grey, it is needless to say, was not kept waiting long for the cart. Already the little horse was in, and quicker than he had gone for many a day, he was now carrying them along the road to Dimmock’s Cove, by Norcliffe Woods. The evening was now coming on, but there was a moon. The cool air refreshed Mrs. Grey; she hardly spoke a word, except now and then to urge Mrs. Grandly to get on.

At last they reached the little cove. A few cottages, scarcely better than hovels, were clustered at the foot of the cliff, on a ledge a little above the beech. Two or three women were standing about. They pointed out to Mrs. Grey where she should find her sons; and leaving Mrs. Grandly and the cart, she climbed the narrow path, and noiselessly opened the door.

There indeed were her two beloved ones, seated beside a little deal table, with such a worn and fatigued look, resting their heads—one on his hand, the other on his folded arms. As she came in they sprang to their feet, and in a moment, one after the other was locked in her arms; but all without a word.

Then Frederick said—

‘I am afraid he is very ill.’

‘Have you had a doctor?’

‘Yes, Dr. Fletcher. He came after we had brought him round, and he is coming the first thing to-morrow. He’s there, asleep.’

Then Mrs. Grey looked round and observed a curtain drawn half across the room, beyond which was the bed where Frank lay. She saw in a moment how the case stood—the limited space, the exhausted look of her boys, and the need of quiet for Frank; and telling them she would return soon, she went on to the next house and asked leave for her sons to have some food there. The woman not only said they should be heartily welcome, but she went for the basket and helped Mrs. Grey to

lay out the food on the table. In a few minutes all was ready, and she brought them to their new quarters, where they found, as if by magic, the food spread out, of which they stood so much in need.

Mrs. Grey left them and returned to watch beside Frank. They eat for some time in silence; then Fred said—

‘I was beginning to want this.’

Edward. I wasn’t *beginning*—I have wanted it for hours.

Fred. How jolly of Mamma to come herself, and bring such a lot of good things!

Then they talked of Frank.

Edward. It’s a nuisance his not being well. I thought the minute he came to life, he would be as well as you or I.

Fred. You see he was such a time under water. To think that it was scarcely three minutes!

Edward. Three minutes! Oh, more like three days—three years to me!

Fred. I never thought we should bring him to life.

Edward. You set to work with a will. I suppose you remembered poor Wexham’s accident last term.

Fred. That was a lesson! I never shall forget it! If I had not seen Arundel at work upon him, I should have known nothing about it.

Again they fell into silence, and neither seemed inclined to resume the conversation. Mrs. Grey returned after a while, and said that if they had done, she wished them to return home in the spring-cart, and she would stay with Frank. She added—‘I would rather not hear any particulars this evening, my darling boys; but go home, and Papa will tell you of our suspense.’

She threw her arms round their necks, and they stooped and kissed her; while she whispered, ‘I know you will thank God, and pray for Frank.’

As they turned to go, Frederick observed how pale and ill his mother looked.

‘Are you ill, Mamma? What’s the matter?’

‘I have a head-ache, but I shall soon be better; and I shall be happy when I think you are at home with Papa and the children.—Oh, my dear dear boys!’

Then she went in, and the first and only tears she had shed that day fell from her eyes. They did not, however, prevent her beginning her arrangements for the night. Mrs. Mullet, who had given up her house and removed all her children to a neighbour’s, freely offered her services, and waited on Mrs. Grey, fetching for her the food she required, in case Frank should need any. She provided also brandy, and promised to have hot water ready at a moment’s notice at a neighbour’s house. Then lighting a little oil lamp, and setting it on the hob, she withdrew, advising Mrs. Grey to wrap herself in a shawl, else she would feel chilly as night drew on.

Mrs. Grey placed a chair where she could see Frank, and then sat down. As the silence of night gathered round her, she thought of all that had happened within the last few hours—from the time when she met her husband, to the present moment. Various pictures came before her. Especially she thought of Emily and Harry as they came flying in, their faces flushed and eyes sparkling with love and gladness: Emily's hair had got loose from its ribbons and hung in ripples all down her back, her arms stretched out towards her mother; and Harry standing behind with that tender lovely smile of his. Another image that touched her even more was that of her two dear boys sitting in that poor little room where now she was. Then, as the melancholy sound of the waves lapping on the shore reached her ears, she kept thinking of Frank and her sons in the water; and again and again the terrible vision arose before her, and she shivered at the thoughts which, the deeper the stillness, the more they crowded before her, filling her with a nervous terror she hardly could repress. The sight of Frank's deadly pale face, and immovable stillness, was not calculated to diminish this condition of nervousness.

But comfort and cheering were at hand.

Frederick and Edward were about half-way to Moorlands, when Frederick suddenly pulled in the reins, and the astonished little horse stood still.

'I say,' said he, 'I don't exactly see why we have left Mamma there all alone.'

'But she sent us home.'

'Oh, that's all very well; but I am not going a step further. She was only thinking of our comfort, now I am thinking of hers. Do you go home and tell them everything. I know I am right to go back.'

Saying this, Frederick put the reins into Edward's hands and sprang out.

'Good-night;' and off they were, on their several routes.

Mrs. Grey was sitting almost as pale and as immovable as Frank. The little lamp on the hob began to grow dim, and spluttered and flickered. She got up and tried to trim it; but she was unaccustomed to the kind of lamp, and it suddenly went out in her hands. Then she was completely in the dark. Feeling about, she reached the door, and lifted the latch. The moon had just risen; and as she opened the door, a rush of soft night air and moonlight came into the room; but of that Mrs. Grey took no notice, because she was looking eagerly at the figure of a young man striding along over the sand, and coming towards her. Soon he was quite near.

'Frederick!'

'Mamma!'

But in another moment, another interest occupied them. The slight disturbance, and the cool air blowing about, had at last woke Frank.

He moved and asked in a feeble voice who was there, evidently not knowing where he was. Frederick was by his side in an instant. And Mrs. Grey ran for a light. When she came back, her son was holding up poor Frank, and giving him, as he had strength to take it, little drops of brandy and water. He was looking terribly exhausted, but presently revived, and seeing Mrs. Grey he appeared more and more bewildered. But she said in a quiet voice, 'You are not very well, Frank, and you had better lie down and try to go to sleep again.'

He lay quite still for a time, and then said,

'Do you think I might have something to eat?'

'Never in my life,' said Frederick afterwards, 'not even when I got my first jacket, did I feel such joy as when I heard those words!'

After the food had been eaten, Frank looked like another being; the deadly paleness was gone, and he lay down, and fell into a quiet natural sleep, which lasted till the morning.

Frederick and his mother both stayed beside him; but how different it was now! All those visions of terror were gone away, and in their place was the vision and presence of her dear son, whose unexpected appearance had done so much to turn the heaviness of night into the joy of the morning.

During the day which followed this troubled night, Frank was well enough to be moved in a carriage, sent out by Dr. Fletcher, to Moorlands. There he would remain until fit to return to his lodgings in Scaleby.

It was not till they were all settled at home again that Mrs. Grey heard the particulars of the accident; but then she took courage to ask Frederick about it. And this was his account.

'First, then, we both knew that Carlton could not swim, and we warned him that the shore sloped extremely. I got in first and swam to the Lion Rock, intending there to take a header. I scrambled up, and was just going to plunge in, when I saw Frank and Edward struggling in the water, about fifteen or twenty yards from where I was. I jumped in, and swam to them. I never swam so fast in my life! Just as I reached them Edward was being dragged under by Frank, who was insensible, and held him in a deadly grip. Another minute, and—Well, never mind! If you think I did not wrench them apart! Then I gave Edward a shove towards shore, and looked round for Frank, but in that instant of time he was gone. I dived three times; the third time I caught him and dragged him to shore. Mamma, I thought he was dead. Meanwhile, Edward had got his clothes on, and Mullet's sons were there, (fancy those boys being the only ones on shore, everyone else was out fishing.) They together lifted and carried Frank to Mullet's cottage. I was dressed and after them before you could look round. Those cuts Edward and I got on our feet, they happened that day on the rough pebbles. Mrs. Mullet behaved like a queen, but still more like a good nurse; what she didn't do for us! But it was a long time, Mother—a long time before he breathed. I sent off for Dr. Fletcher at

once. We had lots of rough sympathy from the women, but it was very uncomfortable, and we wanted you. And as soon as one of us could leave Frank, I wrote that note. I never thought how the time was passing, or if I did, I thought it next to impossible that any rumour should reach you. I have since been very sorry that I had not sent sooner to you, when I heard from Papa what a time of it you had had. The next time I'll take care you shall know at once.'

Frederick said this so seriously that his mother could scarcely forbear smiling, though her eyes were full of tears; and he looked down at her with a sort of questioning manner.

'You say "the next time." Is it all to happen again?'

'Ah! I see! May the next time never come! But anyhow, I'll take care that you shall never wait and wonder about me as long as I live, if I can help it.'

Further details were given by Edward on another occasion, in which he described the patience and coolness with which Frederick applied himself to Frank's restoration. He told his mother of the accident at Oxford, when a man had been drowned, and how Fred, who was present, had seen the great Oxford physician operating upon him. 'It was then,' added Edward, 'that Fred learnt his lesson, and Frank owes his life to it. But oh, Mamma, it was so dreadful—so critical; and when he opened his eyes! I have not felt such a lump in my throat for a very long time as then. And if you had seen the lots of brandy they offered us. I tasted some, being rather shaky myself; I am certain it was smuggled. And then—oh when you came in!'

In a couple of days Frank was as well as usual, but he wished to stay at Moorlands until after Sunday, in order that he might go to church with all the family, and return thanks for his preservation.

On that day the church was indeed crowded. Mrs. Grey had never seen so many of the women present. She observed also a number of fishermen and their wives, (among whom were Mullet's wife and sons.) She was greatly touched to see poor old Hill hobbling in, supported by his wife; but what surprised and pleased her still more was the sight of Miss Walls tottering in, in her weakest and most exhausted way. But poor Miss Walls was really and seriously ill. Dr. Fletcher had seen her, and told Mrs. Grey she could not live much longer. Still she had crawled to church, as she afterwards said, to thank God for having spared the two dear young gentlemen—Miss Walls being firmly under the impression that both the young Greys had run a very narrow risk of being drowned themselves. This was a view of the case in which Mrs. Grey so fully sympathized, that she greatly appreciated Miss Walls having come to return thanks for their preservation.

When they came out of church, numbers of the poor people crowded round the family to wish them joy; and Mr. Wilson overtook them and added his hearty congratulations; and then he said,

'Did you see all the Dimmock's Cove fishermen? It is the first time

for years that some of them have been within church doors. I trust this is the beginning of good days to them. But they are a rough lot, and they make the mile distance from church an excuse for a deal of Sabbath-breaking and sin.'

As they walked home, Frank said,

'It would be a great comfort to me to do something for the Dimmock's Cove people. I should like to help to build a school-house, where they could have service on Sundays.'

They talked of this all the way home. Mr. Grey said he would join in any such scheme, and the matter was fully opened to Mr. Wilson on the following day.

We may perhaps hear more of this school-house on some future occasion.

And now I must hurry on, as indeed the days and weeks were hurrying. The weather was uniformly fine and warm, although there was a crispness in the mornings and evenings of the shortening days, which even so long before told of the winter that was coming. Nothing happened of any particular interest. There were expeditions to Scaleby, walks up Silverbank, the regular visits to the poor people, and lastly there were the bathes at Dimmock's Cove. And in mentioning this I have little doubt of the sympathy of many of my readers with Mrs. Grey; for indeed it was no small effort of self-restraint on her part, when, in accordance with the wishes of her husband, she saw her sons every day set off to bathe. But Mr. Grey had his own views on this subject. He knew that hardly one of the active amusements of young men or boys can be absolutely free from danger of some kind. But he also knew that by proper precaution, and especially by learning to do well whatever they did at all, the risk might be diminished, so as to leave no reasonable cause of anxiety. 'Besides,' as he said to his wife, 'this life is not in itself so valuable or desirable, that the preservation of it should be made an end to be attained at all costs.'

To which she answered: 'Yes! if only they are leading such lives as under all circumstances to give one a good hope!'

And then Mr. Grey reminded her of that old verse of Dr. Watts—

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;'

adding that among the most important of the secondary helps towards leading good lives, was a proper allowance of healthful amusements; athletic exercise being a sort of safeguard against the worst mischiefs which Satan finds for boys, besides being conducive to health, and to the development of courage and other valuable qualities, such as the presence of mind and coolness which Frederick had shown on that occasion, and to which, under God, were due the saving not only of Frank's life, but also of Edward's.

These were some of the wise words Mr. Grey said to his wife, and they helped and comforted her many a time when she saw her sons setting off for Dimmock's Cove. I will not say (such is the weakness of mothers) that the sight of them coming back day after day, safe and sound, was not still more refreshing to her; but certain it is, that after their return Mrs. Grey was altogether a different person.

Now we must begin to do as the family did—we must pack up; we must wind up our affairs, we must go and say good-bye to everyone, and accompany them for the last time to the station.

Let us first call on Miss Walls.

She is in bed now, and very ill indeed. But she does not complain half so much as she used.

'Oh, Mrs. Grey! Are you come to say good-bye! Perhaps, Ma'am, you will come to Moorlands again next summer, but I shall be gone. Indeed, I well know that my time here is very short. Oh, Mrs. Grey, I suffer a great deal, but my Saviour suffered so much more. I have been a grumbler all my life. I am very sorry now. Oh, it is sad to say *I am sorry now*. It would be better so to live as not to sorrow!

'And, Ma'am, how is my dear dear little Master Johnny? will you send him to see me? I should like to say good-bye to him and to Master Harry. Many's the time they have come in with a nice little saucer of pudding sent by you, Ma'am. "Miss Walls," they would say, (and always took off their hats as they came in,) "Mamma sends you this little bit of pudding, and she hopes you will like it, and that your appetite is better." And one day, my dear little Master Johnny brought a little book to read to me. He sat down on that stool, and his dear little face was like the damask rose outside. He said, "It isn't very interesting, Miss Walls;" and seeing it was in pen and ink, "Who wrote it, my dear?" I said. Then, Ma'am, to see that dear little one in perplexity! So I said, "Read it, my dear; I want to hear it." And Ma'am, I don't pretend to understand much what it was, especially read with some confusion. But I hope you will excuse my having given him afterwards a paper of peppermint drops; and he thanked me with such a sweet smile.'

Miss Walls lay back exhausted, partly from pain, but still more from the habit of a life; and Mrs. Grey rose to go.

'And dear Miss Emily, I hope I may see her. It would be *too* much to expect the elder young gentlemen; but oh! Mrs. Grey, I never *did* see such respect or attention as they shewed me that day at church. Mr. Frederick, he ran back from the church-yard gate to tell me my chair was come; and seeing I could hardly rise, he offered me his arm. I felt it such an honour and privilege, being that he had saved Mr. Carlton's life so recent. And Jemima—oh! Mrs. Grey, she is a different creature, so civil, so kind; and Mrs. Price—oh! the trouble I have caused her in my long long illness, and she so pitiful night and day.'

What! was everyone changed, or only one person?

'I will send the children, dear Miss Walls, certainly; and I thank you for your sweet words about them and about everything; and you have taught me a lesson I shall try never to forget.'

'Me! taught *you*! oh, Mrs. Grey, I am not worthy to hear such words; but thank you, thank you, they do me good, and fill me with hope.'

This was the last time Mrs. Grey ever saw poor Miss Walls. A few weeks after her return to her own home, she received a letter from Mr. Wilson, giving a very touching and comforting account of her peaceful death.

Now there is the packing to do. Harry and Johnny are in their element, bringing all their various tools and treasures to be packed.

'Mamma, here's this, if you could pack it nicely; but you must take *such* care of it.'

This was a small spinning-wheel, an exact model of the old one, which Johnny has taken leave of almost with tears.

'Please, Mamma, let it lie just there.'

And Johnny lays his spinning-wheel, wrapped in coarse brown paper, exactly in the middle of Mrs. Grey's best silk gowns.

Dear, happy, happy children! how they run, with their hands full of papers, or piles of books between their hands and their chins.

'Be careful; remember these are Papa's books—don't let them fall.' And then, half way down-stairs, one hears a dolorous cry, followed by an avalanche of books rattling down the stairs.

'Emily darling, fly! that idle little Johnny has let all the books tumble down.'

And then, one might hear Emily and Johnny picking up the books, smoothing, re-arranging, and setting off afresh with the load fairly divided between them.

Of course, with so much help, the packing got on apace; perhaps Sarah helped; if she was not quick at an emergency, let us give her some credit, and Sarah knew how to pack.

Now the last day is come. The house looks rather forlorn—nay, very. It would be less dull if Frederick and Edward were there; but they were gone to stay a few days with Frank Carlton, at his own home. Frank's father and mother had long been dead. He had a large property in Derbyshire, and on the 22nd of September he would come of age. He wished to have Frederick and Edward with him on that occasion; and this, everyone will agree, was very natural.

Mrs. Grandly, for the last time, came in to settle her accounts with Mrs. Grey, armed with a slate, rough as when hewn from the quarry. Mrs. Grandly sits down, and in a loud voice, as if she was in church, reads out the various items of expenditure, while Mrs. Grey enters them into her account-book. Then comes the adding up. While Mrs. Grey runs up her columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, in a sort of

wholesale way, Mrs. Grandly, on her slate, marks off each twelve pence with a dig from her pencil, and each twenty shillings with a cross; but though their methods are not the same, yet they arrive at precisely the same conclusion, and this final settlement of accounts is as friendly as the many which had preceded it.

One more walk round the garden, a wild and too much neglected garden. One more run up Silverbank, to gather a handful of heather which Emily would carry all the way to Gloucestershire; and then they are ready for the last tea, when Mrs. Grandly outdoes herself in the matter of cakes.

Then the two boys are sent to bed, even before it is dark; 'but never mind, since we must all be up early to-morrow;' and Mammina promises to come up and see them before they go to sleep, which she does. And having kissed them, she goes and stands at the window, (the same from which Johnny had seen his brother and sister running,) and then comes back to her with the sort of touching pathos belonging to that dim hour of twilight, many incidents of the Summer Vacation, now just at its close, from the night of Johnny's illness to the present. 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me,' thought she, 'all the days of my life!' The words which follow were turned into a prayer, not for herself alone, not alone for her children and her husband, but for all the poor people at Moorlands, and all those at Dimmock's Cove.

Very early the next morning, Mrs. Grandly thumps at the children's door.

'Get up, Honeys; Bob Price is come to cord t' luggage.' And up they get, very happy and merry, spite of just a little sorrow at leaving Moorlands.

There they are now walking down the long hill to the station. They pass by old Peter Hill's cottage, and run in to say good-bye. Peter has got to the door, and is leaning on his stick, with his ruddy old face turned up sideways to see and hear. The little boys cluster round him, but it was for Emily that he was looking. He had a basket in his hand, a small light basket, with fern leaves hanging out.

'A knew 'at Miss Em'ly was partial to them leaves. And Dimmock's Cove lads has been up and doon all t' becks looking for t' best on 'em. Here's yan in especial,' said the old man, 'a was te point oot. It's a rare beauty and a good root; and it was little Tommy Hurst 'at fand it—him as you gav' a shillin' to, Miss, for running so wi' t' noat. Tommy telled me all about it.'

Emily took the basket from the old trembling hands, and then she put her own into his and thanked him very heartily.

'And please thank Tommy Hurst very much; please say I have a little garden of my own at home, and I will plant them in a damp corner. And tell him I like these fern leaves more even than flowers. Good-bye, Mr. Hill; give my love to your wife; Mamma is making signs to me to come. Good-bye.'

Still he held the delicate small hand in his own rugged one.

'Dear Miss,' said he, 'one word; thou'll not be here to read te ma ony mair, so what I've done yance I'll try to do again. I'll gang te choch. Fare ye well!'

Emily ran down the hill, and overtook the rest of the party. They were soon at the station. There was Mr. Slingsby, the station-master, bustling about, and Bob, the porter.

'Hope, Ma'am,' says Mr. Slingsby, 'you hear good accounts of the young gentlemen, and Mr. Carlton?'

To which Mrs. Grey replied, that she had good accounts of them, and that they were all well.

'Hope, Sir,' pursued the official respectfully, 'we shall see you here again another year.'

'That I think very likely, if our lives are spared,' replied Mr. Grey; 'we have had a very pleasant summer.'

Outside the ticket office were now many of the poor people, and there was Mr. Wilson coming running down the hill, followed by Sibyl, Flora, and Tom.

'Just in time to catch you! and I wanted to tell you that I was in York yesterday, and saw Mrs. Pardoe. She asked me to tell you that Philip is coming out of hospital next week, and is wonderfully better. He even begins to move on crutches.—Why, Johnny, is that the canary you gave Philip some time back?'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Emily. 'You don't think, Mr. Wilson, that I would take it away from him, when he liked it so much!'

Mr. Wilson smiled at Emily's earnest manner. 'Well, it would have been funny,' said he.

'This is a present from Miss Walls,' said Johnny, looking up. 'She gave it to me when I went to say good-bye yesterday.'

'Oh!' said Mr. Wilson, with his gentlest voice and manner. 'Poor thing! she knows she cannot be here much longer; and what a comfort, Mrs. Grey, to see her in so much more fit a state for her great change than a few months ago!'

'You will let me know how she goes on, and about Philip's return, and what you think of his state. Oh! Mr. Wilson, we shall not soon forget this dear place, nor the happy summer we have spent here, nor the Sundays. You would have been pleased if you could have heard the boys talking of them before they left.'

Here a distant bell was heard, and a tremulous sound; then a cloud of white steam was seen, and curling like some great reptile through the wooded valley, the express for York rushed into view.

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

(Concluded.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER III.

A WHITE house stands in the market-place at Westerleigh, with a great many windows in front. It is railed in with iron railings on each side of the stone steps. A shabby little boy with tangled hair is trying to ring a bell which is beyond his reach. The child looks thoroughly spiritless, but has a look of determination as if he had business on hand. And he has, as we know.

He brightened a little when a gentleman ran up the steps, not looking over pleasantly at him. His loud peal was soon answered.

‘Dr. Ryder in?’

‘No, Sir; we expect him in an hour or so.’

‘Ask him to call upon me some time this evening. My compliments.’ And the gentleman ran down again.

‘Now you know you are after no good,’ continued the maid-servant—but not ill-naturedly—seeing Robin hanging about so close to the door. ‘Run away, there’s a good lad.’

‘Please, I want the Doctor,’ said Robin beseechingly.

‘Go round then to the surgery, and leave your message, if you like.’

But no message had Robin any intention of leaving. He retired into a nook where the wall of the garden fell back, and with a few tears at the reproach of being ‘after no good’—it was not the first time he had heard it—he sat down on the ground to await Dr. Ryder’s return.

The tears dried as he continued gazing about the market-place, and child-like, a little amusement did not come amiss to him. With a piece of stick he began to draw the upright lines of the opposite houses upon the ground in his dusty corner; then followed the horizontal, and he was proceeding to fill in the windows in a manner not wholly artistic—with an occasional pause to look in all directions for the Doctor—when another voice accosted him. ‘What mess are you making here in the dust, young ‘un?’ Robin stopped and looked up. ‘Off with you. Aren’t you the Gipsy boy?’

Robin stood up with his back against the wall. ‘If I am,’ said he, ‘my mother is ill, and I am waiting for the Doctor.’

‘Oh! Well. Poor boy. But don’t make a mess with that dust.’ And he passed on.

Robin looked at his drawing; not being very critical, he was satisfied. It was pleasant to look at it, and he did not obliterate the marks. A few more tears, another wistful look up and down the road, and Robin sat down again to finish his work. The hour rolled by; a few thoughts of the maid and of the man, many more of his mother, and at last came the sound of wheels—the right wheels this time; and as Dr. Ryder alighted at the surgery door, he found Robin at his side.

'Doctor—oh, please, Sir—will you come to my mother? she is so very bad. She sends you this,' offering the money; 'and please, she is so very ill, she will die.'

The earnestness, the sobbing utterance, touched the kind Doctor's heart. 'Where does your mother live?' said he gently.

'Oh, please, Sir, I will show you.' And the boy had nearly started.

'Not now, my little fellow,' looking curiously into the dark face, contrasting so strangely with the large blue eyes. The child's countenance fell. How he longed to seize the Doctor's hand, and lead him away at once.

'Oh, please, let me show you, Sir; if you do not find her she will die.'

'Very well then, wait a minute.' He went into the surgery to give and receive his messages. 'Now, my boy, get up there, quick, and show me.'

The round of visits had been long, the very late dinner was ready, but the gentleman 'assisting' was not in, and Dr. Ryder would not resist those beseeching eyes.

'Where did you say?' said he, turning round again almost sharply after making his inquiries as to the locality. 'House down a turning beyond the town, on the Brastings road? I don't know any such house.'

'Please, it's not a house, Sir.'

'Not a house! Poor woman taken ill in the road?'

'Yes, Sir—no, Sir. Please, I'll show you directly.'

'“Yes, no!” What can you mean?' The good man was getting rather warm.

'It's one of the Gipsies, Sir,' said the Doctor's man, touching his hat. 'That boy's often about here, and a little sister with him.'

'Indeed!' And the Doctor silently mused upon the strange visit he was probably about to make, until a word from Robin caused the man to draw up.

The boy was graver than ever when Dr. Ryder lifted him down from the seat. 'Please, Sir, here's the money; you have not taken it.'

'Keep it for your mother; she will need it if she is ill. What is your name?'

The name was soon told. The van was soon reached. The sick woman was lying exhausted upon her straw pallet, and a little brown face, with blue anxious eyes, appeared by the side of the bed.

'You are the good, the kind Doctor; I know you are. Help me to live another night—just till to-morrow, at least.'

Dr. Ryder approached and laid his fingers upon the pulse, looking into the troubled face for further information concerning his patient. After a few questions—'I will do what I can for you, my poor woman; and I think you will live longer than you expect to do—perhaps to get better,' he added encouragingly. 'Have you any brandy?'

Annette shook her head.

‘Go, Robin, ask the coachman for my case.’

‘My case’ had done good service upon many a former occasion, where a restorative or an anodyne might be needed at once; and in locations many miles from the surgery, where there might be no messenger to send. It had been the means of soothing much pain, and of raising many from a sinking condition. It did not fail now. Dr. Ryder stayed to observe the good effect of his medicine, and bade Robin come to his house to-morrow for a further supply.

‘Are you alone here?’

Again a negative gesture.

‘Then ask them to keep quiet. Sleep, if you can. If Mother rests, you two had better go to bed early. Can either of you make any gruel?’

Robin glanced at the fire. ‘I can,’ said he.

‘And I can help,’ said a little voice from beside the bed.

‘Very well. Put this into it’—pouring out something. ‘I leave you in good hands, I see. Now don’t fret, if you want to get better,’ turning to Annette, and speaking in his kindest tones. Then he took up the thin brown hand again, pushed up the sleeve a little, felt the pulse once more; another encouraging word or two, and he was gone.

(To be continued.)

ON SPARE FUEL.

WE profess, in our present enlightened age, to venerate women, and to give them a place in society, and a weight in the world, that has never been so fully accorded to them in other times. We have even seen, thanks to Mr. Stuart Mill, with our mental eye, a vision of some angular sinewy spinsters, who will claim the right to their share in the legislation of our country. There has, perhaps, been no time, when women have been more constant themes of admiration and notice than the present; albeit that there are few who sing her praises, with the touching delicacy and chivalrous reserve of a Herrick or a Wither. Our Royal Family, in which the feminine element is so predominant, gives a tinge of loyalty to the enthusiasm so widely felt for our softer sex. Our literature receives no mean or meagre contributions from female pens; and our novels—that is, the novels which distinctively belong to our present day—owe their chief charm and interest to the detailed portraiture of feminine life and character. The heroes sink into comparative insignificance by the side of such life-like creations as Lily Dale, Molly Gibson, and Catherine George. If we are to believe all we read, which we hope is not required of us, we seem also to be compelled to award to our modern ladies, a skill and audacity in crime, which is quite unparalleled in the history of masculine iniquity. And

yet, in spite of all this, we must confess that in the quiet round of common life, in the upper middle classes of English society, there is a very large proportion of women, from the ages of early youth up to a somewhat willingly protracted maturity, whose position is little considered, and whose difficulties are still less understood. The twenty or thirty young ladies who are to be found in all our smaller watering-places, or our provincial towns; and the much larger numbers of the same class, who congregate in the streets and public gardens, and dwell in the comfortable or luxurious homes of our large towns; these are all classed together in thought as well as in language, as a collection of easily-circumstanced, well-to-do, and consequently happy people, whose most laborious task is the erection of a massive chignon, or the regulation of ever-diminishing skirts, whose arduous duties are morning calls, an hour's practice, or a very short half hour with Frederika Bremer, or the simpler sonnets of Petrarch, and whose most imperative engagements are an impending croquet party, or some more distant pic-nic expedition.

But this is, in fact, a very cursory view of the subject, and one taken essentially *ab extrâ*. Our young ladies (for we must use the objectionable term in spite of its savour of the servants' hall and its inhabitants) are in fact very widely different one from another, not only in character and taste, which would be a too obvious fact to require comment; but in occupations, pursuits, and above all—for here is the intrinsic difference—in aims; and it is doing an injustice to think of them, *en masse*, as beings whose smaller points of distinction are merged in their larger points of resemblance. It is true that they have no way open to them, for making to themselves a special path in life, and we are by no means of the number who desire it for them; externally they present, especially in the present style of dress, a very similar appearance, their habits and occupations are at first sight apparently the same, they all wear the aspect of a quiet well-satisfied life, free from great cares or absorbing interests: but we must remember that the present age has made them, and requires them to be, *au courant* with all the chief public and literary interests of the day, and we must be prepared to find, that they are no longer the ductile womanly material of which the wives and mothers of fifty years ago were made. Far be it from us to detract from our sisters; we do but claim for them a trifle of consideration, and at least a tender and loving condemnation, for the errors of self-opinionativeness and arrogant self-assertion, which it must be confessed are but too common among the class under discussion. And it must be remembered that we are not speaking of that Upper Ten Thousand, whose daughters are not so many in number, as to encumber and overfill their recognized place; which is in a degree the case with our very large numbers of unoccupied women and girls. We are speaking of the daughters of our clergymen, of officers in the army or navy, and of professional men in general, who are living on an income generally within, often very far within, eight or nine hundred pounds a year; who have received a good English educa-

tion, with foreign languages, music, &c., and who hear, probably, more intelligent conversation in a week, than the girls in the classes above or below them do in a month; and it is for this class of girls that we claim a moment's thought.

The first type that suggests itself is that of the pleasing-looking, *bien-mises*, amiable, not overwise, girls, who are perfectly content with their happy easy lot: and who will open their blue eyes with a gentle surprise at the idea of any difficulty in *their* position, and who are indeed so perfectly well-placed, and so eminently happy, and useful too, in their quiet passive way, in their round of harmless amusements, unexciting occupations, unconsciously-performed little duties, and very slender use of their intellectual powers, that we are glad to leave them where they are, under the shade of the thorn trees on the lawns of their pretty homes, anticipating the afternoon game of croquet, fearful of no disaster more serious than an impending shower, and wholly unconscious that they are not fulfilling to the last iota the end of life.

There is another less pleasing class, who must have a passing notice—before we come to those whose position suggested this paper—namely, the girls whose avowed aim and object is first to flirt and then to get married. The wedding-day bounds their vision. Each ribbon is tied, each locket arranged, with a view to that, possibly, alas! distant day. Probably no man can know to the full, how the better class of girls turns with loathing and disgust from these, and how little the universally-acknowledged feminine qualities of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, has to do with the repulsion, that their airs and graces, their mean deceits, their lowering arts to attract attention, cause to the upright and high-minded girl. To *this* class, at least, is no difficulty, beyond that which will always attend such efforts, and which we must suppose, from their persevering continuity, are in the end generally crowned with success.

But there is another class of girls—and we are fain to think, with pleasure, a rather large one—whose claims on our sympathy are real, though unobtrusive and often unseen. The class of intellectual, refined, aspiring natures, whose education has been such as to foster their natural abilities, and who have found leisure for an almost omnivorous reading in the intervals of a quiet life at home; and who wake up frequently, to find their tastes but little esteemed, their pursuits undervalued, and their knowledge, to their own sad discomfiture, not under-rated, but truly rated, at what, in spite of all their reading, it is ever liable to be, a meagre ill-chosen farrago of stray facts, and *other men's* thoughts, which will bear no examination, and which but too often serves to disgust them with their whole attainments and pursuits. These girls are humble—they know very well that all their efforts will never put them on a level with a man of ordinary ability and culture; but they are often dogmatic and opinionated; their very knowledge makes them conscious of their ignorance. This may strike root downward in the far-reaching roots of

humility, but it bears fruit upward in the sour crudeness of immaturity. They are so well aware that there is something within that longs for more congenial occupation than their unobtrusive duties, that they cannot contentedly abandon their ineffectual studies, or resign themselves quietly to the very limited sphere which is apparently to be theirs for life. It will perhaps be said, that such girls will marry, and then there will be an end of all their difficulties ; the household and the nursery, with their sweet duties and cares, will soon absorb them, and give the only true solution to all their half-uttered questions of '*cui bono?*' But this is not virtually the case. These are not, as a rule, the girls who marry. They are not unpleasing to men ; their sprightly conversation, sometimes even their original thoughts, are a pleasing refreshment to them ; but the old prejudice against the '*bas bleu*' is not extinct. Men still fear that the literary lady will make the slovenly wife ; and perhaps, too, are willing to select for their life-long companion, one whose very ignorance and inexperience are more appealing to their manly power, than the comparative self-reliance of a woman who has learnt to read and think for herself. A German novelist puts this speech into the mouth of a father to his daughter : 'My child, beware lest thou become too much thyself ; or thou wilt never be able to become another's ;' and this is exactly the result of much thought in a woman, expressed as only our subtile German cousins can express these shades of development of character, which are rather perceived by instinct than distinctly recognized by reason. These women themselves are not slow to perceive the state of the case, and quietly accept their fate, though they may perhaps have a lurking conviction that their hearts are none the less true and tender for the thoughts and aspirations which fill their heads. Such women generally make close female friendships, and it is singular how often these are of the marriage type. A union for mutual support, in which one often seems to be the head of the other, and in which there is a genuine assistance and a close affection. It is said that these friendships diminish the chances of marriage ; but it is more reasonable to look on them as effects, rather than causes—effects arising from the absence of, and inability to, form closer and more absorbing ties.

The occupations of these women are a great perplexity to themselves. Their studies are, doubtless, of great personal interest, but they leave a painful sense of insufficiency and inaccuracy, and above all of an entire absence of aim. The man studies for his examinations, his professions, or the furtherance of his already acquired knowledge, *for which he has a use* ; but the woman for her own improvement : and it is an open question in her own mind when she has done so, whether she has not rather injured herself than otherwise, whether in gaining knowledge she does not run the risk of losing wisdom, and above all, whether there must not be some more useful outlet for her faculties and energies. Amusement presents still greater difficulties. Such women are not easily amused. The very absence of stated grave occupations which must be

attended to, cause them to look on life more seriously as a whole, and so they miss the *abandon* which is the first great element of enjoyment. Of course, in one sense, it is impossible to look on life, whose issues are in eternity, too seriously; but it is possible to exaggerate the Ideal of life, so as to weaken the will and energies for the Real. This causes women to hate frivolity with a far more perfect hatred than men do. They have not so far to descend, if they would become frivolous; but they dread the descent so much the more. Now, a man's amusements are recognized institutions, and we all think he who cannot play well is but half a worker. A man who plays cricket, or rows, or shoots, or fishes, is only considered (and not unfairly) as taking reasonable rational recreation. Let a woman play croquet for the same number of hours in a week. We grant, that no one will remark it; it is too common a sight; but the mental comment will be 'fit recreation from such occupations.' Yet the girl or woman may be in real need of recreation. Her tough German, or perhaps her more abstruse study, it is true, has been self-imposed; but it has left her brain weary, and her heart a little so too; for she is obliged to confess she needs relaxation; and yet she cannot feel she has solid gain to show for her work, like her more fortunate brother, whose work, perhaps very similar, is expressly imposed on him with a view to his real progress and interests in life.

A woman who professes to know anything of books at all, is expected to have an opinion on '*Ecce Homo*,' to be not ignorant of public affairs, and to be a valuable referee for all quotations, and for translation of German, Italian, French, &c.; but she is apt to be considered inflated and morbid if she ventures to express a wish for a wider sphere, or a more definite work, to which this self-culture cannot but lead. There are, of course, some few happy instances, where girls of this calibre have so large an amount of time taken up by the imperative claims of turbulent young brothers and sisters to be educated and generally looked after, or who are otherwise provided with ample occupation, in that happiest and healthiest of all spheres, their home, so that their hours of study are necessarily fewer and more needed to keep their minds from rusting, and their powers from degenerating—but these instances are comparatively rare; and we should be glad to let the many girls who are situated as previously described, be aware that their position is understood, and that if a sense of fellowship is any consolation, they may be sure that there are hundreds in like case with themselves.

It is not our purpose to offer many suggestions; we would rather point to the facts, which will suggest their own lesson, which is, we think, one of patience. It is possible that we are in a transition stage, and that is always an anomalous one; and that in a few years time these difficulties will be more plainly seen, and more readily acknowledged, which will be a sure step to their removal. Meantime, it is surely unwise to check these aspirations after greatness. There is no fear of true wisdom puffing up. She keeps, and ever will keep, too immeasurably ahead to give any

encouragement to conceit. We will never allow that it would be well to go back to the days when a little cooking, a little needlework, and a great deal of dullness, was considered the life of a gentlewoman. We are proud to think that our nation and our age—in spite of all the many faults of the young ladies of the day, in spite of the frivolity, the vanity, the absence of humility, the insincerity of the many—can yet boast of more and nobler specimens of intelligent earnest Christian womanhood, than any that the world has yet seen. There is, however, one point in which these girls might diminish their perplexities, namely, in a more self-distrustful choice of reading. If they would have the courage to avoid the subtle disquisitions, on philosophy, ontology, and above all on theology, which constitute the most acceptable food for the reading public, they would be showing the better part of valour. It will be granted that they might read, intelligently, acutely—nay! even deeply, on these subjects; but it would be unquestionably for their own happiness and usefulness, if they would conscientiously avoid them.

The temptations to such reading are very great. The whole tone of the age prepares the mind for it; probably most of their masculine friends will be thoroughly acquainted with it; but let no woman think that we derogate from her, when we remind her of her sex. Her glory is in her difference from man, not in her similarity to him. The temper of her mind is so delicately adjusted, that its elastic spring is readily injured by undue tension. All her reading on these subjects will rarely fit her to converse with ease on them, if she is sincere enough to eschew glib commonplaces, and to endeavour to speak as she feels, not as she thinks she ought to feel; and still more rarely will it enable her to reason on them for her own comfort and conviction. Thus, the gain is next to nothing for others, and the loss to herself incalculable—a loss of ease of mind, of simplicity, of freshness, most often of a true and childlike faith; and she will rarely gain any breadth of mind, or extension of view, to compensate for all she has lost. Women ought to be able to bear to be looked at minutely, not to be viewed like men, *in extenso*; therefore let all their studies aim rather at accuracy and finish, than at sweep and comprehensiveness. Far be it from us to encourage meagre circumscribed self-education; we only would remind that it requires a truer courage to confess to what may be termed narrow, than to seek the credit of a breadth we have never gained.

And there is another point which this choice of study embraces—namely, the cultivation of truthfulness. It is so extremely difficult to women to be in very deed true and open: to hate false gloss and superficial attainments, is not natural to minds which shrink from the toil that truth-seeking imposes; and yet every good woman longs to be delivered from this tendency to self-deception, which we all inherit from Eve. This is the strongest argument for the choice of such studies as those in which we can make real and not apparent progress, and which turn our eyes rather to the true Light of Life, than to the reflections of that Light in the minds of men. Nor does this limit our range. It only would debar from those trains of thought which foster a sense of personal acuteness, and a consciousness of power of mind; but which do not leave us with a firmer, more reverent, more loving hold of absolute truth. For our hearts are our true sphere of labour, to which our heads must be ever subservient. And, while we reap the rich harvest of the ripened thoughts of many generations of great thinkers, we need surely think

ourselves no losers, if we voluntarily abstain from studies, the effect of which would probably be to restrict us for mental nourishment to a wretched preying upon our own ill-furnished minds.

An author of our own day has written a clever paper on the 'Dignity of Dullness.' The dullness, alas! we know well; the dignity is not so easily perceived; yet it is an undoubted fact, that to bear small deprivations with patient cheerfulness, is a higher attainment than to bear a brief agony with triumphant enthusiasm. The former is the lot of most lives. Is there no consolation for it? Are there not times in the history of the heart of every thoughtful woman, when her whole being cries out passionately and rebelliously against the circumscribed limits of her life, against the feebleness of her powers compared to the imperious aspirations of her soul—against the insufficiency of her life to fill the yearnings and cravings of her higher nature, which demands a draught of Wisdom, of Knowledge, or of Love, to quench its insatiable thirst? After a day of petty occupations for others, or the still more uncongenial toil of the ordinary social round, or of patient, and alas! too often impatient, tolerance of childish tempers, of disheartening yielding to small temptations, the heart, saddened and depressed, calls eagerly for something that shall elevate and refresh; and the question arises, Where is this to be found? The brain is weary, in spite of its inaction, and even favourite studies are too severe a tax; the novel may dissipate the thoughts, but does not renew the elasticity or fill the vacuum; and so the dispirited over-strained girl or woman too often sits down to lament the narrow tasks which have made her unfit for anything more elevating, and yet seem to have left so little to mark her efforts. It does not seem, at first sight, to be a cheering view; but it appears to be the true one, that the very inadequacy of her works to her aims and aspirations, is in fact her appointed lot; and if she can but convince herself she is not out of place, but precisely where the Master hath need of her, her perplexities will be solved; for what is a little more or a little less personal enjoyment, if she is, in the noble words of the Assembly's Catechism, 'glorifying God here, that she may enjoy Him for ever.'

There is a sentence, which appeared in a contemporary periodical not long ago, which is worthy to be called an 'apple of gold in a picture of silver,' so much of quiet wisdom and loving obedience lies hid in it: 'Petty trials are the pilgrimage of the soul.' There does at present, perhaps, seem little need for all this spare fuel and unemployed material; but since it is most profoundly true, that a woman's all of duty is combined in the one word, Submission, we see in this tedium, a means to this great end.

An old divine has this quaint saying: 'How small a thing is the soul of man, for a bauble can fill it! How large a thing is the soul of man, for the whole world—yea! the universe itself cannot satisfy it!' We are not intended to be satisfied on earth; but, thank God, we look to be satisfied in Heaven. Not one talent that has seemed unavailing here, not one noble thought, not one ungratified longing after knowledge, but ripens the soul, and prepares it for a place in the Kingdom of God. We cannot think it presumptuous to believe that these aspirations, which here add to rather than diminish from life's burden, are each intended to draw the soul nearer to the uncreated Good, to remind the homeless spirit, seeking rest and finding none, that in Him are hid all treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge. First, indeed, treasures of Love, which will satisfy, even to overflowing to all eternity, the heart which has never been

satisfied here; and then too, treasures of Knowledge, riches of absolute Truth, in which we may revel for endless ages, and possibly look back with deepest thankfulness for each year of unsatisfied aspirations, while we look up to the throne of God, with a fresh gush of adoring Love, that He gave us these thirsty eager souls, whose very emptiness* drove us to Him that they might be filled—to Him, in whom all fullness dwells, and who Himself bore our flesh, with its mysterious tenant, the soul, distinct from the Divine Spirit, within Him—our very Human Soul, with all its longings and its aspirations; and who can therefore look with equal sympathy on our intellectual sorrows, our temporal needs, or our spiritual burdens.

S. T.

HINTS ON READING.

PERHAPS all our readers may not be aware that the *Rev. J. Keble's Sermons* are in a course of publication in shilling parts, each containing three or four—Messrs. Parker, Oxford, being the publishers. They go very far back, one having been preached at his Curacy the very day week of his Ordination; and it is very remarkable to see the tone of thought already as characteristic as ever, though the frame-work of the language is scarcely so simple as it afterwards became.

There is also a second edition of the *Memorials of Hursley*, (Parker,) with several additional photographs, and some very beautiful wood engravings, especially those which decorate the petition from the flowers of a threatened copse, a poem written by Mr. Keble in playfulness, and permitted here to appear. A few inadvertencies have been corrected, and the book has altogether become a choice one.

A Key to the Prayer Book, by the Rev. J. J. Blant, (Rivingtons,) is a valuable concise account of the origin and meaning of our Liturgy, and will, we are sure, be found very useful.

All school-rooms must have felt the need of some good mythological manual for the use of girls. The old Catechisms of Mythology are inferior affairs, composed before the more intelligent mode of looking at these subjects had come in; and Mr. Cox's, though full of depth and scholarship, has too much of theory and speculation to be as useful as it ought to beginners. Those readers of ours who recollect Miss Millington's 'Heraldry,' and her 'King Arthur,' will feel sure that she has enough both of poetic feeling and of cultivation to deal with these essentially poetic subjects, which, dealt with prosily, become merely ridiculous and disgusting; and their expectation will not be deceived. In a tiny 12mo. of one hundred and thirty pages, called *Characteristics of the Gods of Greece*, she has set forth all that is needful for young girls to learn of Greek and Latin heathenness, placed in an attractive shape, and amply illustrated by quotations from good translations of classic poetry. It will be a good key to artistic representations, as well as a stepping-stone to Homer. The book, which bears Miss Millington's name, is published by Chilcott, Bristol, and we hope school-rooms enough will order it to give it a more than provincial fame.

Down among the Water-weeds (Johnstone, Edinburgh) is a very lively exposition of pond life, from the mouths of the caddises, water-boatmen, &c., and is a very pretty little book for promoting a taste for natural history—one of the happiest tastes that can be possessed.

Irene's Repentance, by Christian Eyre, (Hurst and Blackett,) is a story of a bride, whose sisters-in-law are most unkindly set against her. It is a well-told story, but exaggerated. No ladies, and no really conscientious person like Edith, could have held out against one so inoffensive as Irene; and the author has forgotten how much the fear of alienating the brother does in such cases. However, the brides always have the sympathy in stories, and it is not often that, as in Miss Sewell's 'Gertrude,' the faults on both sides are made apparent.

The Silver Skates (Low) is a charming story—the scene laid chiefly on the ice in Holland; and altogether there is a clear, fresh, frosty feeling, throughout the tale,

* The Pulley.—George Herbert.

that makes it most pleasant reading; and the people are as trim and bright as a Dutch picture.

Miss Emily Taylor has brought together a choice collection, under the title of *Memories of some Contemporary Poets*—(Longman)—a few poems as specimens of each, together with a brief memoir. The verses are well selected, quiet, tender, and thoughtful; and it is just the book to lie on one's table, to be carried on a journey, or to afford pleasant brief readings in a convalescent's room, bringing together, as it does, many minor pieces, not always easily accessible.

A beautiful book has likewise been set forth by Messrs. Edmonstone and Douglas, wherein Mrs. Blackburn has given us the presentiments of *Birds from Nature*—not maps of the dead biped, but living, loving, dramatic portraits of them in the midst of their antics, or among their progeny; and Mrs. Blackburn *does* so thoroughly understand the gawky, downy, splay-footed, splay-billed, yet appealing wistful look of the fledgeling, that her bird-pictures are almost as much of stories as Mrs. Beecher Stowe's own comical tiny book of *Queer Little People*, which, by-the-by, we heartily commend to small readers, as well as another American story, a fascinating account of some small gardens, by the name of *The Three Little Spades*.

The Lending Library is always the better for *The Curate's Budget Stories*, some of which have been very good lately. *The Tales for Saints' Days* puzzle us as to the persons for whom they can be intended. *Ned's Influence* is a really good village tale, but many of the others are of persons in a higher rank of life. *The Sad New Year* is touching; but that for St. Stephen's Day is of a very queer family, where the sick brother never is visited by his sister for sixteen years, though living in the same house; and the wicked younger son talks to his father at the top of his voice about borrowing money on his expectations, and finally murders the good invalid, and steals his will, only to send it back again in a fit of remorse. We are really sorry that anything so improbable should form part of a series of stories intended to serve the Church. We only speak with what we are sure must seem like hardness, because we know that poor religious writing produces a reaction very dangerous where there is plenty of very clever literature on the other side.

There is a pretty little book of poems, called *The Morning of the Church; or, Lays of Early Christianity*, printed by Messrs. Richards, 232, Caledonian Road, which we can recommend to our readers as giving some of the great scenes in the early Church in sweet and simple verses, which we believe would carry the thought of them home to many.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOME, WINSOR, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Sir,

I am glad to see that you bring the above-named admirable Institution before your readers, and I should, although entirely unconnected with the Home, and personally unacquainted with the founder of it, be very glad if the account given in your December number were the means of inducing your subscribers to send the Lady Superintendent some help in money.

Of course books would be very acceptable, or gifts of any kind; but the expenses of the Home exceed the sums paid for some of the inmates, and all the extra money spent falls upon the founder.

I can testify to the wonderful good done to a girl, sent to the Home from the place where I live. This girl had been dismissed as incorrigible from the two schools she had been sent to before; and her end at her own home would probably have been as sad as that of an elder sister, had not Miss —— at once kindly received her. She has now been some years at the Winsor Home, and has become a totally changed character; and when I saw her last year, I could scarcely believe she was the same child.

I may add, that during a severe illness this girl was nursed by Miss —— in the most kind—indeed, I may say, devoted manner; and she owes her bodily life as well as her spiritual life, under God's blessing, to the servant of Christ, who has so nobly worked to win souls to the God she serves.

Your faithful servant,

P. C. M. H.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

We beg to thank D. S. for informing us that the 'Hymns from the Land of Luther' are translated by Miss Jane Borthwick and her sister. It would be still more interesting to learn to which of these authors the individual hymns are due. Can our Correspondent inform us?

The Rev. L. C. Biggs thanks H. W. B. for directing attention to the notice in The Church Times. The ascription of 'There's a friend for little children,' to Hood, was made on Mr. Sedgwick's authority. Where did Mr. Trend's hymn, 'Praise, O praise our heavenly King,' appear previously to 1861? And above all, where is Milton's version of PSALM CXLVIII., on which it is based, to be found?

Try would be much obliged if any reader of The Monthly Packet could inform her the meaning of Trishagion, and the Stichera of The Last Kiss—two words introduced in the Hymns of the Eastern Church.—ANSWER.—Trisagion is the thrice-repeated Holy—hagios, hagios, hagios, in Greek—of the Cherubic Song. The Greek adjective, Sticheros, signifies 'in rows or in ranks,' applied to the lines of poetry. The first syllable is the same that we have in the word di-stich. Sticheron, plural Stichera, is evidently a technical term for a particular form of stanza, which Dr. Neale mentions, but does not minutely define.

Theophila.—The version of 'Hark, the herald Angels,' mentioned by Theophila—i.e. 'with man to appear,'—seems unheard of, and not being even in true metre, cannot surely rest upon any authority.—E. A. E.

F. R. would be much obliged if anyone could tell her where the following lines are taken from—

*'A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Oh, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.'*

And also whether a story called Priez pour elle ever appeared in The Monthly Packet.—ANSWER.—In volume xxx., p. 555, as a poem entitled The Knight of Intercession.

Nellie would be much obliged if any of the Correspondents of The Monthly Packet could inform her who is the author of the following quotation:—

*'The Almighty's breath spake out in death,
And God did draw Honora up
The golden stairs to Heaven.'*

Also of this—

*'Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.'*

Does not E. mean 'An inadvertent foot may crush a snail?' which is in Cowper's Task, book vi., line 564.

A. H. would be glad to know of any work in which young ladies can be employed otherwise than as governesses, and if there is any institution where ladies are trained as nurses.

I. T. would be greatly obliged if any contributors to The Monthly Packet could inform her where she might dispose of work such as Tatting, Picture-frames and Brackets, and Dressed Dolls. The proceeds of the sale of her work to be applied to complete the restoration of a church. Would any bazaars be likely to take such work if very reasonably priced?—A Constant Reader also wishes to know whether there is any place in London where a lady could dispose of Water-coloured Drawings.

S. W. begs to know where to find The Mother's Lament over Her Poor Idiot Boy—a copy of verses seen above twenty years ago, and supposed to be part of an Oxford or Cambridge prize poem.

Declined with thanks.—A Maiden's Death-bed.

F. C. P.—The story of The Christian Martyr is told in a recent number of The Parish Magazine, but we believe there is no legend of real application to it.

H. E. H. would be glad to know if, now that Country and Sea-side Homes for Convalescent and Sick Poor are being happily established, there are any in which ladies of small means may be received on a small payment; also, if it is part of the plan of any of the modern Institutions to benefit Subscribers, who through changes of circumstances need help, without subjecting them to the anxiety of an election.—There is a Home for Convalescent Ladies of small means at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Particulars may be obtained by writing to the Lady Superintendent.

Speck, 6, Paternoster Row.—Speck would be glad to know whether there is any fund for providing an annuity for governesses besides that in connection with the Governess Benevolent Institution.

Wilfred.—The name of 'The Mause' Tower, near Bingen, is not derived from Mauser, the name of the noble robbers, but, as is now well known, from Mauth, (excise.)—H. S.—The Story of the Retributive Rats may be found in many quarters. See the Second Series of Mr. S. Baring-Gould's Curious Myths.

L. N. asks about the right colours for Illuminating, and in reply is told to use such and such colours, and border her letters with another colour. Would old MSS. sanction the use of any peculiar colour for Holy Names? I believe not. And is a letter bordered with another colour ever to be found in old MSS.?* As far as my experience goes, all letters not capital are black, (except notes, as rubrics.) Capitals may be of any size as compared with the text, but the space of flat colour on one should not exceed that occupied by an M. That is, if the capital is very large, it must be very much enriched. If a photograph or painted figure-piece is inserted, all the rest must be wrought up to the same delicacy, as the eye must be close to the one, and therefore must observe the surroundings. For wall texts, very plain work is most effective. If beginners were to pay sixpence as entrance to the South Kensington Museum Library, or get a reading ticket to the British Museum, they would get fac-similes of ancient MSS., which would teach them what real Illuminating is. A special order is required in the British Museum for the real MSS., but fac-similes and selections, such as Shaw's or Pugin's books, are quite enough for learners.

The Rev. T. D. Platt acknowledges the receipt of a bale containing Infants' Clothing, for the use of The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea. The kind donor has requested that the reception of this gift might be communicated to her through the pages of The Monthly Packet.

Will you kindly acknowledge, with many thanks, 3s. from S. J. F.—a basket of clothes, &c., from Two Maries—and a box of clothing from F. and K.—for Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch.

The Rev. W. Wallace, 441, Mile End Road, E., begs to acknowledge, with thanks, A Parcel of Clothing and Pictures for children, from Miss Nevill, Thorney Hall, Newark, in aid of St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.

A. E. S. sends some Hints on the Cultivation of Mignonette, for the information of B. T. H. C. B.; they were copied from The Cottage Gardener of September 1858:—

'In order to have Mignonette in flower in April and May, sow early in August; the soil should be good fresh loam, with a little rich earth at the lower part. The pots should be well scrubbed before being used, to prevent mould or fungi, as damp is the great enemy of Mignonette during winter. Sow twelve good-sized seeds in each pot, water them gently at once, and a couple of hours after cover them with fine soil, and press them slightly down with a round board; then place them where they will have plenty of air, but not too much sun. When the plants appear, let them have plenty of light, but not too much water. Leave only about six or eight plants in each pot; stir the soil now and then to prevent a cracked surface.

'Tree Mignonette.—Sow a few seeds in a pot early in April, place the pot in a mild hot-bed. Thin the plants (when quite young) to one when you see which promises best. Place a small twig to sustain the main shoot. Tie that up the whole length. Shift into a larger pot as the roots require, and nip off all bloom till the end of autumn. With a temperature from forty to fifty degrees, this will do well during the winter.'

* We have seen capitals of red bordered with blue in a MS. of the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 28.

APRIL, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

MANZONI'S ODE ON THE PASSION.

O YE who tremble at the wrath to come,
Softly and sadly to the Temple go,
As they upon whose ears some note of doom
Has sounded sudden woe.

To-day all rites are sadness; no church bell
Swings its glad challenge to the chiming air;
The widowed altar stands in funeral veil,
Such veil as widows wear.

Anthem and song are hushed; no blessed rite
Quickens to-day the sacramental Bread,
Folded in mystic shroud from touch and sight,
In memory of the Dead.

Hark! from rapt lips, smitten with holy dread,
The wail of old Isaiah—prophet-heart,
Big with the fate it spoke, the burden laid
Upon it to impart.

Who cometh up from Judah? Who is this,
Sprung up before the Lord in barren ground?
A dry root planted in the wilderness,
No beauty in Him found?

Who is this weary traveller, fed with scorning,
Hiding away the furrows of His face,
As though He stood beneath that veil of mourning,
The last of all His race?

This is the Holy One, whose sinless Head
Was bowed so silent in the judgment-hall ;
The Lamb so spotless, upon Whom was laid
The sorrow of us all.

This is the Holy One, Whose prophet-shade,
Across enfranchised Israel Samson threw ;
Who bowed the strength of His majestic Head
To treachery which He knew ;

Who, from His Throne upon the brow of heaven,
Came down to be a little human Child,
To share the heritage of sorrow, given
To brothers sin-defiled.

Because they were ashamed, because they wept,
He for His portion chose both shame and tears ;
And, though Himself was sinless, would accept
Sin's wages, and sin's fears.

The terror of His Father's hidden face,—
The anguish of an unregarded prayer,—
The horror of a traitor's mock embrace,—
All this He deigned to bear.

But sudden night upon that traitor fell ;
The cry of blood so innocent, so betrayed,
Tolled out for *him* a suicidal knell,
Before that Blood was shed.

O woe ! O grief ! the daring, mocking troop
Insult Thy face divine, Thou King of kings,
Before Whose light Thy holiest angels stoop,
Veiled with their own white wings.

As grows for wine the drunkard's mad desire,
Feeding its thirst with what should thirst destroy,
So flamed that blaze of insult, faster, higher,
Into a cruel joy.

But Who, then, is this silent criminal,
Dragged to His trial by the froward Jew ?
Yourself would tremble in the judgment-hall,
Proud Roman, if you knew !

But what is truth ? and what eternal right ?
A little shedding of the innocent blood ?

So thou mayst wash those feeble hands, in sight
Of the mad multitude.

A fearful prayer is surging from them now ;
The very angels in their heavenly grief
Shudder away from that accursed vow,
So awful, and so brief.

And God said, '*I have heard them.*' So their race
Goes wandering through the nations, up and down,
Wearing from age to age, from place to place,
That imprecated crown.

But see,—upon the bed of speechless woe,
Hardly has that Afflicted bowed His head,
When, with the last pang it was doomed to know,
The sighing Spirit fled.

And a strange darkness on those murderers fell,
Exulting on the mountain round their prey ;
Casting its shadow from that loud Farewell,
On to God's Judgment day.

But O great Father ! for His sinless sake
Who laid Himself a willing Victim there,
At last the spell of that dread vengeance break,
Turn back their blind mad prayer !

Art Thou not full of pity ? Let that Blood
Indeed upon their heads and ours descend,
A rain of tender mercy, not a flood
Of Judgment without end.

And thou, sad Mother, stricken into stone,*
Beside the dying Cross of such a Son,
Pray for us, that our sorrows, like thine own,
Be healed before His Throne.

So may all griefs and burdens which we bear
Through this dark world, where tears must flow so fast,
By the sweet peace of His forgiving prayer
Pledge us to joy at last !

M. C.

* We do not choose to injure Manzoni's noble poem by any omissions to make it resemble what a member of our own branch of the Church would have written.

EASTER EVE.

Ἐλαβον γυναικες ἰξ αναστάσεως τοις νεκροῖς αὐταν.
 'Women received their dead raised to life again.'

THE Past is dead, and laid away,
 My heart is too forlorn to grieve;
 I gather frankincense to-day,
 And keep my silent Easter Eve. .
 Yet if my tears begin to flow,
 Some viewless Watcher seems to say—
 Wet not thy balms and spices so;
 To-morrow will be Easter Day.

Go, faithful to thy buried dust,
 Go out in darkness and alone;
 Thy heart will break, if break it must,
 Upon the sealed and guarded stone.
 But if, thy voiceless yearnings heard,
 Thou meet thy Dead upon the way,
 It shall not want but one low word
 To tell thee it is Easter Day.

M. C.

A PARAPHRASE OF PSALM II.

FOR EASTER DAY.

(QUARE FREMUERUNT?)

WHO roused that cry of hate and rage?
 Who dreamed so vain a thing?
 Who thought to seize God's heritage,
 And slay the anointed King?

They band their mighty men indeed,
 Their swords and staves they bring,
 They see the Wounds of pardon bleed,
 And mock the thorn-crowned King.

A Lamb to stripes and slaughter led,—
 No 'scourge of slender string;'

* φραγγέλιον ἐκ σχοινίου. St. John, ii. 15.

A cross whose rugged beams run red,
Strange throne for Thee, O King !

But through their shouts, and women's tears
That round His death-cross cling,
A Voice seems scorning in their ears,—
'Ye have but crowned your King !

'Thou art my Son, to Thee I give
Every created thing ;
All nations in Thy light shall live,
My Crucified, my King !'

Be wise now therefore, ye who rule ;
Your bird of proudest wing
Must stoop to this mysterious school,
If he were twice a king.

O haste, before the unquenching wrath
From eyes so lamb-like spring,
And sweep all sinners from the path
Of this insulted King.

We kiss Thy feet, Thy garment's hem,
Fast to Thy hands we cling ;
By Calvary and by Bethlehem
We claim Thee for our King.

As the hen gathers up her brood
Under her tender wing,
Helpless, afraid, beguiled, pursued,
So gather us, O King !

M. C.

HYMN FOR AN EASTER INTROIT.

BY SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY.

GARNISH the Ante-room !
Flood in, O light !
Shine in, O Easter Sun !
Shine on our night !
The Bridegroom is coming,
Make ready the Bride—
O symbols of beauty,
Come, hallow earth's pride !

Flowers from the mountain's height,
Flowers from the vale ;
Tapers, whose radiant light
Makes the noon pale ;
Incense most costly,
All gems and all flowers,—
O LORD, make more worthy,
These cold hearts of ours.

To all He gave talents,
And tributes would win,
Not slothfully buried,
Nor wasted in sin.
Bring Faith, Love, and Patience,
The soul's fairest flowers,
No doubt in the chaplet,
To deck your LORD's bowers.

Let choristers faintly breathe
Whispers of awe,
While from the high Altar sounds
God's ancient Law.
Then let the glad Gospel,
His mercy proclaim,
And next the vast *Credo*
Roll praise to His Name.

But higher yet, higher yet,
Peal we the strain,
And let the Thrice Holy ring,
'Lo ! the Lamb's slain !'
Louder and deeper
The glad words resound,
And soon to His Altar,
The Lamb shall be bound !

He counts all our numbers—
Quick, answer His call !
Bring care, want, and sorrow,
CHRIST sanctifies all.
Be shod with Faith's sandals !
Love's taper, shine clear !
Almost ere ye know it,
Your LORD shall be here !

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

NO IV.—FOR EASTER DAY.

(Hæc est sancta.)

HAIL, Festival of festivals most glorious,
 Crowned with the triumph of the Crucified;
 Who in the power of the Cross victorious,
 And by the Blood from out His pierced side,
 Breaks down the strong man's empire, and redeems us,
 As on this Easter morn, this Day of days:
 Wherefore, O Christ our King, it well beseems us
 To join with angel choirs in Thy praise.

With favour look on us, who here proclaim Thee
 Victorious, since to save our fallen race
 Thou didst put off that glory which became Thee,
 And to a death of shame Thyself abase.
 Now all is past; the chains of hell are riven;
 Thou reignest o'er the nations gloriously:
 Therefore rejoice we, ransomed and forgiven,
 In this Thy Rising, Son of God most high!
Alleluia! Amen.

CONFIRMATION DAY.

RICH AND POOR.

(TWO SOLILOQUIES.)

I.

Yes! it is a very serious thing. I know well that I have a life before me, longer or shorter as God may will it to be; and that this one step which I am going to take is a responsibility I shall never, for one moment, be able to lay aside henceforth. No more shifting the blame of short-comings upon others—no more doing just as I see unthinking people do—no more living as if I had not a root to grow from. I am saying to myself and to others that Christ is my Leader, His Word my rule, His dear fold my home. I may, I shall come to His Feast—may eat, drink, and be thankful. And all these my sisters around me, who are uttering the same vows—what should be my thoughts and prayers

for them? How will it be in that great coming morning, when we shall be summoned to give an account of ourselves before God?

We may have led on earth widely different sort of lives: one rich—another poor; one struggling with misery and temptation in the most terrible forms—the other sheltered, helped, comforted, kept as pure as good companions can keep her. Each, no doubt, if in earnest now, is under the care of the ever-watchful Shepherd; but He Himself would have us help one another: and when our solemn vows are uttered, and the Benediction has followed, then I may, I must, think that I am only one of a great family, and have no right to forget these my brothers and sisters, though our paths may seem very wide apart.

Here, in this mighty city—this great vast London—born and bred, how can we help contemplating the differences, and wishing if possible to make them less? I and those closest to me are favoured ones indeed. Shall we not sometimes say to those others, ‘Come thou with us, and we will do thee good?’ Certain it is, we do not come here to be divided, but united; and, if possible, more certain still, that if we desire to begin from this time a more holy and Christian life, we can hardly do better than follow up any impulse leading us to increase the means of religious improvement for our fellow-creatures, never losing them out of our sympathies, and affectionately desirous of their good. And now I am leaving behind me this important day—this hallowed building, where so many have been confirmed before me—this crowded scene; the warning yet soothing voice of God’s Minister no longer sounds in my ears. I go home, and I think, ‘What next?’ truly, none of us know: it may be some very small duty, something we hardly think worth a thought; but it is put in my way, and, small or great, I must do it; it is part of my daily discipline, also my daily food, for faith feeds and grows by faithful acts. There is no standing still in life; I must not be contented with myself because I have done one duty, when another beckons me on. ‘Forward, forward!’ is still the cry. Even so, Lord! forward would I go, Thou being my guide, and Thy Spirit my helper, till Thou hast done Thy part in me, and I, through Thine infinite mercy, am THINE for ever and ever.

II.

THIS is indeed a new day to me—a new great day. I am here, told that the Good Shepherd has His eye upon me, and that the poor and needy are as much His care as any of the rich. I am sure I need Him; I want to have the thought of His love to warm and cheer me every day and hour of my life. I don’t know what there is before me. Sometimes I think it will be a weary lot; then I ask myself, ‘If I bear it well, may I not draw good even from trial?’ Scripture is very plain; it speaks of prayer being heard and granted; and there is a voice crying, ‘Come unto Me, ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you

rest.' Then I think too, 'If I simply have to obey others, and do my best, I am saved from some troubles; for people that are at ease seem often puzzled what to do next.' I looked round me a few minutes ago—it seemed to me that our hearts could not be so very different; I saw tears in the eyes of one who I know is rich and great; she was thinking then, I dare say, of what is to come after this life, and wishing she may be ready for her summons. Well, do not *I* wish the same thing? I do hope God will hear her prayer, and mine also. I dare say she has many beautiful books at home, pleasant to look at, and very good to read; but then she has so much time for reading, and if I had ever so many books I have not time. I am so glad I have got this nice 'Christian Year,' and the 'Book of Praise' too, over and above my Bible and Prayer-book. Little bits can be learnt by heart at odd times; and when they are once there, they are ready any moment; nobody says it is wrong to repeat what one has put into one's mind, if it is good.

I shall not have much time, not even to-day, to think over this morning's work. I dare say I shall have a great deal to do at home, and perhaps Mother may think it was a holiday I wanted; so I must do my very best, and show that being confirmed has not made me idle. And oh! if I may but speak to the clergyman one day soon, and say how I wish to come to the Holy Sacrament. He will speak kindly to me, I know, and bid me come; and there I shall see again some of those who have been with me to-day, and we shall all pray for strength and grace, and take the Blessed Sacrament to our joy and comfort.

So, though I am so poor, and am in many things very ignorant, I will go away hopefully; and I trust that God will be at home as well as in church with me, and with all who have been confirmed to-day.

T.

A TWILIGHT SCENE IN ROME ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.

It is Holy Week in Rome, and we have now reached the Thursday before Easter, when a strange ceremony takes place—the washing of the High Altar in St. Peter's. Try for a moment to imagine yourself wandering down the centre of that gorgeous Christian Basilica. The Miserere is not quite over, and its sad wailing strains penetrate some distance beyond the little music chapel in the left aisle. After waiting to hear it till the end of Lamentations, body and mind alike are wearied, so that a little movement is a pleasant change. Besides, there is always such a long 'tail' of listeners outside the chapel, that, unless you keep persistently to your camp-stool close by the iron gates, you have to stand a weary while in the buzzing crowd. The Penitential Psalms are sung,

and, as the evening twilight deepens, and one's *subjective* nature rises uppermost, nothing could be more wildly melancholy than that piteous long-drawn monotonous cadence of the Miserere, which, piercing at intervals through the distance, seems an actual embodiment in sound of all human woe since time began. No words *can* ever convey a due sense of its intense pathos; and where descriptive 'seraphs fear to tread,' far be it from me to 'rush in.'

But all this time various strange processions have been passing, which, in our abstraction, we have hardly noticed. Here is another;—headed by a large cross comes a string of penitents, chiefly women in long black veils, solemnly chanting a penitential psalm.

From one of the confessionals protrudes a long staff; and we can see extended through the aperture above it, the arm of the Cardinal Vicar, 'clothed in red samite, mystic, wonderful!' For is he not sitting there hour after hour on this one blessed day in the year, to grant absolution from mortal sin? One touch of that thin flexile wand bears to 'the faithful' that healing influence, which releases the burdened soul from all its guilt. Crowds kneel as they pass to receive the magic stroke, though not always (if report says true) does the penitent lay to heart those absolving words, once uttered by Him of old—'Go and sin no more!'

Meanwhile, the High Altar has been stripped of all its rich coverings, and now stands, completely bared, ready for that mystic washing which is to prepare it to receive the Easter Presence in spotless purity. The vast dim church is now veiled in a dusky twilight hue, brightened only by the faint glimmer of the eternal altar-lights. Let us look down into the Confession—(the deep sunk space before the altar.) There a pale marble pope (Pius VI.) kneels in perpetual prayer, with calm upturned face, which no passion may ever again disturb. Revolutions, French, Roman, Universal, howling mobs, shrieking lookers-on—'let them rave,' for the old man is at peace; 'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

But a truce to retrospect; here come the ecclesiastics who are to wash the High Altar. One after another advances, each carrying a small brush of wooden shavings, which he dips in a vase of mingled wine and water, and passes lightly across the altar as he moves by. Here and there is a taper, (always borne by a *handsome* priest,) which lends a still more picturesque aspect to this curious ceremony. There are old men in quaint fur capes, others in gorgeous purple or scarlet robes, simple priests, acolytes in their white vestments, and a long train of others, all intoning a Latin sentence, which we cannot hear distinctly, but which doubtless proclaims that the altar is now cleansed.

Now it is over; but, as we turn to depart, a light suddenly appears in the small high gallery to the left of the altar. A priest holds up, one after another, the three great relics—a Nail of the True Cross, one of the Sacred Thorns, and St. Veronica's handkerchief, on which, says the

legend, Christ wiped His agonized face, and left its blessed impress for evermore. Each relic is enclosed in a gold case, with a glass in front; and of course, the height at which it is held prevents anything being visible beyond the case, though St. Veronica's kerchief may be dimly discerned. As each sacred treasure is exhibited, the people fall on their knees in silent adoration. Thus let us leave them, believing that from even ignorant worship some good must come to 'the faithful in heart.'

Passing the vases for holy-water, upheld by those gigantic cherubs, (who at first sight seem ordinary-sized children, but turn out to be infants six feet high,) we notice that they are all empty. So they will remain till Easter Eve, when they will be replenished; and during the intervening time, the devil is believed to have especial power.

Let us take one parting gaze at St. Peter's ere we lift the heavy straw curtain, or mattress, which will hide it from our view. Very vast and dim it looks in the gathering darkness: the crowds of worshippers, which would fill to overflowing several large churches, *here* dwindle into nothingness, and seem scarcely a sprinkling of life on that illimitable waste of marble. In hours like the present, our sense of the real grandeur of St. Peter's grows each moment, till the aching mind faints beneath the 'intolerable' splendour. Those who like sudden and startling contrasts may go straight hence to the Capella Paolina in the Vatican, and see how brightly it glows, nay blazes, in the dazzling brilliance of innumerable wax tapers on the walls and on the High Altar, where the Pope has placed the Host, which will remain there until Easter Eve, when he will carry it back to its chapel in St. Peter's. In every Roman church, there are tapers burning in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, which is exposed, as here; and often a bed of natural or artificial flowers is arranged in front of the altar.

As we go through the city you can pause to admire the shops of the pizzacaroli (pork dealers,) which are all decked with evergreen, and present a motley appearance of mingled fat and devotion, having their rows of neatly cut hams and bacon adorned at the edges with strips of gay-coloured and gilded papers, whilst the Madonna presides over all in a tiny grotto, before which a taper is burning.

For my own part, I prefer to go straight home from St. Peter's, trying to preserve, as undisturbed as may be, the parting image of that grand Basilica left in my mind when the heavy door closed upon me, and I stood in the wide Piazza, and felt, for a moment, alone under the silent skies. Even the sound of our carriage rattling through the narrow streets, scarcely dispels the dream, which is only lost in the stranger visions of a restless night.

Roma, February, 1868.

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CANTICLES IN EVENING PRAYER.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

THE MAGNIFICAT (St. Luke, i. 46–55.) is the Song of the Virgin Mary, giving thanks to GOD for the fulfilment of the Old Testament Prophecies, with a special reference to the Incarnation. It looks forward to the coming mercy, and to all future generations who will be partakers of it, and therefore call her ‘blessed.’ It looks back to the original promise to Abraham; and it declares that in the coming Saviour that promise will have its fulfilment. Thus it serves fitly to *connect* the Old Testament Lesson which we have just read with the New Testament Lesson which will next follow; just as the TE DEUM connected the first and second Lessons in Morning Prayer. Thus the MAGNIFICAT is to Evensong what the TE DEUM was to Matins; and it is so in more senses than one. For just as the TE DEUM is the great predominating Canticle of the morning, which seems to set the tone of all the rest of the morning Canticles, so the MAGNIFICAT is the predominating Canticle of the evening, and seems to be the central point of the evening Canticle system. There is a very marked difference between the morning and evening Canticles, looking at them as two wholes; and this difference is well seen in the contrast between the TE DEUM and the Song of the Blessed Virgin. The wide scope, the wide survey, of Divine Truth taken in the morning, contrasts remarkably with the more restricted view taken in the evening Canticles. Take the case of the TE DEUM, which is almost like a summary of all revelation, with its application to all GOD’s servants in earth or Heaven, and contrast it with the MAGNIFICAT, which fixes our minds upon the one definite point of the Incarnate Saviour, as the fulfilment of the old promises made to Abraham at the beginning of the Covenant. Not but what the Incarnation may be said to include all the rest; but in the morning all is expressed, or as we may say, is unfolded, in our thanksgivings to GOD, sung after the reading of His Word. Whereas in the evening all is—so to speak—wrapped up again in the one central fact of the gift of that Incarnate Son Who fulfilled the promises of the Old Testament, and brought to light those of the New. And what we observe as to the contrast between the TE DEUM and the MAGNIFICAT, holds good as to all the rest of the Canticles which follow them. As the MAGNIFICAT centres our regards upon the Person of the Saviour, so too does the NUNC DIMITTIS:—seeing Him we see all:—having seen Him it is enough:—it is of Him that all the Scriptures witness; and so both the great evening Canticles are a kind of testimony that all Scripture,

whether Old or New, circles round the one fact of 'God manifest in the flesh.'

And in this strong contrast between the wide sweep of our morning praise, and the bringing it all back again to its central point, which is the peculiarity of our evening praise, our Prayer Book is but following ancient precedent with exact fidelity. In our old English Services the Incarnation was *the* subject of the praises at Vespers and Compline. In the Eastern Offices the special mark of the Evening Service is its commemoration of the Incarnation as the bringing in of the Divine Light, in the world's evening, to illuminate the darkness in which the world was lying.* Both these ideas are preserved in our present Evensong. The coming of Christ, as the fulfilment of God's promises, is the theme of the MAGNIFICAT, which follows the Old Testament and precedes the New. The office of Christ, as the Light of the World—of *all nations*—is the peculiar subject of the NUNC DIMITTIS, which follows the Epistles, which set forth the Gospel light as revealed to the *Gentile*—as well as the Jewish—world. Observe too that this *universality* of the Gospel is also evidently recognized in the MAGNIFICAT. If it were not, then one main part of the promise to Abraham would be left unnoticed. For the promise to Abraham was not merely that Messiah should be born of his race, but that in this Messiah all nations should be blessed. Thus then, when the promise to Abraham is commemorated, this idea is included as well; and we must interpret verses 7 and 8 of the MAGNIFICAT with reference to it. No doubt, in the words 'humble and meek' of verse 7, there is an allusion primarily to the lowly lot of the Blessed Virgin; but there is also an allusion to the calling of the Gentiles, as is evident by the contrast of the mighty who are 'put down from their seat'—the Jews whom we see deposed from their previous standing in God's exclusive favour. So likewise 'the hungry' in verse 8 is clearly to be understood of the Gentile world, hitherto unfed with the Word and knowledge of God, henceforward to be called to sit down at God's board—nay, even compelled to come in, even though the great King has to send out His messengers into the highways and hedges to collect them. And we, as Gentiles, in singing this Song of the Blessed Virgin, are giving thanks to Him Who verily '*has* filled the hungry with good things;' while those who had hitherto been rich, the Jews, have

* It may perhaps be agreeable to some of our readers to have the ancient Eastern 'Hymn of the Evening Light,' of which we borrow the translation from Archdeacon Freeman's 'Principles of Divine Service.' It is as follows:—

'Joyful Light of the holy Glory of the Immortal Father,
The heavenly, the holy, the blessed, JESU CHRIST;
We, having come to the setting of the Sun,
And, beholding the evening light,
Praise God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It is meet at all times that Thou should'st be hymned with auspicious voices,
Son of God, Giver of Life;
Wherefore the world glorifieth Thee.'

rejected Him, and been 'sent empty away.' No one can hear such chapters as the ninth, tenth, and eleventh of Romans, read next after our singing the MAGNIFICAT, without feeling how exquisitely the one tallies with the other. Then too there is the extension of GOD's mercy—not to that age only which was to see the actual form and hear the teaching of the Son of Man, but to every age of the world. The MAGNIFICAT is indeed a hymn of the Church Catholic, celebrating the universality of the Gospel, universal in time as well as in all other respects, and carrying GOD's grace 'to all generations,' as well as to all nations:—'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

Thus though *primarily* the MAGNIFICAT was the thanksgiving of the Blessed Virgin for the honour done to herself, it takes a wider range when read in the light of the Incarnation, which it celebrates. You cannot tie it down to herself alone; and she herself stands out in greater dignity from the fact that what was first a thanksgiving of *hers*, swells and expands almost of its own self into the expression of the gratitude of redeemed humanity. And so the Blessed Virgin is 'exalted' from her 'lowliness' in more ways than one. She is exalted to become the mother of the Redeemer, and she is exalted into being a type of the redeemed. She becomes a type and a pattern of the Church, and she sets forth those graces and characteristics which adorn both the Church looked at collectively, and all those its members who, one by one, each separate soul, shall be filled with the good things of the Gospel dispensation. She was poor, and the first Beatitude of all is 'Blessed are the poor.' She was meek, and one of the very first Beatitudes is 'Blessed are the meek.' 'Blessed are the hungry' sounds like an echo of 'He hath filled the hungry;' and 'Blessed are the pure,' is like the very Beatitude of the Blessed Virgin herself, the peculiar type of purity, and remembering whom we remember also that it is the pure who have the vision of GOD. Thus the Blessed Virgin becomes a type of the Church; and what was first spoken in her own person and in reference to her own honour and exaltation, becomes the utterance of the people of Christ, who are united with Him through His Incarnation. Just as the Psalms of David were first spoken in reference to the trials and deliverances of his own chequered life, so this Song of the Virgin Mary was spoken first in reference to herself. But David's Psalms answer to Him of whom David was the type; they speak also of the varied moods of the Christian mind and the varied fortunes of the Christian Church, and so every successive age finds in them the expression of its deepest experiences. It is this which is the innermost evidence of their Divine inspiration, and in this deepest characteristic of inspiration the MAGNIFICAT has fully shared. It is the voice of the Christian soul, and it has always been the voice of the Christian Church. We find the MAGNIFICAT used in Divine Service as far back as the year 500. • East and West alike have used it as the voice of Christian thanksgiving. The

Armenian Church used it as a Compline Canticle. Our English Church has used it at Vespers for eight hundred years at least, and how much longer we cannot say. It was early translated into English for the use of the unlearned, and English versions yet survive of nearly five hundred years antiquity. (A. D. 1390.) It is indeed the *TE DEUM* of the Evening Service, and in our Old English Service-books was treated with a special honour which we have too much lost sight of. It was sung every day at Vespers, Sundays and week-days alike. It had its special Antiphons bringing out its connection with the special day or season when it was being sung. Thus for the Second Sunday in Advent it was preceded and followed by the Antiphon:—

Blessed art thou, Mary, that thou hast believed :
There shall be performed in thee the things told thee by the Lord.
Alleluia.

On Christmas Day—

This day Christ is born ; this day the Saviour hath appeared :
This day on earth the Angels sing, Archangels rejoice :
This day exult the just, saying, Glory in the highest unto God.
Alleluia.

On the Epiphany—

From the East came the Magi into Bethlehem to adore the Lord ;
And having opened their treasures, they offered precious oblations :
Gold as to a great King ; Incense as to the true God ; but Myrrh as for
His burial. Alleluia !

On Thursday in Holy Week—

But when they were at supper :
Jesus took Bread, blessed, and brake, and gave to His disciples.

On Ascension Day—

O King of Glory ! Lord of Hosts !
Who triumphant this day, hast ascended above all heavens,
Abandon not us orphans, but send the promise of the Father upon us,
the Spirit of Truth. Alleluia !

These are some few specimens of the way in which our old English Church used to give flexibility of meaning to the unvarying use of its great Vesper Canticle. It would occupy too much of our space if we were to give the complete set of its accompanying Antiphons ; but the examples which we have furnished will suffice to show the ancient usage.

It remains only to notice how in some measure the *MAGNIFICAT* seems founded upon the Song of Hannah (1 Samuel, ii. 1–10.) after the birth of Samuel, the first of the line of prophets:—type of our Lord in His prophetic office, type also in that he was a child by special promise. Several of the expressions are almost identical, and the general con-

ception of the two hymns is very similar, the chief difference being that the *MAGNIFICAT* is more terse, while of course the references to the fulfilment of the Evangelical prophecies is necessarily peculiar to it. But the parallelism is worth noticing, and the more so, as Samuel in his holy childhood is an especial type of the holy *child* JESUS.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

X.

GENERAL HYMNS.—(*Continued.*)

It has sometimes been explicitly stated, and much more often taken for granted, that hymns cannot be filled with doctrinal statements without detracting from their merits as songs of praise. But it is rather true, that though any polemic assertion of doctrine is out of place in a hymn, yet the hymn from which all distinctive teaching has been evaporated must always be weak and unsatisfactory. The true doctrinal function of hymns is not unhappily expressed by Dr. Bonar in the preface to his first series of hymns:—

‘They are what they are here called, *Hymns of Faith and Hope*. They belong to no church or sect. They are not the expressions of one man’s or one party’s faith and hope; but are meant to speak what may be thought and spoken by all to whom the Church’s ancient Faith and Hope are dear.’

It is absolutely necessary that hymns, while they avoid such details of doctrine and practice as cannot be given without injury to their poetic character, should yet clearly set forth Christian Truths to be believed, and Christian Graces to be cultivated. The negation of what is heretical or false can only be well expressed in the simplest language. Thus, Toplady’s

‘Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy Law’s demands,’

expresses soberly and successfully what the translator of Möwes’s ‘Alleluia! I believe,’¹ in ‘Hymns from the Land of Luther,’ has merely rendered grotesque:—

‘Ice-bound fields of legal labour
I have left, with all their toil,
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.’

Dean Alford has worked out the same idea more elaborately, but not very felicitously, in a hymn which begins:—

¹ Ich glaube, Hallelujah!

‘Not in anything we do,
Thought that’s pure or word that’s true,
SAVIOUR, would we put our trust;
Frail as vapour, vile as dust,
All that flatters we disown,
Righteousness is Thine alone.’

The true office of Faith is much better set forth in his earlier hymn, ‘We walk by faith, and not by sight,’ the language of which runs somewhat parallel to that of J. H. Gurney’s, ‘We saw Thee not, when Thou didst come.’ As a supplication for increase of faith, few hymns have gained a better deserved popularity than J. Montgomery’s ‘In the hour of trial.’ It is most unaccountably omitted in several of our new hymnals, and it is given in others as anonymous. It is No. 193, in Montgomery’s *Original Hymns for Christian Worship*, being the first of the ‘Prayers on Pilgrimage.’ The second line, ‘JESUS, *pray for* me,’ has been objected to, as if it ignored the Divinity of our LORD; but surely it only asks Him to do that for us which we know that He did for S. Peter, and to make that intercession for us which He ever liveth to make for those who come to God by Him. Very beautiful are also Dean Milman’s lines, ‘O help us, LORD, each hour of need,’ and Anstice’s ‘O LORD, how happy should we be.’ Thomas Haweis, in ‘O Thou from Whom all goodness flows,’ has well shown how the ‘prayer of faith’ may itself be fashioned into a hymn. As a profession of faith in our LORD, the hymn, ‘Behold the LAMB,’¹ by Matthew Bridges, deserves notice. There is a poem on Faith by this author, given in *Lyra Mystica*, of which we take the liberty of extracting a few stanzas:—

‘Faith is the dawning of a Day
Where darkness was before,
The rising of a solar ray
To set in night no more.

Faith yields a sense of life and love,
Upborne on wings of prayer,
Swift as an eagle or a dove
That cleaves the liquid air.

Faith leads me onward to the Cross,
And through it to a Crown,
When purified from all the dross
That weighs the spirit down.

O LORD, increase this Grace in me,
That with each fleeting breath
I more and more may know of Thee,
And hail the hand of death!

¹ Altered in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and elsewhere to ‘Behold the LAMB of God.’

So Faith shall in Fruition end,
And Grace in Glory cease,
Where Praise her powers can never spend,
Nor aught disturb their peace.

There is a painful want of dignity in the once favourite hymn of John Newton, 'Begone unbelief, my SAVIOUR is near,' which, added to its doubtful orthodoxy,¹ has doubtless caused its recent disuse. 'As when the weary traveller gains' is a much better hymn by the same author. The blessings of faith are well set forth in Conder's hymn, 'Blessed are they whose hearts are pure;' much less successfully by Daniel Turner in 'Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss.' Faith raising itself through afflictions could hardly find its expression in more suitable words than 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' which Mrs. Adams contributed in 1840 to Fox's 'Hymns and Anthems.' It is much to be regretted that the first line of the second stanza, 'Though like *the* wanderer,' has been so generally altered. Godfrey Thring's 'Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,' and Ryland's 'O LORD, I would delight in Thee,' breathe a somewhat similar spirit. W. W. How is the author of 'LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,' a prayer for faith inspired by the contemplation of our LORD's Passion, which is also implied in Mrs. Alexander's 'When wounded sore the stricken heart.' 'O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares,' was contributed by Mrs. Toke to the first S. P. C. K. Hymnal. 'Thou that art the FATHER'S WORD,' by Dean Alford, is given as an Epiphany Hymn in *The Year of Praise*, but without any very evident special appropriateness.

The mutual relationship of the Christian Graces is well described in Wordsworth's lines:—

'Thou hast a temple founded,
Thy Church, on Thee the Rock:
By Faith securely grounded,
She stands the tempest's shock:

Her stones are all united
By the cement of Love:
Her spire of Hope is lighted
By sunbeams from above.'

Miss Winkworth's 'Faith is a living power from Heaven,' from the German² of the Bohemian Brethren, and 'I know in Whom I put my trust,' from E. M. Arndt,³ are good as hymns of Faith.

So many of the hymns on Hope have special reference to the joys and glories of Paradise, a subject which we are reserving for our next article, that we have but few to notice here. 'O'er the distant mountains

¹ See especially v. 4—

² *Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death.*

³ Der Glaub ist eine lebendige Kraft.

³ Ich weiss an Wen ich glaube.

breaking,' is a beautiful hymn by Dr. Monsell, whose 'Rest of the weary,' and 'Soon and for ever,' may also be classed as hymns of Hope. Bonar's 'The Church has waited long,' is one of his best hymns, but is much improved by the omissions in Dean Alford's version of it, given in *The Year of Praise*. 'Ye servants of the LORD,' by Dr. Doddridge, and Miss Borthwick's 'Rejoice, all ye believers,'¹ are good as admonitions to Christian Hope and Watchfulness. 'Come, LORD JESUS, quickly come,' is by H. G. Tomkins; 'Come to Thy Temple, LORD,' is by Dean Alford. Mrs. Charles's 'Commit thy way to God,' and G. Thring's 'Dead to life, yet loth to die,' are well suited to encourage a patient Hope. F. T. Palgrave's 'Hope of those that have none other,' is scarcely equal to its author's usual merit. Miss Borthwick's 'JESUS, still lead on,'² is good, and only needs a suitable tune for its very peculiar metre to make it a popular hymn. The same remark may apply to R. H. Baynes's lines beginning:—

'When across the heart deep waves of sorrow
Break, as on a dry and barren shore;
While Hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore.'

Toplady's 'When languor and disease invade,' has fifteen stanzas in the original; it was written during an illness. Wesley's 'O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight,'³ and Bonar's 'O Everlasting Light,' may perhaps be fitly mentioned here.

The hymns on Love fall naturally into two classes: those which have *Divine Love* for their subject, and those which set forth the duty of Love to God and man as a Christian Grace.

Scarcely any translated hymn has been more acceptable to English ears than the 'rhythmic song in commemoration of the LORD's Passion,' popularly ascribed to S. Bernard of Clairvaux.⁴ In Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* reasons are adduced for attributing to S. Bernard only eleven stanzas, and even these not with any great certainty. Those with which the hymn now commences were added, as Daniel believes, by a Cistercian nun in the fourteenth century. Later interpolators have extended the hymn to its present length; and some of them, when dividing it into shorter portions for insertion in the breviaries, have disregarded its original rules of rhyme. Caswall's version, 'JESU, the very thought of Thee,' is in five parts, and is by far the best we possess. From his second part is taken, 'JESU, Thy mercies are untold.'⁵ Dr. Neale's

¹ From 'Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen,' by Laurentius Laurenti.

² From 'JESU, geh voran,' by Ludwig von Zinzendorf.

³ This hymn has been given by Dr. Rogers as translated by John Wesley from the German of Gerhard Tersteegen; but Mr. Kübler knows no hymn of his to which it corresponds, and it is not given at the end of Tersteegen's Memoir among the hymns translated by Wesley.

⁴ It begins 'JESU dulcis memoria,' and has forty-eight stanzas.

⁵ Amor JESU dulcissimus.

'JESU! the very thought is sweet,' and Copeland's 'JESU! how sweet those accents are,' deserve mention, though not nearly equal to Caswall's rendering. We have already had occasion to mention 'JESU! Thou Joy of loving hearts,' taken from this poem by Ray Palmer, as an Eucharistic Hymn. The following version of the stanzas which form part iii. of Hymn 157 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*¹ may not be unacceptable to our readers. It is due to Robert Campbell, Esq., of Skerrington.

JESU, highest heaven's Completeness,
Name of Music to the ear,
To the lips surpassing Sweetness,
Wine, the fainting heart to cheer.

Eating Thee, the soul may hunger,
Drinking, still athirst may be,
But for earthly food no longer,
Nor for any stream but Thee.

JESU, all delights exceeding,
Only Hope of hearts distress;
Weeping eyes, and spirits bleeding,
Find in Thee a Place of rest.

Stay, O Beauty uncreated,
Ever ancient, ever new,
Banish deeds of darkness hated,
With Thy sweetness all bedew.

JESU, fairest Blossom, springing
From a Maiden ever pure,
May our lips Thy praise be singing,
While Eternal years endure.'

'O Love! how deep! how broad! how high!'² is a translation by Dr. Neale of part of a fifteenth century hymn. Dr. Kynaston's 'JESU, Solace of my Soul,' is translated from Anselm,³ Bishop of Lucca in the eleventh century. W. C. Dix's 'No songs shall break our gloom to-day,' and C. G. Rossetti's 'I bore with thee long weary days and nights,' are very poetical, but scarcely suited for Church use. There is a beautiful little poem of unknown date and authorship,⁴ to which Dr. Kynaston's version, though reproducing very ingeniously the rhymes of the original, scarcely does justice:—

'Lend, O lend me wings to send me,
Heavenly Dove, careering soon
Where the palmy Cross with balmy
Shadows hides the burning noon.'

¹ JESU Decus Angelicum.

² 'O Amor quam exstaticus.' The original begins with a stanza not translated:

'Apparuit Benignitas
DEI, necnon Humanitas,
Ex Caritate nimia
Ad nos atque gratuita.'

³ JESU mi dulcissime.

⁴ Ecquis binas columbinas.

Mr. Campbell's translation, given in the S. Andrew's Hymnal, 'Lend Thy Wings, O Holy Dove,' is much better.

There is a festival introduced into the more recent breviaries which gives several hymns on the SAVIOUR'S Love,—the Feast of the Heart of Jesus. Caswall's 'All ye who seek for sure relief,'¹ and 'To CHRIST the Prince of Peace,'² are translations of the hymns composed for this festival in the Roman Breviary. 'Jesus, Thy Love unbounded,' is a beautiful hymn, given anonymously in Bosworth's Church Hymns. 'JESU, Lover of my Soul,' was written by Charles Wesley in 1740, and is certainly one of his best hymns.³ Since publishing the annotated edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern, I have ascertained that the author of 'JESU, meek and lowly,' is Henry Collins. 'From highest Heaven the Eternal SON,' was written by Sir Henry Baker to suit the tune of the Old 113th Psalm. 'My faith looks up to Thee,' is a beautiful hymn by Dr. Ray Palmer. Dr. Millard's 'GOD Eternal, LORD of all,' and Faber's 'My GOD, how wonderful Thou art!' may be noticed now, though somewhat differing in subject from most of those mentioned above. 'Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,' by Miss Elliott, was accidentally passed over among the Hymns for Sunday Morning.

On the duty of Love to GOD'S Service, there is scarcely a more popular hymn than 'We love the place, O GOD,' of which the first four stanzas given in Hymns Ancient and Modern, are by Dr. Bullock, and the last three by Sir H. W. Baker. 'Come, we that love the LORD,' by Dr. Watts; 'Songs of praise the Angels sang,' and 'Stand up and bless the LORD,' both by J. Montgomery—are exhortations to the expression of love and thanksgiving. Miss Cox's 'Good and pleasant 'tis to see,' from Michael Müller's German,⁴ and 'O ye, your SAVIOUR'S Name who bear,'⁵ from Jacob Ritter, are excellent exhortations to the spirit of Charity, as is also Alford's 'Little children, dwell in Love.' As prayers for this grace, we have Toplady's 'JESU, GOD of Love, attend,' Alford's 'Thou Who on that wondrous journey,' C. Wesley's 'O Thou Who camest from above,' and 'JESUS, LORD, we look to Thee,' and J. H. Gurney's 'LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee.' 'Blest be the dear uniting Love,' is by C. Wesley; 'Go up, go up, my heart,' by Dr. H. Bonar. 'Our GOD is Love, and all His Saints,' first appeared in Cotterill's Collection, and its authorship is perhaps due to him. 'Fountain of good, to own Thy Love,' is a recast version, probably by Edward Osler, of a hymn by Dr. Doddridge, which begins, 'JESUS, my LORD, how rich Thy Grace!' It is specially applicable to occasions of Almsgiving.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M. A.

(To be continued.)

¹ Quicumque certum quæritis.

² Summi PARENTIS FILIO.

³ For a strangely severe criticism upon its language, see the preface to Wordsworth's Holy Year, p. xxxi.

⁴ Sieh wie lieblich es und fein.

⁵ Ihr die ihr euch von CHRISTO nennt.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXVII.

THE COUNCIL OF BASLE.

1431-1448.

To understand the proceedings of the English Church, it is needful to take into account those of the Western Church collectively; since, though resolutely national, England still owned the Pope as the Patriarch of the West, and the question whether his decrees or those of a general council were supreme was still at issue. A general council, without the Eastern Churches, was not to be had; but Rome, regarding the Greeks as schismatics, considered the gatherings of her patriarchate as councils, and so termed them.

The Council of Constance had broken up in 1421, with the decree that such an assembly should take place every ten years, and that the first should be at Pavia in five years time. But there was nothing that the Popes and Cardinals dreaded more than a council, since these meetings always tended to abridge their power and their revenues; and thus they were always endeavouring to stave them off. Martin V., who had been chosen to the Papacy at the Council of Constance, was a very able man, determined to assert and stretch his power to the utmost. When the renewed Council met at Pavia, he contrived to have it transferred to Siena, and then broken up, with another adjournment to Basle, for the spring of the year 1430.

Meantime, he, with the assistance of Bishop Beaufort, made many endeavours to bow the spirit of Archbishop Chicheley and the English Church. The statutes of pre-eminence, which made it penal to carry any appeal out of England without the King's consent, and prevented appointments by the Popes to English benefices, were above all hateful to Martin; and because Chicheley refused to make any endeavour for their repeal, the Pope denounced him with much intemperate language, and even put the Archbishop of York's name before his in addressing the English clergy. The clergy, the university of Oxford, were roused to the defence of their good Primate, and wrote letters declaring him to be a faithful and true pastor; but Martin was the more determined, and threatened to lay England under an interdict unless the statutes were repealed.

The Archbishop, now an old man, was shocked and grieved, and yielded, that he might save the country from the horror of an interdict. He preached to the Parliament of 1426, with tears in his eyes, on the text, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's,' and depicted the miseries the country would

suffer; but though the Commons grieved for his distress, they would not give way, and only petitioned the King to demand of the Pope to suspend his proceedings, and lend no ear to reports against the good Archbishop.

The Interdict was never proclaimed. Probably Martin knew it could not be justified at the Council, which the Emperor Sigismund continued to press for, in the hope both of reform for the German Church, and contentment for the Hussites, who had risen in insurrection in Bohemia to maintain the doctrine for which their leader had suffered, went about with a chalice on their banner, and often committed great cruelties on the Catholics.

Basle, or Basil, the place where the Council was to be held, was a free city of the empire, on the borders of Switzerland. It was minutely described by the able Italian, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who was the Emperor's secretary. He says that the first thing that struck the eye was the high-pitched roofs, covered with many-coloured glazed tiles, that glittered in the sun—almost all new and bright, for earthquakes, fires, and inundations of the Rhine had done much damage, only lately repaired. The streets he considered as wide and well-paved, the churches numerous and handsome, and the dwelling-houses neat, well-built, and beautiful, each with its own fountain, court-yard, and garden. There were fine fountains, and public walks, shaded by elms and oaks pollarded; and there the young men practised martial sports, in which they so excelled, that when told their walls were too low, they said that they themselves were the walls. They knew no language save their own, but were thrifty and active, and very fond of birds. As to storks, they were always at home on the roofs; for the people believed that a stork driven away would revenge itself by setting the house on fire.

This pleasant town was to be the place of the Council, of which Cardinal Giuliano Cesarini, commonly known as Cardinal Julian, was appointed by Martin to be president; but just as it was about to assemble, Martin V. died, in February, 1431; and at the end of a fortnight, Gabriel Condelmero, a Venetian Cardinal, was elected in his place, and called himself Eugenius IV. He was strict and pure in life, very devout, but hot-headed, and not always well able to weigh consequences; and worst of all, the truth was not in him. He imagined no promise binding that could damage the interests of the Church, by which he meant the dominion of the Papacy, and thus was utterly untrustworthy.

On the 2nd of March, the appointed day, a Benedictine abbot and some other clergy arrived at Basle, intending to wait there till the rest of the assembly should arrive. The Pope sent orders to Cardinal Julian to go thither, and open the Session if he found enough clergy, if not, he was to adjourn it; but as the Benedictine held his ground, and more and more clergy gradually made their appearance, he was obliged to open it on Friday, the 7th of December! In the Cathedral was sung

the great Mass of the Holy Spirit, which sacramentally invoked Divine Influence on the decisions of the assembly.

One of the first measures of the Council was to write to the Bohemian insurgents, advising them to come to the Council and declare their grievances; but discussion was not what Eugenius desired. He considered the Hussite controversy to have been settled at Constance, and thought the air of Germany dangerous; so he wrote to Julian to adjourn to Bologna, giving as a reason, that the Greek Emperor, John Palæologos, in his extreme distress, beset on all sides by the advancing Turkish power, had endeavoured to gain assistance from the West by offering to reconcile the Greek to the Latin Church; and thus that a town in Italy would be more convenient to the Byzantines than one in Germany.

But the matter was imminent with respect to the Bohemian insurrection. A great victory had been won by the Hussites in the summer, and they had even refused the peace the Emperor Sigismund offered them; so that he could not afford to miss the chance of their being satisfied and pacified by the Council. So many bishops, abbots, doctors, and delegates from the sovereigns had arrived, that Julian felt it impossible to dissolve the assembly, and wrote to the Pope a letter telling him that he had been misinformed; nobody at Bâle was infected by the Hussite heresy: there was a truce between the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, and no one had been either robbed or insulted on the way to the Council. Moreover, he held that it was more necessary to keep the Germans than to win the Greeks. The Council itself, at the same time, ruled that it neither could nor would be broken up save by its own consent, and sent a safe-conduct to the Bohemians, inviting them to come and plead their own cause.

The English Church had appointed as their chief delegate John Kemp, who had been secretary to Beaufort, afterwards Chancellor, and then united that office with the Archbishopric of York; but the uncertainty about the Council delayed his departure for a long time, and then he was stopped by the influence of Gloucester, and forced to refund the thousand pounds that had been granted to him for his expenses there, and which were voted to be spent on the siege of St. Valery. Indeed, it was a question whether there were any Council at all; for Eugenius had sent four nuncios, who, after trying in vain to make the Council dissolve itself, declared it broken up: but the fathers at Bâle were by no means of that opinion; they pronounced the Pope contumacious, continued to hold sessions, and when Eugenius fell sick, determined that, in case of a vacancy, the new Pope should be elected at Bâle. The French clergy met at Berry, and agreed to acknowledge the Council as valid and superior to the Pope; and Sigismund, who rather late in the day had gone to Italy to receive the imperial crown, at last brought the Pope to a kind of semi-acknowledgement of them.

On the 9th of July, 1483, then, three hundred Bohemian gentlemen

rode into Bâle, led by their captain, Procopius the Shaven, and the tall houses were crowded with heads at the windows, gazing at their strange dresses. Their divines, John Rockesana, Wenceslas, and Udalric, were heard in Council, and declared that they would obey in all that was according to the Word of God; but that if anything to the contrary were enjoined by the Pope, Council, or legate, they should resist to blood. After some deliberation, the fathers of the Council agreed to grant their demands, the chief of which was Communion in both kinds; and thus they were for a time reconciled to the Church, and probably would have been so permanently if the Pope and Italians had not been bitterly set against the concession, and if Sigismund had not been both weak and dishonest.

He had promised to make Rockesana Archbishop of Prague, and not to permit the return of the religious orders to Bohemia; but so soon as he had entered the country, and had been crowned at Prague, he expelled Rockesana, and recalled the monks, in which perfidy he was sure to be backed by the Pope. The Hussites rose in insurrection again; and in the year 1487, Sigismund died, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Albert of Austria, and King of Hungary in right of his wife. He only reigned two years; and the next emperor was the Austrian Duke Frederick III.; while Hungary went to Albert's infant son Ladislas.

The Council further busied itself about the English and French wars, and sent a representative to the Congress of Arras; but there Archbishop Kemp, being present on the part of England, with his friend Cardinal Beaufort, warned the Council to look to their own proceedings, lest they should overthrow the peace of the Church and cause a schism; and thus he committed England to the cause of the Pope, instead of that of the Council, while Chicheley was too aged and broken to resist, without the support of the brave Henry V.

There was a real spirit of reformation in the Council, and many abuses were censured, chiefly the extortions of the Papacy, unjust modes of presentation to benefices; and likewise some irreverent practices, such as holding markets and fairs in churchyards, banquets in churches, and dancings there, or acting the adoration of the Shepherds and of the Magi, and the visit of the Maries to the Sepulchre. Such spectacles, and others far more profane and burlesque, such as the Feast of Fools, the Festival of the Ass and of the Boy Bishop, were so dear to the populace, that they continued in vogue till a century later.

Indeed, the Pope did all he could to discredit the Council, whenever he durst declaring it dissolved; while the Council, on the other hand, pronounced him contumacious. The Emperor was for the Council; and coming to Bâle, did his best to reconcile matters, but not very effectually. England, so far as Gloucester's influence went, was for the Council; so far as Beaufort ruled, for the Pope; the royal family of France was for Eugenius, but her clergy were the great strength of the Council; Castille

was of the Papal party, Aragon very decidedly the reverse; and while the Italian clergy made common cause with their head, the Italian laity for the most part detested the Papal government.

Meantime, the Emperor John Palæologus was in correspondence with the Pope and the Council. His hope was that his reconciliation would win for him the assistance of all the swords of the West, and judging by the effort it cost a Greek to make advances to the Franks, he mistook the power he had of making terms. He and his clergy could not bear to travel into the barbarous lands north of the Alps; and though the Council offered to meet him at Avignon, Nice, or any town in Savoy, anywhere except in Italy, he would come no farther than to Italy. To oblige him, Eugenius at length definitively declared the Council broken up, and transferred to Ferrara; but he was himself in an exceedingly unprosperous state, for his own Roman subjects had risen against him, and were on the point of delivering him up to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, when he escaped in the disguise of a black monk, and took refuge at Florence, without however in the least abating his pretensions.

It is very sad to look back at this Council, which really might have been general, since the Greek Church was in negotiation, and the Hussites had shown themselves ready to accept the conciliatory decrees; and yet all this hope of unity and possibility of reform without schism was cast away for want of either sovereign or prelate large-hearted enough to understand what was really at stake, each party merely struggling for its own success, and the Pope utterly untrustworthy.

And so it was that Eugenius declared the Council transferred to Ferrara; but only a few of the clergy quitted Bâle, where they continued to sit and legislate, while the Pope met the Eastern Emperor, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and Bessarion, the Archbishop of Nicea, with others of their clergy, at Ferrara. The plague broke out there, and the meeting was transferred to Florence, where Bessarion, a really great and able man, made a very fair and just arrangement of the points in dispute, and in 1439, a reconciliation was really effected; but the greater part of the Eastern Church utterly repudiated it, regarded him as a deserter, and retained all their prejudices. Still the fruits of this reconciliation remain in a small body of Greeks, who retain their national customs, but are in communion with Rome.

But Eugenius had been doing his best to produce a schism by excommunicating the Council, which continued to sit at Bâle. On their side, weary of Eugenius's perfidy, they actually deposed him, and elected in his place—of all people in the world—Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy, a good and wise prince, save in thus causing a schism, who, after a prosperous rule, had resigned his duchy to his son Louis five years before, and now allowed himself to be elected as Pope under the name of Felix V. He spent his time at Bâle, Lausanne, and Geneva, with twenty-four cardinals, chiefly of his own appointment.

The Aragonese kingdom had always been inclined against the Papal

dominion. One of their kings had been killed fighting for the Albigenses; and it was to a King of Aragon, as husband of Manfred's daughter, that Conradin on the scaffold bequeathed his glove, and all the Ghibelline traditions of the House of Hohenstaufen. For the insular Sicily the Aragonese kings had fought and conquered; but the continental Sicily had been retained by the family of Charles of Anjou, that brother of St. Louis to whom it was granted by the Pope as a fief of the Church. That family dwindled to one daughter, Giovanna I., who adopted as her successor, Louis, Duke of Anjou, the son of Jean, King of France. But he never succeeded in getting more of her royalty than the sounding title of King of the Two Sicilies, and also of Cyprus and Jerusalem—these last having been attached to the crown of Sicily by the marriage of the last heiress of the Crusading kings with Frederick II., Emperor of Germany and King of the Two Sicilies; and the county of Provence, which had been the inheritance of the wife of the original Charles of Anjou, was more easily obtained by a French prince than the Neapolitan possessions, which were seized by the male heir, Charles of Durazzo.

His descendants in two generations ended in another childless Giovanna, who in like manner adopted another Louis Duke of Anjou, grandson to the first, and elder brother to that René, Duke of Bar, whom we have seen made prisoner at Bullegneville in 1431, while fighting for his wife's inheritance of Lorraine, against her uncle, the Count de Vaudémont. In 1435, Louis II., who had been bravely defending the Queen against Alfonso of Aragon, died after a short illness; and Giovanna survived him for so brief a space, that she could only adopt his brother René in his stead before she also died, in the same year, 1435.

However, René was still a captive, and the Aragonese prince expected to gain the kingdom easily. He blockaded Gaeta, but the Genoese and Milanese attacked his fleet, and made him prisoner.

The Neapolitans sent their deputies to offer homage to René, and invite him to come to take possession of his throne; but he was still at Dijon, and he could only send his wife and younger children to represent him.

While preparing for her journey, the Duchess Isabelle of Lorraine resided at Tarascon in Provence, where the surpassing loveliness of the two children, Louis and Marguerite, created an enthusiasm among these impressible people, who composed verses, sung, danced, and strewed flowers in their path, calling them angel visitors. The eldest son, Jean, Duke of Calabria, was at Dijon with their father, and his sister Yolande had been placed in the hands of the Count de Vaudémont, to be the wife of his son Ferry.

In 1436, the family arrived at Naples, and were greeted with rapture; but Alfonso had regained his liberty, and pressed them sorely, while Isabelle undauntedly maintained her husband's cause, until in 1438, by mortgaging Bar to the Duke of Burgundy, he obtained his ransom, and

came to defend his rights. He was received with great joy at first, but the people were much disappointed at his bringing no money. Courage, however, he brought in plenty; but though a perfect knight in honour and courage, and a man of great intellectual ability, René was wanting in force and weight. He was one of the royal knights-errant, such as John of Bohemia had been; and in spite of his exceeding gallantry, and the kind consideration that attached everyone to his person, his was always the losing cause.

The Pope, of course, was on his side rather than on that of Alfonso; and Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, at first supported him; but the Pope, who had taken an unscrupulous condottiere into his pay, finding he could attack Sforza at what he considered an advantage, and thus punish him for his own ignominious flight from Rome, put forth the doctrine, that 'no treaty is binding which is against the interests of the Church,' and attacked Sforza. His interests were bound up with those of René, his defeat opened the way to the advance of Alfonso; and in 1442, René's situation became so perilous, that he sent home his wife and children to Provence, and prepared to stand a siege at Naples, where he was passionately beloved. Alfonso, however, effected an entrance through the treacherous old aqueduct that had once admitted Belisarius into Naples; René fled to Castel Nuovo, and thence sailed in a Genoese vessel to Rome, where he made terms with Alfonso, resigning to him his few remaining cities, that they might suffer no more misfortunes.

By way of consolation, when he visited the Pope at Florence, Eugenius, who had really ruined him, crowned him, and gave him full investiture of Naples as a fief of the Church, and therewith he returned to his home in Provence, which was the only territory, except a portion of Lorraine, which he possessed. But he was one of the brightest and most buoyant of men, and made himself and his people far happier than many much more famous personages ever did.

His little court at Aix or at Nanci was the home of poetry, music, and art; he loved and treasured the antiquities of Provence, made exquisite gardens full of choice flowers, one of which, the Provence rose, still bears in its name the memory of his love of horticulture. He painted, composed, and sung with considerable grace; he made his children the most accomplished young people in France; and much as the fierce intriguers of Europe despised him, and made game of his contentment under his high-sounding poverty, he lived in the constant joy of a pure heart, untainted faith, and good conscience, and beloved earnestly by his few subjects, who dwelt under him as in an isle of peace.

Meantime, Eugenius exerted himself to give Palæologus a reward, by sending a Crusade to his relief. The Duke of Burgundy took up the cause warmly, and a very considerable force was collected, and in 1446 placed under the command of Cardinal Julian, who marched towards Hungary to the assistance of young King Ladislas.

Before they reached the country, however, Ladislas had signed a

treaty for ten years with the Turks ; but Julian, in his mortification, and resolution that such preparations should not be wasted, declared that oaths to Infidels were not binding, absolved the Hungarians from them, and led the united armies to fall on the Turks at Varna.

A horrible defeat was the meet reward of this perfidy. Julian and young Ladislas were both killed, thousands perished in the swamps, and the Battle of Varna was one of the most disastrous Christendom has ever known.

Only a year later, in 1447, died the Pope, Eugenius IV., who by his slippery falsehoods had thrown away the grandest opportunity that ever Pope possessed of closing one rent in the Net of the Church, and preventing another. The new Pope was Nicolas V.; and soon after his election, in 1449, the Antipope Felix resigned his pretensions, resumed his old name of Amadeus, and returned to full communion with Rome. He received the rank of a Cardinal Legate, and all his cardinals were admitted into the college.

So closed the schism created by the Council. The only good effect of the Greek reconciliation having been, that with Bessarion, who was made a cardinal, many learned Greeks came into Italy, and ancient Greek literature began to be once more studied there.

Learning was indeed fast spreading. The good and charitable considered it a better act to found a college than a monastery. Basle was made the seat of a university by Æneas Sylvius, who had been surprised by the ignorance he had found prevalent in Germany; and at home, Archbishop Chicheley founded the College of All Souls at Oxford, with large endowments, and built another without endowment, called St. Bernard's, for the Cistercians. He died in 1448, and the Primacy was given to John Stafford, a man of good family, and, as usual with the English prelates, a lawyer and politician.

(To be continued.)

AN ADOPTION IN RUSSIA.

(SKETCHES OF THE CUSTOMS AND OFFICES OF THE
GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.)

(INSCRIBED TO E. AND J. C.)

CHAPTER I.

'CAN you imagine anything more distressing than not knowing one's own mother? Pity me, then, for that is my case, Fédinka!'

'You'll get accustomed to it,' replied Fédinka, a young officer in the Cavalier Guards, the playmate in childhood and companion in youth of the first speaker, who had been the protégée and goddaughter of his great-grandmother, the Baroness Schenkendorf, recently deceased.

'The thing is, that I am the most useless creature imaginable! Mamasha is very poor, (that is, she thinks so, but Lukeria Gregorievna says that three hundred and fifty roubles a year is plenty to live on,) and is not accustomed to occupation. Dear Godmamma! oh, how grateful I am for that one teaching—that I am useless! I know it, and that is one step towards mending. Godmamma always told me the truth.'

'Don't cry.'

'I wish people would let me have all my cries out as you do, Fédia,' she said, after sobbing for some minutes, and putting her handkerchief into her pocket, and her hand into his. 'You'll write to me very often, won't you?'

'Of course, darling.'

'And tell me all about Inna, just as you used before, here, in the dear dear old house? and about Ivan Pavlovitch's quarrels with Simeon Alexéevitch? and how the dear students get on: mind, Fédia!'

'Yes, my soul.'

'Particularly about Inna, and yourself. Oh, the idea of my being miserable at going home to live with Mamasha! what a wicked creature I must be! But why did she give me up to Godmamma? why did she let me get accustomed to all this' And she waved her hand round her, indicating the rich and elegant appointments of the room they were sitting in.

'I tell you you had better stop with us. Inna would be as glad as I.'

'No, Fédia; she is my mother. She is getting old, too, and I must do my duty by her.'

'Listen, Agrafena! has your mother done her duty by you?' (He did not like Madame Mordvinoff, if the truth must be told, and forgot caution in his affection for her daughter.) 'You say, why did she give you up to Grandmamma? Because she was idle, Grousha;* because she thought it would be a fine thing. (You'll excuse me.) She is highly educated, you know, and could have taught you herself every bit as well as our Lukeria Gregorievna—but idleness is the root of all evil! And what are its fruits? That her own child is breaking her heart at returning to her roof! that she loves comparative strangers better than her own brothers and sister! Who was it, I should like to know, that asked her, only yesterday evening, which was the elder brother, André or Nicholai? I am astonished that you remember their names!'

'What's to be done? Groaning and moaning over the past is of no use. We must try to be wise at the present time, in order to be less regretful in future. I'll do my best—with God's help.'

'At any rate, stay with us until you go to Q——. Have you quite made up your minds?'

'Mamasha does not know her own. She wants to be comfortable, you see, and yet wishes to stay here. I proposed getting pupils, just to help a little, but she won't hear of it—she says they would distract her; I have

* Dim. for Agrafena.

made up *my* mind, if I have any voice in the matter, because Nicholai Nicholaïevitch, when he proposed our going to Q——, wrote that living there is nearly half as cheap again as at Petersburg. That settles the matter in my opinion—besides being near Phimoushka * and her darling little baby! It must be done, Fédia!

‘So it seems, if you will not agree to my arrangements. But when shall we see you again, Grousha?’

‘Don’t talk of it. We must not think of ourselves, but set about our duties. Lord help us!’

‘Without doubt He will, my soul!’ Sisterless and brotherless, Fédia had never felt his orphanage till now.

Olympiada Modestovna, Agrafena’s mother, was employed during this conversation, and much that preceded and followed it, in collecting every packable article that belonged directly or indirectly to her daughter. The baroness was immensely rich, and provided for Agrafena in the handsomest manner during her lifetime, but left nothing to her in her will, probably from the impression that her great-grandson and goddaughter would ultimately marry, and that thus the latter would be amply provided for. ‘What earnestly she wished, she long believed,’ and though she never hinted her desire to either of the young people, she encouraged their intimacy as much as possible; but it ended in Grousha’s taking on herself the negotiations between Féodor and his great-grandmother concerning his engagement to a maid-of-honour with whom he had fallen violently in love—ended, only to continue in another and far more intimate form, for they never were so fond of each other as after that incident. The Baroness would not hear of the marriage; and the poor little gentle maid’s papa would not consent until the Baroness herself should ask for his daughter’s hand on behalf of Féodor Kyrilovitch. Olympiada Modestovna thought over all this ‘history’ as she packed up Grousha’s things, with mingled regret, bitterness, and self-reproach, at never having taught her to encourage Fédinka’s affectionate feelings before he met with the maid-of-honour. As she turned over the clothes and linen that had been so bountifully and tastefully provided, and heaped them into the portmanteau and chests that stood open to receive them, she more than once abused the memory of her benefactress, and the stupidity and unworldliness of her innocent daughter. A few costly jewels, the gifts of the Baroness and the thoughtless but warm-hearted Fédia, made her eyes brighten and her spirits rise for a moment, and she tied them up carefully in a handkerchief; but the discontented mournful expression of her face returned again when she looked at Grousha’s library—an immense one for so young a girl. ‘Never mind,’ she thought, ‘they will bring a price as waste paper.’ Besides these, she took possession of the carpet, curtains, pictures of the saints, and even the plants in the windows—and great credit to herself for not carrying off the furniture and toilet-service. In the evening they left the Baroness’ stately mansion for the uncomfortable unhome-like lodging that

* Dim. for Seraphima.

Olympiada Modestovna occupied in the 24th line of the Vasilieffsky Island, which forms part of the city of St. Petersburg, and where she had lived for many years in an unsatisfactory state of shabby lazy gentility, always in hopes that Grousha would marry somebody very rich and invite her to live with her. But Grousha had not a taste for matrimony, or her time had not come, for she was now nineteen years old, and still not in love with anybody, rich or poor!

After a great many disputes, Grousha won the battle, and it was decided that the Mordvinoffs should take up their permanent abode at Q——, where the married daughter lived. They had a very long journey before them, and they deemed it prudent to wait till the spring before setting out on it, as the river navigation affords facilities that the winter roads could not do, to say nothing of the cold. Olympiada Modestovna was astonished to find her daughter intent on becoming useful and practical, and very far from being a fine lady. She persuaded her mother to dispose of two of their three serf servants—for my tale goes many years back, in the days when proprietors could sell their people like cows and sheep. Of course Olympiada Modestovna objected strongly at first, asking who would dress her, who would wash and iron the collars and caps, who mend the stockings, &c. To all this Grousha answered quietly, 'I will;' and with a perseverance that showed how much good there was in her, she patiently learnt all the details of getting up fine linen, patching and darning, boiling coffee, and even a little of cooking—all which she did 'with her might;' and while the terrible days of winter gradually gave way to the sloppy thaw, and the thaw to the bright delicious balm of a Russian spring, she was being transformed from the elegant petted protégée of the almost millionaire Baroness von Schenkendorf to the working economizing girl-noble of the class to which she really belonged. (She was the orphan of a colonel in the Naval Artillery.) She knew that her mother was too old to alter her notions and habits, that something must be done, and that sooner or later all the knowledge she was now acquiring would prove useful to herself or to others, and she felt a new zest and pleasure in accustoming herself to these homely employments, partly doubtless from their entire novelty to her, but greatly from the conviction of their absolute indispensability. She was greatly assisted by the advice of a young German matron who lived in a little house at the end of their garden. Her husband was foreman in a piano-forte manufactory, and though he received good wages, living in Petersburg is no joke, and his bright little wife had hard work to manage, with three tiny children too. It was in her exquisitely clean kitchen and parlour that Grousha took a lasting fancy to the homely happiness of life in the middle class, and a disgust to the 'appearance making' of her mother and many of her acquaintances, with lessons that she never forgot of industry and carefulness. Regrets *did* enter her head—serious regrets, for the loss of many advantages and luxuries that could not but have charms for one to whom they had become habits—the opera, the drives

in carriages of Viennese or English workmanship, the society that frequented the Baroness' hospitable house, and the evening réunions of clever and superior people that so often assembled there—and the sudden change from a family of upwards of twenty persons, counting all the distant relatives, orphans of former stewards of the Baroness' estates, aged tutors of her deceased sons, governesses of her granddaughters, and other houseless folk, who were fed by her bounty, to the monotonous company of the ever-grumbling Olympiada Modestovna, was really a trial to her. But Féodor Kyrilovitch often drove in his gallant little sledge to see her, and pour forth his rhapsodies about his Inna into her ever-sympathizing ear; and two students, pensioners of the Baroness, who had lived under the same roof with her for many years, and been her playmates and companions, like Fédia, used to wrench moments of leisure from their working hours, and come to 'help' Grousha in her new capacity as house-keeper. She herself often spent an afternoon in the home of her girlhood, with her dear old governess and adviser, Lukéria Gregorievna.

Thus passed the time till May, when the Mordvinoffs bade adieu to damp but beautiful Petersburg, and set forth on their journey to Orenbourg. Grousha found it very hard to part with Féodor Kyrilovitch and his 'family,' (as he loved to call the inmates of his grandmother's house, whom he insisted on keeping on the same terms exactly as during her lifetime,) and he felt that he was losing the presence of his best earthly friend and adviser. Lovely and loveable as his young bride was, she was too childish and inexperienced to supply at once the place of that faithful and indulgent girl. He had not a secret from her; she knew all his naughty histories of gambling parties, bets, presents to grasping actresses, and debts to horse-dealers, money-lenders, and jewellers; and though she scolded him roundly in private, she always managed to bring him safely through interviews with his grandmamma on the ticklish subjects, and never heard any impertinent arguments, such as those he occasionally offered to General Andréeff, his guardian. He would not say good-bye to her, persisting in repeating '*dô svidánia!*'* till the train was out of hearing.

Grousha enjoyed her two thousand five hundred versts journey rather than otherwise, and relished the various mishaps and discomforts attendant on Russian travelling, which were causes of serious annoyance to poor Olympiada Modestovna, who had long ago outgrown any fancy for adventure, or any taste for fun. On their arrival at Q—— they stayed a fortnight with Seraphima Nestorovna, Grousha's sister, who had been the wife of one of the inspectors of the gold-washing works there for about three years, and was her mother's own daughter in every respect. Her husband passed his mornings at the works, and his evenings at the card-table; he was considered a good officer and a pleasant comrade; and Madame Mordvinoff, who despised him for his unimportance and poverty when he insisted on marrying her silly useless Seraphima, felt all at once

* '*Au revoir.*'

a degree of awe and respect for him on finding him on the footing he had gained at Q——; and the style of their living, though on a small scale, was decidedly of the sort she affected: but Grousha felt that it was an unsatisfactory state to be in constantly, and was glad when her mother became the purchaser of a small, but very convenient, cheerful, log-house on the banks of the beautiful lake that fed the works, with a large garden and a shady balcony. The superintending of the papering and painting of this dwelling, the making and hanging of curtains, hunting out persons who had furniture to sell,* bargaining for the same, and giving the whole place that indescribable air of elegance and comfort that a person accustomed to them alone can give, were of course Grousha's care, and she was as happy over it as a little girl with her doll's house. Olympiada Modestovna began to appreciate her daughter's new-found talents, especially when applied to her own immediate comfort; but she could never fully understand or believe that Grousha enjoyed it, and it was always with a manner half apologetical that she proposed or hinted at any addition or alteration that incurred fresh trouble. Besides the serf woman whom they brought from St. Petersburg, and who was a first-rate cook, they hired a young girl to be maid and errand-runner.

Thus comfortably established, the Mordvinoffs enrolled themselves on the list of the Q—— society, and (as new-comers almost invariably are) were received by its members with the utmost cordiality. They made formal visits to the ladies, who quickly returned them, and in their train the husbands and brothers, and gradually the solitary bachelors, made their appearance. There were some very agreeable people among the number, some few rather tiresome, stupid, or mischief-making, but on the whole very bearable.

There was one of the sterner sex, however, who did not call on the Mordvinoffs until he was sent for in his professional capacity—this was the doctor, Esper Andréévitch Pankreffsky; but the ice once broken, he became a more frequent visitor than any of the others. Olympiada Modestovna was certainly an ailing person, and the pretext of inquiring after and prescribing for his patient was an honest one, but it is not to be supposed that professional ardour alone was the attraction. The Q—— people wondered at his taking so much notice of that strange creature, Agrafena Nestorovna, by no means a pretty girl either, with her pale face and dark eyes and quiet ways. They could not understand what it could be, especially as Grousha professed herself indifferent to the charms of dancing, did not play well enough to give pleasure to other people, and never laid wagers of her own fancy-work. Nevertheless, the doctor went as often as he conveniently could.

He was quite a young man, and had been educated at Petersburg in the same university as Grousha's student friends; the youngest son of a

* In small towns in the interior, one must either content oneself with second-hand furniture, or order it to be *made*, which takes a very long time. There are no cabinet-makers' shops.

general officer, and moving in the higher circles of the middle class, he had chosen of his own free will, and to the surprise of his father and indignation of his mother, who wished him to serve in the army or navy, the profession of a physician, as being that by which he hoped to have the greatest opportunity of being useful to his fellow-creatures. He placed the medical profession above all others, except the calling of a priest, which he considered almost too high for mortal man to follow; the frivolity and idleness of his officer brothers disgusted him when a boy, and he had a horror of war and wounds that amounted to a monomania in the adolescent. There was certainly a portion of eccentricity in his character, but so much noble feeling and straightforward sincerity in his convictions, that his parents gave way, and let him do as he wished. His father dying before he had completed his medical education deprived him of the means of continuing his studies in one of the German Universities, as he had intended to do, and made him accept the first appointment that was offered him on passing his final examination, as it involved no expense to his mother, whom he devotedly loved. He was a goodly person to look at, with the most beautiful blue eyes that ever beamed from behind spectacles. An adept in his profession, and an attentive, sympathizing, and successful practitioner, yielding wherever he dared to the wishes and opinion of the senior doctor, his superior officer, yet gently insisting on having his own way if convinced of its necessity for the patient; a pleasant comrade, and agreeable and intelligent at all times—such was the man who dared to lift his eyes to Grousha, and court her as his future wife. Not a word, and scarcely a look, had however passed between them after an acquaintance of nearly six months; and Olympiada Modestovna, who still indulged in very brilliant castles in the air for her daughter, never imagined for a moment that anything serious could be thought of by the two young people, and was merely enchanted with the Doctor in his professional line, holding him up a model of attention. ‘Not even at Petersburg had she ever met with such a medical man! Never!’

CHAPTER II.

AGRAFENA NESTOROVNA, who took things as they came, and always tried to make the best of everything, had determined from the first to appear content, even if things did not quite come up to her own standard: ‘things,’ however, turned out better than she expected; she and her mother were getting rather fond of each other—at any rate, they were getting accustomed to each other, and she was very happy at home, but certainly Esper Andréevitch’s acquaintance had something to do with it.

She and her sister did not become very great friends. Seraphima Nestorovna was a frivolous empty-headed creature, given to dress, smoking, card-playing, and flirting; a shocking housekeeper, and a very

careless mother; but Grousha had an ever new pleasure in going to her house, because of the darling little godson that she had there. It was her delight to wash him, to comb and cut his hair, to mend and make his clothes, play with him, cut out paper figures for him, and be his abject slave at all times. She had always been fond of children, but this one she doated on; and she had a way of her own of pleasing them—never talking baby nonsense to the little ones, nor moralizing to the elders, yet always contriving to leave an impression on their minds of some amiable or useful teaching. She could break in violent boys and tiresome girls after a few *séances*, and the grandmamas and nurses of such, declared that she must have a *zágovor* (spoken charm or exorcism) for it. This also was an occasion for wonderment on the parts of the Q—— people, especially the young ladies, with not one of whom Grousha could become intimate, and on a ‘bosom friendly’ footing; and although she was perfectly polite and good-natured, yet it must be acknowledged that she was cool to them. At Christmas time she was obliged to go to parties and dance, but as a make-up she persuaded her mother to give a child’s ball, ostensibly to little Boris, her nephew, but in reality to assemble all her dear little friends and enjoy the sight of their fun and happiness.

When the day fixed for the little party arrived, Grousha was deep in preparations from early morn; but to her great disappointment little Borinka had begun to cough so distressingly during the night, that it was impossible for him to go to his grandmamma’s, particularly in such a severe frost as that which was pinching the noses and chins of the orthodox that day. As the other guests had joyfully accepted the invitation, it was considered inconvenient to put off the party, and Grousha went on preparing the rooms and candelabra with great activity; everything was ready at noon, but Olympiada Modestovna had not given her the money requisite for some bon-bons and sweetmeats, figs and raisins, and other good things that are indispensable at such meetings. There was to be a dinner party at the magistrate’s at two o’clock, to which Madame Mordvinoff was invited; and on Grousha’s earnestly representing the imperative necessity of ‘dessert,’* she promised to buy it on her way home. The rooms were full when she made her appearance at seven o’clock, and Grousha, assisted by a good-natured widow neighbour, Anfisa Fômishna by name, was very busy giving each guest his tea. She kissed her sister, (who had brought Olympiada Modestovna home in her sledge, and popped in for a moment to warm herself and look at the children,) and then eagerly whispered, ‘And the dessert, Mamasha?’

‘Akh! was there ever such a head as mine? It quite escaped my memory. What shall we do?’

‘Come with me, Grousha,’ said Seraphima good-naturedly. ‘Mamasha is frozen. I will leave you at the shop, and you can buy the things while I am driving home. I will send back the sledge immediately for you.’

‘Oh, that is delightful!’ said Grousha. ‘Mamasha, you must pour out

* ‘Dessert’ is the word used in Russ for the bon-bons, figs, &c., above-mentioned.

the tea; and don't forget Anfisa Fômishna,' she added in a whisper. 'Get the money ready, Mamasha; I will go and dress.'

'Wrap up warm, Groushinka, it is awfully cold!'

In ten minutes time they had reached the shops; Grousha jumped out, and bidding her sister good-bye, began to make her purchases. She had not many to make, but they were of such a description that it required a little time and great patience to select them good of their kind and reasonable in price. They had been duly weighed out and paid for, and tied up in a great coloured handkerchief that her mother had thrust into her muff for the purpose, when she began to wonder why the sledge was so long in coming, for Seraphima's house was only two or three minutes' drive distant. The shop was little better than a booth, and it seems to be the peculiar feature of such buildings that they attract the utmost degree of cold to themselves, and to their floors in particular. Grousha's feet, protected as they were by thick felt boots over the ordinary bottines of house wear, began to feel the cold in no small degree. Her fingers had caught the nip when handling and trying the things produced for her selection, and not all the blowing and breathing that her lungs could perform were able to restore circulation out of doors, considering that there was a frost of 35 deg. (Reaumur.) She walked up and down the tiny shop, the proprietor of which was already preparing to shut up, and rendering the space that served for poor Grousha's promenade still smaller by hauling indoors the various boxes and casks of salt, raisins, tobacco, and candles, that were exposed for sale during the day-time outside the booth. The candle burnt more and more dimly every moment, and not a sound could be heard in the deserted market-place.

'Akh! what *shall* I do, Vasili Stepanovitch?' she said to the shopman in a distressful voice. 'Do be so kind as to look if my sledge is coming.'

The man looked up and down and across the market-place, round which the shops stood; it presented a perfectly undistinguishable space of utter darkness, the only lights being the stars: he said that no one was coming either way.

Another five minutes passed, and the welcome sounds of a fast approaching vehicle were distinguishable; it dashed by, however, leaving poor Grousha ready to cry for impatience and cold, for it is a singular feature of the effects of frost on the human frame, that people generally feel a strong disposition to whimper, when under its influence to a great extent.

'What shall we do indeed, Sudarina,' said Vasili Stepanovitch; 'it is time for me to go home too. We will stop for five minutes longer, and if they do not come for you by that time you had better walk with me to our house, and we'll have the horse put to for you.'

'Oh, I can't walk,' said Grousha, in a tearful voice, from her seat on a bass sack of walnuts. 'My feet are quite numbed, and my hands too! Oh, what shall I do?' and she broke down completely, and cried, in a very weak-minded manner, as it would appear to those who have never felt more than eight or ten degrees of frost in their lives.

The shopman was pondering how to get rid of this unwelcome and melancholy customer, when the snow again yielded to the iron fittings of a sledge; and at the same instant as it stopped, a tall figure, well muffled in a badger cloak and sable cap, strode in hastily with the words: 'A packet of papyros-cigarettes, quick!'

Grousha sprang to her feet: it was Pankreffsky. 'Oh, I am so glad; please, please take me home! I am frozen to death.'

'Agrafena Nestorovna! why, how? what is the meaning of this? Bless my heart,' he continued, taking her stiff marble-like fingers into his warm hands, 'this is no joke!' and he led her to his basket-sledge, while the shopman followed him and gave the cigarettes to the coachman.

'Drive for your life!' shouted Esper Andréévitch in his authoritative tone, seizing the ends of the reins with his left hand, and urging the horse forward. The whole time the little journey lasted he was alternately inquiring anxiously and tenderly how Grousha felt, or roaring at the coachman for imaginary slowness. On their arrival at home he took her in his arms as if she had been a child of ten, and carried her into the entrance, which he found empty, and laid her on the roondook,* while he tore off his own wraps and hurried into the rooms to call Olympiada Modestovna.

'Have the goodness, Madam,' he said in the stern voice he was accustomed to assume with refractory or unnecessarily fussy patients, 'to attend to your daughter. She is violently cold, and if I mistake not, frost-bitten.'

Olympiada Modestovna, much alarmed, meekly followed him to the lobby. 'Who, I should like to know, left her in the shops even for five minutes during such a frost as this? How did she get there? It is unpardonable, upon my word, Olympiada Modestovna.'

'O Mamasha, Mamasha!' whimpered Grousha, as she tried to feel her feet on the ground. 'I am so dreadfully, dreadfully cold, and so—sleepy.'

'Come, come, let me take off your things!' said Pankreffsky soothingly, going down on his knees to pull off her boots, while her mother and Anfisa Fômishna unwound her scarf and removed her hood and shouba, thus admitting warm air gradually to her chilled limbs. 'Snow, here! goose-grease! move, can't you?' he cried reproachfully to the crowd of little guests and their nurses and governesses that had assembled round the sufferer. Half a dozen people rushed they hardly knew whither, but all the Doctor wanted was room to pass into the inner apartments. 'Carry Agrafena Nestorovna into her room,' continued he to the cook. 'Thank God, no great mischief is done; if we can keep her awake, and bring back circulation in the feet, we shall be soon all right.' Anfisa Fômishna had taken off her stockings, and the doctor ascertained that though frightfully numbed and perfectly white, like those of a corpse,

* An immense sort of locker, such as there are in schools: it is placed in lobbies for keeping shoubas in, and for throwing shoubas on during short visits.

they were not so-called frost-bitten; and the hands were even less affected, owing probably to the rubbing and squeezing they had undergone during the drive home. The cook had just taken Grousha up when the outer door opened, and Seraphima's coachman entered, bringing with him a great puff of frost, and diffusing a mist of intense cold from his person.

'To your graciousness, Esper Andréévitch, Seraphima Nestorovna sends you her compliments, and begs you will come with me as quickly as possible. Little master is very ill.'

'In five minutes, brother! Wait for me. Go and warm yourself in the kitchen. In five or ten minutes,' was the answer.

'Oh go, go, Doctor,' said Grousha imploringly, from the cook's shoulder; 'they can rub me, only you tell them how. My angel Borinka, please go to him.'

'I will go when I have finished your business. I don't intend you to be lame, or to lose either of your ten toes, if it lies in my power to prevent it.' Grousha was comparing the loss of one toe to Borinka's life. 'Now sit down and put your feet on this stool,' (they had reached the bed-room, where a pailful of snow already stood,) 'and let me rub them with snow, while Olympiada Modestovna is so kind as to rub one hand and Anfisa Fômishna the other; and, in the meantime, breathe deeply to get warm air into your lungs, and try to laugh and to be very cheerful.'

'But I can't be cheerful, Esper Andréévitch,' groaned the poor girl, as the vigorous rubbing of the animated doctor brought the first agonizing sensation of returning circulation. 'Oh! oh! And then poor dear Borinka! what can be the matter with him? He only had a cough this morning.'

'I dare say the nurse gave him something that disagreed with him, while his mother was absent at the magistrate's, and he is slightly indisposed, you know. And pray remember what a very anxious yet undiscerning mother your sister is, and how often she has sent for me post-haste in a similar manner, without the slightest necessity.'

'Yes. But still— Oh! please, Esper Andréévitch, don't rub so hard! Oh—h!'

'Think of the great martyress St. Catherine, or St. Barbara, Agrafena Nestorovna,' said he, looking up smiling into her face: and notwithstanding her groans of agony, and absolute writhings, she could not help giggling hysterically as he went on to describe a picture that he had seen in a country church, illustrative of the sufferings and martyrdom of the former saint, depicted by a self-taught artist in the most barbarous style. Little by little, however, a throbbing glow of warmth succeeded the uncomfortable sensations, and both feet and hands became of a deep red colour, and considerably swelled. A quarter of an hour had sufficed to renew circulation, and the Doctor now requested Anfisa Fômishna to pour out a cup of tea for the patient, and to put a tea-spoonful of rum into it.

'Well, now you are quite comfortable, I hope?' he said, as he wiped

his hands and covered her feet with a large shawl. 'Pray be cautious for the future; and remember that the parts once caught by frost, however slightly, are always more susceptible than those which have escaped.'

'Thank you, Doctor, very much. If it had not been for you, I really believe I should have died.'

'I?' repeated he; her hands, swelled and burning hot, with the fingers awkwardly spread out, lay in her lap: he took one up and kissed it.

Both felt confused, but deliciously happy. 'You are my patient now. Adieu, till we meet again.'

'Good-bye. Make haste to Borinka!'

'He was looking for his cap, when Olympiada Modestovna came in with a distressed face.

'I really must drive you out of the house, Esper Andréévitch!' she said, with an attempt at a laugh; 'it seems that poor Borinka is the cause of Grousha's misfortunes this evening: for when Phimoushka got home she found him so ill that she forgot, I suppose, that her sister was freezing at the shops, and sent the coachman with the sledge to your house for you, and your people packed him off to the hospital.' The Doctor gave a grunt of impatience. 'And then, somehow they guessed that you must be here. I was so flurried and alarmed (and still feel so agitated) that I am afraid I have not thanked you at all. I am sure—'

'No cause whatever for thanks, Olympiada Modestovna; only let me beg you to look at the thermometer when you have occasion—imperative occasion—to send so young a person as your daughter anywhere, especially to the shops.'

'Yes—it *was*, certainly, very unthinking of me. But there, do pray go, Doctor! I shall not be easy till I hear what is the matter with the little darling.'

Grousha during all this talk had been stamping about the room in her great felt boots, for she could not get her little bottines on; and the spoonful of rum having done its duty by her unaccustomed head, she felt in tremendous spirits, and performed several pirouettes and *pas*, to the secret delight of the Doctor, and rather to the scandalization of her mother, who shook her head several times at her in a warning manner. The Doctor took his leave, and the mother and daughter went arm-in-arm to the zala, where the children were playing at 'recruits,' with loud clapping of their hands. They surrounded their hostesses with eager inquiries after the fate of Grousha's toes, which some of them evidently fancied had broken off like icicles; and she was laughing at their horrified looks, when her mother whispered, 'Run, my soul, and see if he is gone; if not, ask him to come back after he has seen Borinka; it will be such a relief to me.'

She went dancing and singing to the lobby; Esper Andréévitch had just laid his hand on the handle of the outer door, having wrapped himself up to such a degree that only his eyes were visible.

'Esper Andréévitch, stop! Mamasha begs you will return here after

prescribing for Borinka, because she is so very anxious about him. If you please.'

He turned towards her and held out both hands; and before she knew what she or he was doing or intending to do, her own were clasped in them, and their eyes met as they never before had done. The passionate kiss he imprinted on her palms brought her to herself, and she drew them hastily from his grasp; not a word was uttered by either, and he hurried away.

Grousha's head reeled for more intoxicating causes than the punch tea. She now felt sure of what she had hardly dared to think. She crossed herself again and again, breathed deeply with the full joyful instinct of reciprocated affection. 'O Lord God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee for this happiness,' she murmured. And she fancied she should feel like this all the rest of her life. She came into the tea-room, because there were less people there; and having asked Anfisa Fômishna for another cup of tea, as a reason for not being in the zala, stood with her back to a warm stove, 'rejoicing in hope,' giving way to the full flow of innocent rapture she was thus suddenly put in possession of; gloating, as it were, over her sweet secret; and as a wind-up, she actually kissed her own hands—in the dark corridor leading to the zala—simply because his lips had touched them. 'That will do, Grousha,' she said to herself, astonished at her own madness; 'now go and be Agrafena Nestorovna.'

It was lucky for her that her mother and guests knew about that spoonful of rum; otherwise they would have been wondering what could have made her in such wild spirits. She danced, whirling with the little girls, and sending the bigger boys into raptures by flirting with them. Half an hour passed like five minutes, when a small note was put into her hand, so hurriedly despatched that the writer had neither directed nor even folded it. It contained these words:—

'The child is too ill for me to leave it. Croup in its worst form.

E. P.'

'Oh! I must go to Phima!' she exclaimed, as the tears started to her eyes, handing the scrap of paper to her mother; 'or perhaps you would like to do so, Mamasha? Is the bearer gone?'

'No, Miss; he is warming himself in the kitchen. Snow is falling very thick, Miss.'

'Snow? oh, then it must be getting milder! Mamma, may I go? say one thing or another, dear Mamasha!'

But Olympiada Modestovna was determined to be prudent this time, and firmly set her face against Grousha's leaving the house. The loving heart had not one scrap of selfishness in it; and her own joy was entirely forgotten in anxiety for the little sufferer, and pity for his parents. Her mother sent back word that she herself would come the first thing next morning, and begged the sledge might be sent whatever the weather might be. After a pretty little supper, the delighted party broke up; and as the

elders had been entirely taken up with waiting on the little ones, they sat down to table after the guests were gone. Grousha felt gushes of happiness, sleepiness, and anxiety for Borinka alternately, and was very tired of hearing nothing but consultations between Anfisa Fômishna and her mother concerning the duties of a housekeeper in a 'rich' house, and exchanges of information about a Mr. Vesnin, the proprietor of some gold works at about fifteen versts from Q——; he was immensely rich, and had just arrived from Petersburg, for the first time, to take the management of the estate and works into his own hands. Anfisa Fômishna, the needy widow of a police-officer, had been recommended to him as a first-rate manager, and she was anxious to pick up a few hints from a person accustomed to high life before entering on her new duties. Bed-time did come at last, and Grousha was never so glad of the quiet of her own room; she wanted to think over seriously the events of that day in her life, and to conjecture what would be the upshot of them.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning proved quite a mild one in comparison with its predecessors, and Olympiada Modestovna prepared to set off to her daughter's immediately after breakfast. Nicholai Nicholaïevitch came for her, and his face at once told that his darling was better. He was loud in his praise of Esper Andréevitch's exertions, and in wonderment at his astonishing energy and health. 'You know he was dancing till four yesterday morning; and he was with us till nearly four to-day, when he was sent for to Lougoffka. He asked for a cup of strong coffee, and in a quarter of an hour's time was on his road. He is a fine fellow, really, and the kindest of souls! You should have seen him consoling Phimoushka last night, and doing everything for the child with his own hands, as tenderly as its mother—and much more cleverly, to tell the truth. I declare I quite despised myself as a father, when I saw how he soothed and relieved the poor little thing.'

Grousha listened with sparkling eyes and pink cheeks—she looked almost pretty.

'If you can manage it, Maman,' continued Nicholai Nicholaïevitch, 'I really should be grateful for your company at our house to-day. You see, I invited Vesnin and one or two others to dine; and, of course, Phimoushka is rather fatigued and flurried, and I do not want to put them off, so if you—'

'Certainly, certainly! I said last night that I would come; but, *mon cher*, I will not stop to dinner, please, you can do without me then. I must have my nap to-day, for I was cheated out of it yesterday.'

'Well, I won't insist. But we must have Agrafena to dine!' said he, with a glance, that Grousha did not observe, at Olympiada Modestovna.

‘She will like to see her godson all right again: and Phimoushka particularly requests it.’

‘Very well; she shall go when I return home,’ answered Olympiada Modestovna, rising from the breakfast-table, and locking the tea-caddy. Grousha was thinking how long the Doctor would be at Lougoffka, and what would happen when he came back; and she quite started when her mother threw the keys into her lap, and began to give her some directions about the dress and appendages that she wished her to wear at the dinner. During Olympiada Modestovna’s absence, she employed herself in bringing the little household to rights after the dissipation of the previous evening, and had dressed herself even to her mother’s complete satisfaction when she arrived, and after a minute inspection, wrapped Grousha up in extra warm clothing, and despatched her with God’s blessing.

Scarcely had she reached her sister’s door, when at that of her own home stood Pankreffsky. He had come to speak to her mother. After a sleepless night, (unless a doze on the road to Lougoffka may be called sleep,) and a very anxious, busy, but successful visit of five hours to his patient, he had dashed home, drunk hastily a cup of coffee, and having got himself up to the best advantage, he set forth, not without a trifling agitation in his heart of hearts, to ask for his wife. Of course, he did it so suddenly and so straightforwardly as to take Olympiada Modestovna very much by surprise; and she told him so, adding that she must have time to think—that she ought to write to her sons—(one was somewhere between Cronstadt and Japan, by-the-by)—that she really didn’t know—that she was quite in a flutter; but he was not the man to be put down by Madame Mordvinoff’s freeziness or nervousness, and pinned her to her place until he had exacted something like a definite answer—a promise to let him know whether it was to be yes or no in a week’s time; it was given on the condition that he should not by word or hint communicate on the subject with Grousha during that period.

Simply and honestly he gave his word, secure in his own mind that she was his already.

‘And whatever may be the result, Esper Andréévitch, remember that she has no dowry. We are very poor people, Doctor; there is nothing for you to regret.’

He was too much taken up with the subject he had at heart and in hand to notice this uncomplimentary observation: ‘I only want *her*,’ he answered, in a rather thick voice.

‘Ah! you think so now!’ said Olympiada Modestovna in a pathetic voice; ‘but it will be another history when you have half a dozen children to provide for and educate. Oh, that education!’

‘We must begin modestly, of course; but I do not think she need feel—straightened—in my house. I cannot consider myself poor, Olympiada Modestovna, as long as I have health, and such a Government appointment as mine, although my salary is small. I would not allow

myself to think of it—that is, I would not speak to you, did I not know I was acting honestly by her.’

Olympiada Modestovna was sure of it. She could not help feeling herself carried away by his warmth, and began to experience a very strong partiality towards him. But to see Grousha, for whom she had formed such hopes, the bride of a provincial medical man, when there was an unmarried gold-washer in the same town with her—no, she made up her mind to be callous.

‘Let me hope, Olympiada Modestovna,’ he continued, after a long horrible pause; ‘say one encouraging word! I will try to be a very kind son-in-law to you!’ he went on, as she still made no answer.

‘I do not doubt the sincerity and excellence of your intentions, Esper Andréévitch. God forbid!’ she said at last.

She allowed him, however, to kiss her hand, when taking a very low-spirited leave.

‘It is but a chance,’ she thought, as she heard the outer door creak after him; ‘but as long as Vesnin is here, and does not become attentive to anybody else, I sha’n’t give that lad any decided answer.’

After which resolution she made a very good dinner, took a comfortable nap, and would have slept still longer had she not been wakened by Seraphima’s chattering and noisy laugh.

‘*You* here?’ murmured the sleeper, with an emphasis of surprise on the pronoun.

‘Yes! here I am, for I could not rest until I had told you all about it.’

‘But how is Borinka? All about what?’

‘Oh, he is all right, thank God! No return of the barking: Esper Andréévitch is the most excellent physician and delightful man in the world! but that is not what I am thinking of just now,’ she said, smiling, and screwing up her eyes in order to express rapture; ‘the fickleness of my heart is notorious, you know, and it is occupied at present by another object.’

‘Oblige *me*—’ began Grousha, who was evidently bored thoroughly already.

‘No, no, no, my soul!’ rattled on the sister; ‘let me have it out, and I shall feel easier in my mind. He is sitting with my husband now—the doushka!’

‘You are speaking of Mr. Vesnin, I suppose? Well! and how do you like him?’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Seraphima, ‘he is the most delightful man! one can see directly that he belongs to good society! His hair—oh! and his coat, Mamasha! I never saw such cloth in my life! It is exactly like beautiful thick black satin! And so are his hands.’

‘Like black satin?’ murmured Grousha archly.

‘You!—hold your tongue! Like white satin, or pink, or whatever it is;—and *such* a diamond ring!’

‘On which finger was it, now?’ asked Grousha mischievously.

‘Not on his thumb, you tease! Oh, and his teeth, Mamashitchka! they are exquisite!’

‘For pity’s sake, do not enlarge upon that subject before me, Phima, for it reminds me of a day of the most poignant anguish of mind and body that I ever lived through,’ said Grousha.

‘Anguish?’

‘Yes. Godmamma sent me one fine day with Lukeria Grigorievna to Wallenstein’s—the dentist, you know, on the Nevsky Prospect—to have a tooth stopped in some new-invented patent way; and while we were waiting our turn, I passed the time in examining the glass cases that were in the ante-chamber; they were filled with pink gums, or jaw-bones, of beautiful teeth. Exactly like Mr. Vesnin’s. I cannot look at him without thinking of them, and my subsequent agonies.’

‘You absurd girl!’ said Madame Mordvinoff, smiling in spite of herself.

‘Well!’ cried Seraphima, vexed, ‘is that not proof clear that his teeth are beautiful, if they remind you of models? Is it not, Mamasha?’

‘I did not say that they were not beautiful,’ said Grousha; they are too beautiful—models, as you say.’ And she laughed till her mother and sister could do nothing but shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and at last join in her merriment, without distinctly comprehending its cause.

‘He must have sat for a model to Wallenstein,’ she contrived to say.

‘Enfant!’ murmured Olympiada Modestovna indulgently.

‘Seriously, Mamasha,’ Seraphima went on, ‘he is very *comme il faut*.’

‘I quite believe you, my dear,’ answered her mother quietly; ‘and how long does he intend to remain here?’

‘Till after Twelfth Night. But he will often come here for a day or two from his estate; he says it is dreadfully dull there.’ Grousha had left the room, wiping her eyes of her laughter-tears. ‘And you can’t think how taken up he was with that she-fool,’—meaning her sister—‘and she scarcely deigning to answer him! He was glad to meet somebody accustomed to Petersburg life, naturally. Because that is his sphere, you know—the opera, and masquerades, and *petis soupers*, and all that—’

‘Yes,’ replied Olympiada Modestovna, feeling that such were hardly the subjects that Grousha could be expected to be up in.

I dare say he will make you a visit to-morrow; because he said that he was not acquainted with all the members of our society, and that he must make haste to do so, because he intends inviting a party to his estate. Mamasha! if he invites us, you’ll be so very kind as to remain with Boria, won’t you? and we can take Agrafena with us.’

‘Very well, my dear.’ Olympiada Modestovna was completely occupied with the idea of Vesnin’s being taken up with Grousha, and

she determined to keep Pankreffsky's offer a secret at present, even from Seraphima, who, put into a very good humour by her mother's ready assent to her request, began to chatter about the alterations and additions to her toilet that the party in view would render necessary, and went home in high good spirits, notwithstanding Grousha's farewell freak of exposing her own white teeth in a ridiculous grimace. The evening was passed very sleepily indeed, and both the Mordvinoffs went to bed early. The mother retired principally to reflect on the best course to take in the present dilemma—for she considered herself to be in one. An honourable offer of marriage from a poor physician, and the chance, the most distantly possible chance, of the same from an almost millionaire! The circumstances that were favourable to her secret wishes were—first, the fact of Vesnin's confessing it to be awfully dull alone at the estate; second, his having been glad to meet somebody belonging to his own class from Petersburg; thirdly, his being taken up with that she-fool; fourthly, that Grousha knew nothing of the doctor's proposal.

Olympiada Modestovna closed her eyes with the determination to manage the affair in her own way.

The next day, Michaël Emilianovitch Vesnin appeared to pay his respects to the Mordvinoffs, and introduced himself in the French language. He was gentlemanly, but not handsome, pallid, with very light grey eyes, and fair brown hair that waved in abundance; but the blackness of his moustache and imperial formed a suspicious contrast with his very blonde lashes and brows. His costume and teeth were really faultless; and Olympiada Modestovna could not help remarking them. He was so extremely polite, he knew so many grand people, and he paid so many compliments, direct and indirect, to his hostess as well as to her daughter, that the former entirely lost her heart to him.

With all his drawing-roomnesses, as the Russians say, he was by no means an unpractical or stupid man, and had a very kind heart, and the best of intentions; but he was decidedly selfish, and frightfully spoilt. Spoilt by foolishly indulgent parents till seventeen years old, and till of age by a guardian, who feared to offend him, lest he should revenge himself on attaining his majority, (an idle and causeless fear, for the youth was of a peaceable disposition,) and finally, when he came into his property, by society, by wily, grasping, or needy people, who flattered and courted him for their own ends. He had one very strong weakness—one of the most common of all that attack mortals moving in a certain sphere—an adoration of high-sounding names, ranks, and titles.

A remark, unwittingly made by Nicholai Nicholaïevitch, attracted his attention to Grousha far more strongly than any graces of mind or person had power to do. Speaking of the comparative advantages of life in the capitals or provinces, and of the dullness and flatness of

society in the latter, generally speaking, he said, 'For instance, my sister-in-law. How do you think she, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, finds it? She, who was brought up in the house of the Baroness Schenkendorf! You know that family?'

'Had heard it mentioned, was not personally acquainted.'

'Not extraordinary, since the old lady was almost exclusively surrounded by her old friends, and did not seek new acquaintances. Yes, the Baroness was Agrapha Nestorovna's godmother, and all but adopted her, accustomed her to her own style of living, and died! Died; and of course her mother took her home (and they two almost strangers to each other!) to this poky hole!'

'*Affreux!*' said Michaël Emilianovitch.

He sat nearly an hour with the Mordvinoffs, wondering what subject would interest that silent girl, when the casual mention of Féodor Kyrilovitch caused him to brighten considerably; ('Fédinka,' as Grousha always called him, was evidently tenderly brought to mind,) he knew him.

'Goloubintsoff?' he asked.

'The same. Sous lieutenant in the Cavalier Guards. Do you know him?'

'Intimately; that is, I did know him before I went abroad; he was member of the club to which I belonged.'

'He is my late godmother's great-grandson, and all the same as brother to me. I am glad you know him. He is on the point of being married to one of the Morozoffs.'

'Hm. The Morozoffs of Moscow?'

'No. Prince Morozoff's daughter, maid-of-honour to Elena Pavlovna.'

Here was a rich discovery! Had Grousha known his vulnerable point, she could not have attacked him more expertly; and they continued talking in the same style for some time longer.

On the same day there was to be a public ball; and Grousha, though not fond of dancing, and quite sufficiently *blasée* to be indifferent to the gaieties of Q——, was looking forward to it with a mixture of timidity and delight, in anticipation of an inevitable meeting with Esper Andréevitch. He, poor fellow, in blissful ignorance of any rival, open or secret, had heroically determined to avoid all meetings with his beloved until the question were settled; but how to get off from his at first self-imposed, but now imperative, duty of being master of the ceremonies, at similar assemblies, pic-nics, &c., was the question. His patient at Lougoffka came to his relief, and he found it indispensable to go there and see how she was getting on, and convenient to do so that same evening; so he prepared everything in the morning, and then prevailed on a young officer to take on himself the duties of the evening. Just at the time that the ladies of Q—— were beginning to dress for the ball, his horse and sledge were brought to the door, and he gave slight vent to his feelings in the physical enjoyment of the rapid motion,

and the reining in of his spirited horse. For a man in love, he spent the evening very passably; his host was a clever and intelligent man, and full of cordiality and gratitude to the doctor for saving his wife's life. He possessed a son too, the object of his ardent wishes; and happiness generally makes, or ought to make, people particularly pleasant. The patient, too, was well, and beaming with joy over her infant, and the lady doctor was in such glorious spirits that Pankreffsky forgot *himself*; and if Grousha's graceful figure, and the beaming eyes that met his on the frost-biting night, would very often recur to his imagination, it was without impatience, or chafing at delay.

She, in the meantime, was dancing very languidly with the Q—— cavaliers, and particularly so with Michaël Emilianovitch, who exhausted his *grand-monde* eloquence in small-talk to no purpose. 'Fédinka' was the only subject that seemed to awaken her; but she looked so superior to the other girls in the room, the very turn of her head and tone of her voice betokening the secret of her breeding, that, knowing that secret, (as everybody else did) he felt himself irresistibly attracted to her, and said so much in hints during various short conversations with Olympiada Modestovna and Seraphima, that the former determined to proceed a step or two in the business she had on hand without delay. And first, she began her diplomacy by 'the rule of contrary,' which is supposed to be very effectual in bringing young ladies round to their mammas' opinions.

Michaël Emilianovitch helped them to dress and muffle like a true ladies' man, and insisted on conducting Olympiada Modestovna to her sledge, which she strenuously opposed, but of course submitted to. Grousha, to his great disappointment, ran round, and scrambled in at the other side; but he would not let them go till he had tucked them well in all round. Olympiada Modestovna prophesied cold, cough, rheumatism, and other effects of the frost, all of which he laughingly consented to endure for the ladies' sake.

'There's a bore for you!' exclaimed she, as soon as the sledge had got out of the yard. 'I trust every tooth in his head will ache for his pains! That is, if they are real!'

'Mamasha!'

'They are too beautiful to be his own, my dear; that's my opinion,' she returned, laughing. 'And sticking to us all the evening! What will the Horizontoffs think?'

Grousha did not care what the Horizontoffs would think, although she could not endure that family; but it was not in her nature to be able to hear a creature falsely blamed without taking his part. She defended Vesnin with great warmth, proving that the mutual acquaintance with Fédinka was the sole reason for his particular attentions, 'because, of course, the poor man must be horribly dull here after his travels and his Petersburg life.'

'*A la bonne heure!*' thought Olympiada Modestovna.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER morning visit, and a meeting at Phimoushka's house, where there was a card party, and where everybody played except Vesnin and Grousha, who were thus left entirely to each other's mercy for amusement and conversation, settled the matter in Olympiada Modestovna's mind, and she deemed it prudent to get rid of the Doctor at once; two days only remained to the end of the week, and an answer must be given. Of course Nicholai Nicholaievitch and his wife were in the conspiracy: the thing was to get Grousha herself to refuse Esper Andréevitch. A very slight circumstance helped them materially in their heartless ends. They met the Doctor at the shops, where Grousha and her mother were buying a toy for little Borinka. The merest common-places passed; but while Olympiada Modestovna was paying the bill, and Grousha examining some other toys on a shelf, he came up to her, and with his eyes full of fun, asked after her frost-bites. She answered that they were quite well; but where had he been all this time?

'Very busy with my patients.'

'I thought I was to be a patient, too,' she said, smiling, but with slight reproof in the tone.

The light that shone in his eyes at hearing these words, was extinguished the next instant by Olympiada Modestovna's summoning her daughter home; and there was something in the tone of her voice that awed Grousha.

'How dare you go and flirt in the very shops?' she said to her daughter, as soon as they had seated themselves in Seraphima's sledge, which was conveying them to her house. 'The shopman was looking at you all the time, and the boys giggled! Esper Andréevitch, of course, is an excellent physician, but I must say, he forgets himself; and anyone, to look at you, would say that you were over head and ears in love with him!'

'Mamasha!'

'He's only making a fool of you, my dear—a pastime, while a rich bride is turning up. Trust to my experience; poor men are never to be depended on—seldom, that is. And I shall put a stop to it at once, Grousha, for I do believe that you like him; and I am not going to stand by and see my child's happiness and peace destroyed, and herself made a laughing-stock of!'

'Mamasha!'

'I have long observed your goings on, Grousha; but to-day's behaviour has convinced me, so it is no use to deny it.'

'Deny what?'

'That you are attached to that pitiful doctor, who has not even been

to see you since your absurd misfortune that night, as any other medical man would.'

'I in love?' The laugh that attended these words was sadder than the most mournful groan. 'You are mistaken, Mamasha,' she added, her woman's pride coming to the rescue.

'And you promise to give up this flirtation?'

'Flirtation? Mamasha, you are quite, quite mistaken!'

'My dear, I know more of the world than you do, and Esper Andréévitch is by no means the person I should wish for a son-in-law; (here she did tell the truth;) besides, it is not for you to seek *him*, my dear.'

The words had been as good as said. 'I in love? you are mistaken,' i.e. 'I do not love him; I do not like him.' A refusal, flat.

On their arrival at Phima's, the poor girl could hold out no longer; and rushing to her sister's bed-room, she buried her face in the pillows, and cried bitterly. Olympiada Modestovna said that she had been giving her a little scolding, and it was laid to that account. To be accused of flirting! of seeking the Doctor! but no, she had told the truth! she was *not* in love; she would never confess to that. She liked him very much, very very much; oh! could that be being in love? Stuff and nonsense; she merely respected him above all others, because he was such a very clever doctor, and such an intelligent man, and such a pleasant companion. Thus did she reason with herself. Being in love, in her opinion, was 'to go on,' as Fédia did, to talk of nothing but the object, to despise food in general, to fret and groan because the clock *would* tell the truth, and show eleven o'clock instead of one, to use strong language on the subject, and altogether to be ridiculous and pitiful. But could it be that he was not in earnest? true, he had never said a word to her on that forbidden subject to all but solemnly betrothed bridegroom and bride; but those tell-tale eyes, and the indescribable manner of satisfaction and happiness that came over him whenever he approached her—her only—and sat down by her side with his preparatory smile! She was not going to break her heart, of course but still Better not think of it any more—if possible.

It was not possible. She was farther 'gone' than she suspected. She despised herself as a weak-minded, self-loving girl, who had allowed herself to be led away by her imagination. But she was faithful to the death to her ideal. 'He never meant to deceive me, I am sure; he is just as good and noble as ever. He is none the worse man for not loving me; it was my mistake; it is all my fault.' She felt a sort of consolation and mournful pleasure in laying all the blame to herself. Not a word more passed between her and her mother on the subject; and Seraphima had the good sense not to question her on the subject of the scolding which she took so much to heart.

In a week's time the poor girl had become so thin and pale that Olympiada Modestovna almost repented of writing the letter that had

been now in the Doctor's hands five or six days. It was very polite, thanking him for the honour he had done her daughter, but as the latter professed herself perfectly indifferent to him, she could not urge the matter, as in such cases she considered the mutual feelings of the parties concerned of the first and greatest importance. She begged, however, that this little episode might not alter the friendly feeling on Esper Andréévitch's part, with which she had the honour, &c., &c.

The Doctor was aware of the attentions that Grousha was receiving daily from Vesnin, and he considered himself jilted. It was hard to acknowledge, but he always preferred staring truth in its very face to self-deception. He also preached lectures to himself on his own folly in fancying she liked him, and called himself all manner of names, cursed wealth, and, rather pardonably, wished all rich men at Jericho. Finally he sat down resolutely to translate Dr. Thomson's 'Domestic Management of the Sick-room,' for he knew the English language to perfection, by way of distracting his thoughts from the too engrossing subjects of regret and vainly-banished tenderness.

Thus heartlessly separated, the young lovers met with a stiffness and coldness that was unbearable to both, and they each avoided such meetings as much as possible. In the meantime, Michaël Emilianovitch had passed from the polite to the attentive, and from the attentive to the devoted stage; and at last, through Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch, a formal proposal was made. Olympiada Modestovna kept up her dignity as long as prudence permitted it, and Grousha was ungracious enough to say that it was all the same to her, so long as Mamasha was contented; and, face to face with that tender parent, told her that she only married Michaël Emilianovitch to get rid of the Q—— cavaliers. She was in the last state of misery and the despair that renders people insolent or caustic. She liked Vesnin, respected him, and hoped to be happy some of these days with him, but anything like affection she at present did not entertain for him.

Never was bridegroom more devoted than Michaël Emilianovitch, notwithstanding Grousha's indifference. He attributed this to her aristocratic breeding, and comforted himself withal; and remembered the words of an old nobleman, who had had great experience in his life in that way—that the cold bride always makes the most loving wife. His attentions to Olympiada Modestovna were the source of the greatest satisfaction that Grousha enjoyed, and she comforted herself with the thought that she was fulfilling to the utmost of a daughter's duty in submitting to her wishes.

Twinges of conscience did attack Olympiada Modestovna sharply sometimes, when she observed, with that sensation popularly called 'a turn,' the pale serious face, and the lustreless eyes, and spiritless movements of her once cheerful and animated, though never very high-spirited Grousha, and compared her listless greetings of the adoring Michaël, with the brightening glance and rising colour that the Doctor's comings called forth. But the deed was begun, and must be accomplished.

They had a very grand wedding. Michaël Emilianovitch, who, though not by any means parsimonious, always thought twice before spending his money, spared neither expense, trouble, nor invention, in doing honour to his bride. Her trousseau was magnificent, to say nothing of costly jewels and massive plate, all which were the gifts of the bridegroom. He sent for workmen and materials from Kazan, to repair and beautify his house at Agafino, as his estate was called, after his late mother. Though not very large, it was commodious; and when the workmen left it, it was a model of elegance and comfort. Not a thing was forgotten that could tend to the pleasure, and gratify the fancies or taste, of his precious treasure; and she fully appreciated his kindness, though unable to express her feelings as warmly as she wished, and as she knew she ought. A few days after her marriage, however, the ice was broken. She felt sorry for Michaël, and feared she had not done her duty by him—had forgotten him entirely in her own misery; and suddenly it occurred to her to make a clean breast of it, and ask his forgiveness for her waywardness and coldness hitherto. He heard her with the utmost patience and goodness, soothing her and comforting her as he wiped the blessed peace-giving tears away, and giving her such advice as she had never heard before. He appeared to her quite in a new light, and so did she to him; and from that evening of mutual confidence, Grousha was indeed changed ‘from the cold bride to the loving wife.’

: If the tenderest affection, mixed with a fair proportion of jealousy, and the most devoted attention, mingled with a large share of selfishness, could make a woman happy, Grousha had every reason to be so. Not a wish that money could indulge was denied; and whatever Michaël Emilianovitch might be in private, he was always a model husband in public. But greater happiness was in store for her. Oh! with what transports of joy did she welcome her little son! for the first time in her life she began to say her prayers with fervour every time she prayed—for the first time in her life she was filled with complete happiness that had not one *but* in it. Michaël Emilianovitch, too, was enchanted, and became devoted to tiresomeness. He applied himself to business with redoubled ardour, now that he had an heir to leave it all to, and his gold-washings became the talk of the surrounding engineers, and the sight of the neighbourhood.

This first baby was named Dmitry: but alas! he lived only long enough to know his young mother; and to add to Grousha’s sorrow, he died in her absence. She had been summoned suddenly to her mother, who was alarmingly ill; and as it was mid-winter, it was impossible to take the baby. Olympiada Modestovna was possessed with a conviction that she was dying, and repeatedly asked forgiveness of her daughter with an earnestness and distressfulness that made a great impression on Grousha. A messenger used to come twice a day from Agafino to keep her informed of the child’s health, and Michaël Emilianovitch wrote droll bulletins as commencements to the love-letters that the messenger always brought from him. The morning’s intelligence of that fatal 2nd December

was worded, 'that Dmitry Michaëlovitch was quite well, was dressed in his buff shirt with black spots, and was pleased to laugh "with his voice,"'—i. e. aloud. But in the afternoon, at three o'clock, another bulletin arrived—the infant had a violent fit of screaming, the cause for which no one in the house could divine, and therefore Vesnin sent for his wife and the doctor. Olympiada Modestovna had become rather better, and Grousha hastened to her darling, whom she had not seen for three days. She leaped out of her tarantas before her man-servant had time to assist her, and was met at the door by Esper Andréévitch, who had arrived a few minutes earlier, and whose grave face prepared her to hear bad news.

'Doctor! you *can* save him!'

He led her into the entrance, and undressed her gently; while Michaël Emilianovitch's unrepressed sobs were heard from the zala, and told her what Pankreffsky could not find words to do.

'My poor Agrafena! you have come too late!' said Michaël Emilianovitch, meeting her at the door of the zala; Mitinka is gone!'

He led her tenderly to the table in the corner, where, like a beautiful figure in wax, lay the little darling: unaltered by pain or long illness—fast asleep, one would think, only very pale.

The Russian salute was duly performed by the bereaved mother before she looked at Dmitry's face. 'My first joy!' she whispered, as she flung back the sheet, and covered his cold brow and hands with kisses. Her husband strove to entice her away, but she resisted all his efforts, and continued gazing, gazing, submitting to none of his propositions but that of a chair. And there she sat all night, deaf to the entreaties of husband, doctor, and housekeeper, and of all the female servants, who implored her not to let fall any tears on the little corpse. No fear of that, for no tears had come yet. Nature gave way at about six in the morning, and she fell asleep with her head on the table by Mitinka's side. In the meantime, the full laying out had been accomplished, and the Candlesticks and Cross brought from Q—— Church; it was a sight at once touching and awful—when Seraphima Nestorovna and some ladies of Q—— arrived to condole and help, as the custom is; the little corpse laid out in the utmost elegance, with his white satin pillow, trimmed with blonde and pale blue flowers—his pall of blue brocade, with silver fringe, lace, and cross—his tiny hands crossed on his breast, and his head bare—the corner of the pall partly covering the head of his sleeping mother, and concealing her face; one arm served her as a pillow, the other, covered now by the upper pall, was thrown across the child. Michael Emilianovitch, the picture of sorrow and solicitude, paced up and down the room, pausing now and then at his wife's side, and looking at her with mingled anxiety and impatience. She awoke at about twelve, refreshed in body, and recovered from the blow that had stunned her faculties; she wept abundantly, though gently, and joined her husband and guests at dinner.

The next day they carried him in his little toy of a coffin to Q——, and the body of 'the sinless babe Dmitry' was consigned to the frozen earth, leaving behind it a blank, which I suppose only a mother can fully understand or imagine.

Michaël Emilianovitch was almost glad to hear, on leaving the churchyard, and going to inquire after his mother-in-law, that she was worse, as he hoped that anxiety and attendance on the patient might act in a degree as distraction to his wife, whom he promised to send in the morning. She had returned home immediately after the funeral to receive her guests—the priests, deacons, and readers, who had buried her darling, and some of her more intimate friends—who were invited to that doleful meal, a funeral dinner. She appeared very calm, was attentive and agreeable to all her guests, and very gentle and kind to Michaël Emilianovitch, who continued to weep at intervals with unabated agony. He wandered from room to room with his mournful story: Here, Mitinka was born—here, he himself was sitting when they told him he had a son—here, in this mirror, he used to look at himself and laugh—here— But the last remembrance was too much for him.

Dmitry's kormilitza,* a great tall stout country-woman, was loaded with gifts ere she left the Vesnins' house; and both husband and wife kissed her, and bowing low, thanked her for her care and tenderness to her little nursling. The exact cause of the screaming could never be determined, but the immediate cause of death was doubtless exhaustion. Thus die in Russia countless numbers of 'sinless babes.'

CHAPTER V.

MICHAEL EMILIANOVITCH gave way so entirely to this his first great grief, and became so low and spiritless, that Grousha advised him to go to Petersburg for a change; but none of her persuasions were of the slightest avail, until she had recourse to a little white lie, and confessed that *she* wished to go; that Fédinka had often invited her to stay with him and his Inna, and that she wanted to see their little girl, her god-daughter. Olympiada Modestovna had completely recovered, and there was nothing to prevent their going, except that the roads were beginning to spoil; nevertheless, they set out for their long journey, and arrived in Petersburg just in time for the great Russian festival of Easter, which fell very early that year.

Grousha's first business was to visit the tomb of her godmother, and have a requiem performed over it, after which she and her husband went to Féodor Kyrilovitch's house. The young man happened to be at home, and his delight amounted to absolute wildness when he saw his dear Agrafena 'in the flesh,' as he said, before him. He knelt down before

* Literally feeder—i. e. wet nurse.

her and kissed all her ten fingers, palms, and wrists, then seized her by the waist and walked with her, while Michaël Emilianovitch, the model of propriety, was introducing himself to the late maid-of-honour and to some half-dozen other persons, who were evidently inhabitants of the house, and who all knew and were glad to see Grousha again. Lukeria Grigorievna was hunted out too, and brought to the affectionate embrace of her former pupil.

‘What a *belle femme* she has become!’ exclaimed the old lady; ‘who would have thought it!’

Grousha thanked her for the compliment, and joined in the hearty laugh of the rest. Lukeria Grigorievna was right—Grousha had greatly improved in her personal appearance; she was one of those persons who, unhandsome in their early youth, become comely matrons in their *seconde jeunesse*, and although Grousha was only twenty-three, she had already attained the look of charming gravity and importance that belongs to the *femme couverte* only, and which sat particularly well on her.

Michaël Emilianovitch was delighted to find himself once again in his old circle, after two years among moojiks and draughtsmen, (he forgot the Q—— society,) Fédinka gave him a warm welcome as a relation, for such he always regarded Grousha, and a hearty recognition as co-member of his club; they were soon deep in asking and answering questions about mutual acquaintances, when Grousha interrupted them by saying,

‘And my goddaughter, Féodor Kyrilovitch? you must show her to me!’

There was a painful pause, although it lasted but a few seconds, and again Grousha heard those mournful words—‘You have come too late, Agrafena.’

‘We lost her in the Great Fast,’ said Madame Goloubintsoff gently.

‘We also—’ began Grousha, but said no more.

‘We did not know God had given you a child,’ said Féodor Kyrilovitch, seating himself by her. ‘It is so long since you wrote. My poor Agrafena! and was it a little girl also?’

‘No, a son—Dmitry. He lived only four months, and he died during Mamasha’s serious illness. But of course you know nothing about that yet!’

‘To your shame be it spoken, Agrafena! No, I know nothing that may have befallen you since—let me see—May or June last year!’

‘I do feel ashamed of myself.’

‘*A la bonne heure!*’

‘Your baby was a little one, though,’ said Inna Nikitishna, ‘but ours was fourteen months old, and could talk and walk. She was a lovely little darling. I will shew you her bust. Baron Klodt’s first master took it for a monument that they are doing for her. Where is the drawing, Fédia?’

He told her where it lay, and she led Grousha into her own little boudoir, where she showed her a design for the memorial tomb. It

represented the baby girl rising, with outstretched arms, from her knees, a wreath of flowers cast on the ground beside her, and very small wings, as if but just appearing. The uplifted face and joyful though surprised expression, seemed to indicate that the sculptor's idea was that of unseen angels having come to fetch her. The casting was too death-like to be agreeable, but it proved the loveliness of the lost child's features, and the wonderful adaptation of them to the design.

The two bereaved mothers, who in their girlhood had only met at balls, and who were not, speaking in the language of etiquette, acquainted, though each knew the other better, from Féodor Kyrilovitch's frequent conversations, than many who have exchanged a dozen or so of visits, found that there was another bond between them besides Fédinka. Seated before the comfortably glowing fire, Inna told Grousha how much she loved and respected her, and had done so ever since she knew Théodore*—how happy she was with him, and how kind he was to everybody. There was a simplicity amounting even to childishness in the whole manner and conversation of the pretty youthful Inna, and an evident yearning to be good and useful, but an ignorance of how to set about it, that delighted, amused, and yet distressed Grousha. They soon became very intimate; the subject of the babies—both lost and expected—was ever interesting to each. They used to have private teas in that snug boudoir, and Fédinka often joined them, while Vesnin, who dashed into the whirl of Petersburg society with an eagerness and zest that his long 'fast,' as he called it, had undoubtedly induced, was enjoying himself in his own way among officers and chinovniks.

In May the Goloubintsoffs removed to an estate near Moscow for the summer, and Grousha persuaded her husband to let her accompany them, and advised him to go in the meantime to Belgium, to purchase some machines and engines that he had long wished to introduce into his works, and which were really requisite for their completion. A party was formed, much to Grousha's distaste, of a horsey, gambling, and otherwise undesirable-as-a-companion cuirassier, and a curious specimen of real talent in a shabby ever-tipsy artist, both of whom Michaël Emilianovitch had taken under his protection. He greatly wished her to accompany them, but Inna begged her so hard to stay with her during the summer, and had been so ailing of late, that she insisted on having her furlough, particularly as she hoped that her husband would be sooner surfeited with pleasure and excitement, and disgusted with his companions, if left entirely to himself.

They had not been in the country more than a month, when another little girl was born to Fédinka and Inna, and received the name of its godmother Agrafena. The event was celebrated by great rejoicings and merry-makings, all of which, being thoroughly to Grousha's taste, she would have greatly enjoyed had Michaël Emilianovitch been with her; her greatest happiness and delight was to nurse and watch her little godchild.

* Féodor.

'Dear Aграфена Nestorovna!' Inna used to say when she caught her in the nursery. 'I am ashamed of being quite happy until you have yours in your arms. I feel selfish in showing my joy before yours comes.'

It did come in time, but not, alas! to gladden its mother. It never saw the light; and to its parents' intense sorrow, was buried, nameless, unbaptized, and unsung. To add to Grousha's distress, the awfully solemn prayer that is provided for such melancholy occasions, was read with a distinctness and emphasis by the young priest who was called in, that seemed almost insulting, particularly as she was unprepared for it, and supposed that the same would be used, with some omission, that is read on the birth of a living child. The paroxysm of agony that ensued, and the passionate appeal to the priest to confess her that very minute, made the lady doctor so uneasy that she sent for a physician immediately. Michaël Emilianovitch, who had been several weeks at home in lodgings at Petersburg, was nearly distracted at seeing his wife so excited, and they were obliged to drag him away from her by force. The priest shed tears, as he assured the poor young woman that he had no alternative but to read the prayer in question—that the other, used when the child was living, could not possibly be read on this occasion, because it contained repeated allusion to it, by name even. With the utmost gentleness and kindness, soothing her like a child, he received her confession, and promised to come in half an hour's time to see how she felt. He gave her his word as a citizen as well as a priest that he acquitted her of all blame, blessed her, and, as the father of a baby family, permitted himself to express the hope that the ensuing new year—for it was Christmas time—would bring her new joy in the possession of a living child.

The Vesnins were all this time at Petersburg, where Michaël Emilianovitch declared his 'affairs' kept him. The journey and visit to Belgium proved less ruinous and unsatisfactory than Grousha expected; and the machines had been sent to Agafino, with a Belgian machinist to put them up and show the Russians how to manage them. Grousha was beginning to want to see her mother and sister, and Borinka, with his little brother, and to pine after Mitinka's grave. She was very depressed, although she recovered her health very rapidly after her last illness; every child that she saw brought the full rush of maternal love and regret to her heart, and she prayed night and day that the blessing of Father Arsény might rest on her: she even made a vow that if it should please God to give her a living child, it would be her life's business to endeavour to be a good mother to it, and to bring it up as 'Christ's faithful soldier and servant.' This wish at last became a mania, and she thought and did nothing but with reference to her longed-for child.

They had returned to Agafino, and lived there for nearly two years without anything remarkable taking place in their family history, when one autumn afternoon, when the rain was drizzling, as it only does in a

Russian autumn, and people could find in their hearts to do nothing more energetic than read the newspaper or knit stockings, a little boy appeared to enliven the family. He was a model of infantine vigour and health, and was the image of his enraptured mother, whose joy and fervent gratitude were nearly the cause of a serious feverish attack. She would not let the baby be out of her sight, and the only cure for hysterical symptoms was to lay the little swaddled bundle by her side. When she was in a state to bring her thoughts into order, and had recovered the shock, as it were, of so great mercy and happiness, her husband, who looked more on his sons as heirs to his wealth than as 'children' sent 'from the Lord,' asked if it were not time to send for the priest, and name the baby. As usual, the Calendar was brought out, and Anfisa Fômishna, who still filled the situation of *economka* in the Vesnins' house, and who was a great connoisseur of all the saints and their respective merits, and a first-rate reader of Slavonic, which Michaël Emilianovitch declared was worse than Greek to him, read out the names for the 'Sedmitza,' or seven days, counting from the date of the child's birth.

'October month. Eighteenth day. *I* and *I*, that is. Very good. Here we are! The holy Apostle and Evangelist Luke. Luke Michaëlovitch?' she inquired of the listening parents.

'No, Matoushka, that won't do.'

'The holy martyr Marinus, and Saint Julian, the dweller in the wilderness. Julian! that's a good name, Agrafena Nestorovna.'

'Yes, my dear; but then our coachman is called Julian.'

'Well then, call *him* Yakovlitch, and the baby Julian.'

'No; he always smells of the stables, Anfisa Fômishna,' said Vesnin, laughing.

'No reason,' decided the housekeeper, '*Phitd*, *I*, that is, the nineteenth. Holy Prophet Joel, and the holy martyr Varus, with his seven companions in Egypt. Blessed Cleopatra—no, that's a woman's name—and her son, John?' and she looked up inquiringly—'Righteous John of Rilsk; Sadoth, Bishop of Persia, and his one thousand two hundred and eighty companions in martyrdom.'

'My dearest Anfisoushka! you don't mean to say that all their names are there?' cried Michaël Emilianovitch, in pretended alarm.

'What a set of names!' sighed Grousha.

'All the same, my soul. All angels are alike before the Almighty, similar the same as all men are alike before Him. Don't sin. Well, there's Hilarion; *two* Hilarions, the Great, and the Bishop. (Laria, Laritchka. I knew a blind beggar, named Laria, who always went bare-headed, and my dear mother used to give him three kopeckas every Saturday: we children used to call him Larka.) Hm! Gaius, and Zotik, Bishop Averkius; and the seven youths—the same seven youths, you know, who went to sleep for three hundred and seventy-two years, and then woke up again.'

'Well, what of them?'

'The seven youths are called Maximilian, Tamblich, Martinian, Dionysius, Antoninus, Constantine, and John.'

'Maximilian? Well, I choose him then. Louisa Carlovna had the sweetest little fellow in the world named Max. I did not know it existed in our Calendar.'

'Oh! what a name to choose! *Maxia, plaxia!*'* exclaimed Anfisa Fômishna.

'I knew a fellow,' said Michaël Emilianovitch, 'a captain in the hussars, who is called so, and the Duke † was his godfather. (That decided him.) It will do very well.'

'Maxia!' said Grousha, addressing the unconscious infant, who was 'taking a walk,' that is, lying unswaddled, and stretching its little limbs and yawning in an uncouth awkward manner. 'I hope you are not going to be a plaxia.'

'His name's-day will be on the Festival of the most pure Lady of Kazan,' continued Anfisa Fômishna, clasping her book. 'A holiday, you know. Well, after all it is not so bad, except that it hurts one's tongue and cracks one's teeth to pronounce.'

Grousha laughed, and kissed the child's plump toes, which she declared were like pink sugar-plums all in a row. She allowed herself all sorts of freaks and nonsense, in the plenitude of her happiness, and Seraphima, who had four children by this time, could only shrug her shoulders and marvel at it all. She had never lost a child!

Little Max only cried when he ought, only was ill when he ought—by the Mede-and-Persian-like laws of the Russian nurse—to be ill. He held up his head like a grenadier, and smiled when ten days old—a sure sign, said Nurse, that he would soon die. Small-minded and weak as it may seem, such prophecies always made Grousha feel wretched. His ears being limp, and his intelligence extremely early developed, were also deemed warnings of early dissolution. Nevertheless, he throve beautifully, increasing in his baby wisdom as well as in growth, the pet and darling of all who knew him. He 'went' to everybody, stranger or friend, though he recognized the latter always with affectionate caresses, while he looked gravely and inquiringly into the face of the former, and was never shy or frightened at moojiks: kissed the popes, and crossed himself as a true orthodox Russian should, when little more than a year old. Need it be said that he was the light of his mother's eyes and the darling of her heart—the pride and delight of his father?

Michael Emilianovitch, who was really a man of business, and bent on doing his utmost to improve his estate and benefit his workmen, had made many additions and alterations that did credit to his judgement and to his benevolence. First, he built a hospital, with houses for a medical man and an apothecary; then a school for boys and girls, and quarters for the teachers, consisting of four nice rooms and kitchen and

* *Plaxia*, cry-baby; from the verb *plakat* to weep, cry.

† Of Leuchtenberg, son-in-law of the late Emperor Nicholas.

out-houses to each. Ever since he had taken up his abode at Agafino, he had been at war with the Archbishop of the diocese and the Protopope of the district, on account of difficulties they made concerning the building of a church there; and it was not till he threatened to lay a complaint before the Holy Synod, that he obtained a 'blessing,' i.e. permission, to begin the good work. The fact was, that the loss of that particular part of his parish was not at all to the taste of the Protopope, who contrived to lay difficulties before the Vladika.* Besides the buildings, there were also several additions in the way of society: for instance—the doctor, a very good clever man, his wife, and a daughter who was a great musician; the apothecary, whose young wife, in delicate health, was detained at Petersburg; the school-master, and his mother and young sisters; and the school-mistress, who was a priest's widow, and her daughters, two very good-natured girls, who were great favourites with little Max. With these good people, who adored her for her kindness and readiness to assist and be obliging whenever she had an opportunity, and with her husband and darling boy, Grousha was perfectly happy. Yes; perfectly, because she was sensible enough to refrain from expecting her belongings to be faultless, and always ready to see the bright side of things and of people.

CHAPTER VI.

THE church walls were nearly half built when little Maxia's fourth name's-day came round, and just about that time Michaël Emilianovitch received some letters, post after post, which evidently made him anxious and unsettled; and at last he took Grousha into counsel, the result of their consultations being that she packed him off to Petersburg, but only for one month. The fact was, that his agent in the capital had just died, when he was on the point of selling some old 'Lombardy' four per cent bank billets, and buying new Government ones at five per cent. So much capital had been expended on the buildings and machines, and such good incomes being paid to the new staff, that both the Vesnins considered it their duty towards Max and towards their serfs to put their affairs into the best state they could, and to seize the present opportunity; and as there seemed to be no one of their acquaintance at Petersburg who could undertake the exchange of such a capital as Michaël Emilianovitch's, it was decided that he had better do it himself. They had been so peaceful and happy since their return to Agafino from Petersburg, that he did not at all like the idea of leaving home; but to lose time was to lose thousands, so he made up his mind to go.

The agent had left some of Vesnin's affairs in such a disordered state that it took longer to bring them to rights than Michaël Emilianovitch anticipated. Christmas came again, and he was still absent. Seraphima

* Bishop.

invited her sister and nephew and the Agafino doctor's family to come and 'meet' the New Year at her house; and Max begged so hard to go and play with his cousins, that Grousha consented, the weather being particularly mild and lovely. There was to be a Christmas-tree, with a gift for every guest, little or big, and other entertainments, which, when the time came, were thoroughly enjoyed. Max was very interesting, and very becomingly dressed in a Russian suit; very full black velvet charivari, (knicker-bockers,) high boots with red tops, and a blue Persian shirt, embroidered in the Eastern style; he was a tall, stout, well-built little fellow, with blue eyes and very light hair, rather a large mouth, and red cheeks—quite a Russian.

Grousha was as happy as any of the children at the beginning of the evening, and was the prime mistress of the ceremonies; but towards the end she became thoughtful and dull—one of the mammas had told her that a party of gymnasists (several of whom were present) had, it was supposed, brought a new disease, something between measles and scarlet-fever, from the government town, and that several children had it at Q——. She resolved to return home the next day.

Max slept long and soundly, and did not open his eyes till nearly noon, after the party. His breakfast of warm milk and a rusk was brought to him, but there was a reluctance to partake of it that at once alarmed the ever-anxious mother; and when he came and laid his head against her, she found his temple so hot, that she at once sent for Parphény Ivanovitch, the Agafino doctor, who had gone to pay a few visits. He quieted her fears, but bid her remain at Q—— for three days longer in order to see the results of the feverish symptoms. They continued, but did not increase; and during the course of the third day the eruption appeared, but although it was 'friendly' Max did not appear at all ill; Seraphima's children, four of whom caught the contagion, were much worse, and much more exacting, cross, and unmanageable. All the symptoms of the strange new complaint developed themselves fully; no sore throat, but the eruption of scarletina, and the sneezing and weak eyes of measles, with the fever of both. No medicine whatever was given to them; they were merely kept in one room of moderate warmth, and supplied with new mead to bring out the rash, and in a week's time they were all well again, though very fretful and discontented with their lot in being kept in one room, which was still strictly prescribed by their medical man. Grousha was quite worn out with watching and self-imposed sleepless nights, (for which there was not the slightest necessity,) and Parphény Ivanovitch begged her to send for Olinka, the school-mistress' elder daughter, to assist her in amusing and attending on Max: he was very good on the whole, but troubled with the irritability of convalescence, which even his mother could not entirely soothe.

Olia arrived very quickly, and Max himself packed off his mother to go to sleep, while he related every particular of his illness, of the party, and of 'Basil's caprices,' which made a great impression on him. 'I

never saw such a capricious boy as that Basil in my life,' said he. 'I am sure he can't love his mother a bit! and how she does scold him! My Mamasha is much kinder.' Grousha heard this from her sofa-bed in the next room, and fell asleep as happy as ever.

All the little patients were rapidly regaining their strength and ordinary frames of mind, when a travelling milliner arrived at Q—— with her merchandise. Seraphima was seized with an imperative want of a new velvet mantle, and went to look at the milliner's stock, but could not decide which to choose. The Frenchwoman would not consent to her taking the mantles home, and nothing remained but to persuade Grousha to accompany her on a second visit. Confident in her son's obedience, and in Olinka's vigilance, she consented; and Seraphima, besides leaving strict orders with the nurses and maids not to let her children run out of their nursery, begged Olinka to keep a sharp look out on their movements, and in case of rebellion to put the offender in the corner. Grousha merely said, 'Maxinka will not leave the room, I know,' as she kissed him at parting.

Seraphima was in raptures with a very successful bargaining, and a splendid mantle, and talked incessantly on the road. When they entered the house, they were astonished at hearing the sounds of a grinding organ proceeding from the apartments, and to Seraphima's horror, her little three-year-old girl ran to meet her in the lobby, and embraced her knees before she had thrown her fur cloak off. The cold in those parts of Russia is so intense, that it is a great risk to enter the room where children or sick and convalescent persons are, immediately on return from a walk or drive; because the dress brings with it such a quantity of cold air, that it requires several minutes to warm it, before approaching the very young or weak.

It is not to be wondered at that Seraphima was extremely angry, and sent off the affectionate little pet with all haste to her nursery, utterly at a loss to account for the organ. On entering the zala, however, she found all her children (except the baby, who was asleep) wrapped in various shawls, comforters, and even quilts, standing in a group at the farther end, and looking at the gymnastic performances of a wretched little Jewish girl, who was contorting her limbs in various exercises to the music of 'the Alarm Galop.'

'What is the meaning of this, Nurse? Avdotia! (Get along with you, you naughty children! and that Olia? what is she about?)' The children stole away quietly, all crying. 'How dare you disobey me? Did I not desire you to keep the children in the nursery?'

'They cried so,' began the nurse.

'If they cried their eyes out, still you should have kept them in the nursery. There are at most twelve degrees of warmth here; and they only just recovered! And how dare you admit those people in my absence?'

'We thought that for five minutes it would do no harm.'

'The Alarm Galop' suddenly ceased, and the dirty Hebrew grinder

began to play 'The Little Canary-bird is Silent,' with a screeching accompaniment of the little Jewess' voice.

'Hold your unbaptized tongue this instant!' shouted Seraphima, ready to cry, 'and be off with you!' The Jew left go of the handle, but the instrument emitted such hideous undefined sounds, that he was obliged to grind to the end of the phrase, while his miserable companion put on a long petticoat over the ballet-like garments she had been figuring in, and with an involuntary tinkle of the triangle that she had in her hand, performed an elaborate curtsy and left the room.

Grousha had cautiously approached the apartment where she left Max, and now found him comforting and coaxing poor Olia, who was in tears, and in great trouble. The poor girl said she had done all she could to prevent the nurses and children going to look at the acrobatic performance, advising them to wait till Seraphima Nestorovna's return, but that all her endeavours were in vain; the servants were very rude, and desired her not to interfere, so she returned to Max, who, though he greatly wished to see the sight, heroically submitted to her reminders of Mamasha's wishes.

'I did not go out of the room, Mamasha!' he said repeatedly, 'did I, Olitchka? indeed I did not! I am a good boy? yes, Mamasha?'

'Yes, my soul. But do not get on my lap just yet, wait till I am a little warmer.—Never mind, Olinka dear, I am sure Seraphima Nestorovna will acquit you of all blame.'

It was nearly February, and Grousha had already ordered a troyka of horses to be sent from Agafino for her, when she was again made anxious and uneasy, and felt she must put off her return for a day or two longer. Little Saschinka, Seraphima's three-year-old daughter, had become languid, sleepy, more than usually irritable, but *stout*, all at once; and other symptoms revealed themselves, which caused them to send for Parphény Ivanovitch, (the old doctor scarcely left his house, and Pankreffsky had been gone several years, and had a fine appointment at Kieff and a very charming wife;) who said she had caught cold, and prescribed for her. He told Grousha, however, that the symptoms were dropsical, and that they were sometimes the result of cold after scarlet-fever. The disease had left the house full three weeks before, but he urged Grousha to remain where she was, as a journey of fifteen versts might be injurious to Max, and added that convalescents from this new form of the complaint were probably peculiarly susceptible of cold, as several other children had dropsical symptoms also. Dreading their appearance in her precious boy, Grousha scarcely left him for five minutes together; and he continued well for another week, when he began to complain of his boots being tight; and his mother discovered that he had begun to swell. Poor little Saschinka suffered dreadfully, and would not let anyone touch her; two of the others were ill, but less seriously, and the remaining three were well. How, when, and where, Max could possibly have got a chill, was as much a mystery as the illness of little

Dmitry. Though much disfigured, he appeared so cheerful, and declared himself feeling so well, that his mother did not feel particularly unhappy about him, and the shock was more than ever terrible, the wrench more than ever heart-breaking, when a week after the symptoms had appeared, and after a particularly cheerful day and pleasant evening, he suddenly became very ill from dropsy in the heart, and before the morning dawned, was 'on the table.' He was sensible and loving to the moment of his death, his last act being one of obedience to his agonized mother's wish—'Cross yourself, darling.'

'It can't be,' said Grousha. Although she had been crossing him every time he sighed, with the words, 'Lord! receive his spirit!' Although she saw that that pure spirit had fled, she could not believe that it really was so. They brought feathers and mirrors, and held them to the lips of the pale fixed face, but the former remained motionless, the latter bright. No, it was not a mistake, but still she could not believe it.

She could not cry—could only make one prayer, 'Forsake me not, O Lord God of my salvation.' During the succeeding days of preparation she was the mover and manager of all, wrote to her husband, and helped Seraphima nurse the invalid children, but for ever and ever the one thought would remain in her aching heart—'Max is dead!'

Two days after the funeral, Michaël Emilianovitch returned home, to find that home childless.

CHAPTER VII.

It was summer again, and Grousha was walking up and down the paths of her garden at Agafino, thinking how her little boy used to vex her by twisting round on one heel on the newly laid gravel, thereby making little holes in it, and asking herself if she had always been right and just towards him, but feeling thankful that she could acquit herself of blame—when Anfisa Fômishna met her, in her gardening costume, and with very mouldy hands; with the backs of which, as she came up to Grousha, she endeavoured to smear away tears that were flowing with increasing rapidity.

'What on earth is the matter, Anfisa Fômishna?'

'Sh—sh—nothing. Only the apothecary's wife is in the garden there,' pointing to the end of their own, 'with her children. Come and look at them, sh—sh!'

Grousha followed quietly, and suffered herself to be led up a great soft bank of flourishing pumpkins, all in flower, which were sprawling over an immense space in the south, basking in the bright sunshine. Then from a little chink in the fence the housekeeper shewed her a family picture that brought the first refreshing sobs of 'natural grief' that had relieved her poor heart since her son's death.

A pale, thin, shabbily dressed, but very pretty young girl was pacing slowly up and down an unplanted kitchen-garden, with a little child half asleep in her arms, and singing *Annchen von Tharau*, which Grousha had often heard her German friend of the twenty-fourth line lull her thriving babies to rest with. She was still gazing at the evidently consumptive mother, and the lovely cherub of a child, when a third figure appeared, shouting noisily at a hen that he was chasing; and it was at the sight of him, a little boy of four or five years old, and the words in German addressed to him by his mother—‘Max, Max, don’t wake your sister!’ that made Grousha bend her head down to the earth, and cry hysterically. Anfisa Fômishna, in a great fright, but glad that her plans had succeeded, and crying with all her might, carried her off like a child into the house, and after letting her have her cry out, proposed to send for the little boy.

‘Oh do! do! dearest Anfisoushka!’ said Grousha, gulping down the glass of iced water that Michaël Emilianovitch had been urging her to drink.

‘You will be better now, my friend,’ he said, as he drew her closer to him and kissed her burning cheek.

In ten minutes time the housekeeper returned, leading in the little neighbour, who, except in his name and age, had nothing to remind the Vesnins of his sainted namesake. He had his father’s dark grey eyes, almost hazel, and brown hair, and a sun-burnt, bright complexion. He was rather put out at being cried over and kissed in such a passionate manner, but promised to love Grousha and to come very often to see her; was extremely communicative, and seemed to be extremely conceited. He had various little tricks of the Russian ‘rising generation’ description, that convulsed the whole party with laughter. Michaël Emilianovitch was delighted with him, promised to take him out driving and even shooting, and introduced him to his horses and dogs. Anfisa Fômishna brought forth treasures of another kind, first a delicious breakfast of all sorts of country good things, and afterwards sweets in abundance. The child was evidently pleased with his reception, and when the housekeeper led him away on the expiration of the stipulated half hour, he declared that the clocks must be wrong, and that Mamasha was very glad to get rid of him, because he made such a desperate row at home.

Anfisa Fômishna popped her head into the room on coming home, and announced that Amalia Carlovna was dressing to make Grousha a visit. She had arrived from Petersburg but a few days before; and Michaël Emilianovitch, who had seen her in the winter, said that he feared she had only come to Agafino to die, for that even then she was far gone in consumption, the result, he seemed to think, of anxiety and discomfort caused by her handsome husband’s intemperance. She soon arrived, and introduced herself as having a small claim on Grousha’s friendliness, being the sister of the German pianoforte-maker’s wife, the bonny housewife who used to teach her domestic economy!

Grousha was very glad: she could trace a strong family likeness; but

oh! how sad a difference between the plump rosy Louisa, and this poor transparent thing. She soon attached herself to the Vesnins with all the sentimentalism of her German nature; and they did all they could to pet and indulge her during the short space that she had to live. She used to tell Grousha how she and Hänschen, as she would call her Ivan Vasilievitch, fell in love when he was a student at Dörpt, how naughty and fascinating he was; how her dear Vater and Mutter would not consent, and how they both wept; and how at last she married him when only fifteen years and a half old—that she was not twenty-two now, yet had lost three children, and was soon, akh how soon! going to join them.

She got weaker and weaker, worse and worse; her husband drank more deeply than ever to drown grief, for he adored his Maliushka—at least, so he said; and little Max—who, like his Petersburg cousin, had made such an impression on Grousha, had been named after a dear brother of Louisa and Amalia Carlovna's—became an almost constant resident in the house of the Proprietor.

On one occasion Grousha had been reading German hymns to the dying girl, and talking to her seriously and sweetly about the 'rest' that is prepared 'for the people of God,'—when they came to earthly things, and Grousha ventured to hint what had lain on her mind ever since she saw Max and knew how ill his mother was, and what had been proposed half in joke by Michaël Emilianovitch, no less a business than seriously adopting the little fellow, in the place of his namesake. The young mother eagerly caught the hint, and implored of Grousha to carry it into effect; but they both dreaded opposition on the part of the child's father, and still more of his maternal grandmother, to whom Grousha undertook to write; and on her return home she spoke to her husband about it earnestly and seriously.

'He is a fine boy,' said Michaël Emilianovitch, after a tearful consideration of the matter between the husband and wife, 'and seems healthy, (God be with him!) but, my little friend, he is not as caressing—as heartily affectionate as *our's* was. Though, to be sure, we can't expect that.'

'I do not mean to say that he can ever fill Max's place in my heart, Michaël; that is, of course, out of the question; but to have a child of his age and name to care for and to do for, would be a great comfort to me.'

'If God gives us others?'

'Max will be our eldest son.'

'You will love the others better than him, poor boy!'

'I do not promise more than I can perform. I will be just to him, and he shall never *know* that I love him less. Besides, in all probability we shall not have any more, and in our old age we should regret having passed this dear little orphan by. No, Michaël—let me have him!'

'Well, my soul, you shall. He shall be ours. But we must talk

to Ivan Vasilievitch, and look at the Code, to make sure of what the laws say on the subject. It is a serious business. I believe there is a contract to be signed by us, as well as by the father.'

'Why?'

'Because it would be very provoking if the father were to claim him when he grows up, after my educating him and caring for him all the time of his boyhood. And poor Galkin is not to be much depended on. I shall despatch him as soon as his wife dies.'

'Oh, Michaël Emilianovitch!'

'My friend, his unfortunate habit is especially dangerous (not to him, but to others) in his profession. I am for ever fearful of his poisoning somebody by mistake, or sending an internal medicine with a yellow signature or an external with a white one, which is quite possible. He is an uncommonly clever fellow, but wine levels man with the brutes, you know.'

Galkin was invited to spend the evening, to look over and help arrange some beautiful botanical engravings that Michaël Emilianovitch had just received; and towards supper time, while his head was still clear, Vesnin broached the subject, representing it of course in such a light, that he would be doing Grousha an infinite service by consenting, 'and,' added Michaël Emilianovitch, 'I trust that your child would in no wise suffer, for he would be my eldest son even if I were to have half a dozen others.'

The wretched man burst into tears, lamented his fate, mourned his dying Maliushka, and then joyfully consented without farther ado. Under pretext of keeping the invalid quiet, it was arranged that Max should forthwith take up his abode as a visitor with the Vesnins during his mother's lifetime, and afterwards proceed to business.

The first pang that Grousha felt on the subject was the utter impossibility of consenting to dress the new Max in his predecessor's clothes. His own were in a deplorable state; but it seemed to Grousha indelicate to Galkin's feelings to buy him anything until all the formalities were completed, and he was really her own adopted son. Anfisa Fômishna, accustomed for so many years to the fine linen and whole garments of her employers, was horrified at his 'little bits of rags,' as she called them, and persuaded Grousha to make him some shirts, and knit him some socks, and to do up the outer garments sufficiently to avoid distressing Amalia Carlovna. The volatility of the boy's disposition soon showed itself by his becoming completely reconciled to leaving his parents and sister, and strongly but not as yet tenderly attached to the members of his new home; and Grousha had a daily and hourly trial in seeing Michaël Emilianovitch take an interest and delight in him, to an extent that he had never shown to his own less high-spirited son. She was glad that this period of probation had been arranged, in order to test her own heart before receiving him in the eyes of the world and the law as her own child. She did not then

know that the blessing of the Church is also instituted in the Greco-Russian religion on occasion of Adoption. The one thought, however, that obstacles might arise, proved to her that she really did love the lively loving little darling, for the clasp of his arms round her neck, when she went to his bed-side in the dark to bless him, told her that he loved *her*, though he did not choose to show it before others; she gradually became so accustomed to his presence, that the idea of losing him was painful to a degree that proved to her that she was sincere to herself.

Galkin grew worse rather than better; and Michaël Emilianovitch showed his kindness and generosity by hiring a Government sous-apothecary for a time, on pretext of Galkin's being so taken up with his sick wife, but in reality to watch the operations of the apothecary, and to prevent accidents. He was not required long—after a relapse the poor girl rapidly sank. Grousha sent three hundred versts for a German pastor to administer the Holy Sacrament to her, and persuaded him to remain at Q—— at the Vesnins' expense just a little time longer, in order to bury her according to the rites of her own Church. Galkin knew nothing of this private arrangement, he was completely lost in grief and in seeking for consolation. The poor little baby girl was taken to the school-mistress, and was to be sent by the first opportunity to Toula, where lived her paternal grandmother, who returned a willing consent to Max's adoption.

'You'll be a better mother to him than ever I could be,' whispered the poor weak Amalia, holding Grousha's hand in both hers, and gazing into her face with those glassy eyes.

'I'll do my best, darling.'

'And never, never excuse him—when he is older—if he—if he is like my Hänschen.'

'We won't let him be so, with God's help.'

'Who knows? my Hänschen was not so before. And you'll let him speak German, won't you?'

'Of course. Some of these days we will take him to see your father and mother at Dörpt. Perhaps he will go to the university there: would not that be nice?'

'Akh, yes! akh, how tired I am!'

'Then rest, darling—don't talk. Shut your eyes, and think how happy you are going to be.'

'Yes—so happy,' murmured Amalia. She was soon dozing, and Grousha saw her no more alive.

She was glad to find that Max was at first inconsolable for his mother's loss, and was rewarded for the generous and amiable feeling by his declaring that now Mamma was dead he should love Agrafena Nestorovna; but she was to find a thorn in that rose too.

'Then let me be your mother, Maxinka; call me Mamasha!'

The child looked gravely into her face, and shook his head.

'Impossible,' he said, as if it were a settled matter.

‘Why impossible?’

‘Because you are Agrafena Nestorovna,’ he said after a pause, and with a slight laugh, ‘you are not Mamasha.’ And she saw that it would not do to hurry him.

It was indeed out of the question to leave Galkin as apothecary; Michaël Emilianovitch was sorry for the man, but the lives of his serfs were a responsibility that he deeply felt, and Parphény Ivanovitch used to grumble and tell tales out of school more often than was agreeable on the subject. With some difficulty he procured him an appointment as lecturer on chemistry at a Government gymnasium; and when he had gone, both he and his wife felt that Max was almost their own. Tremendous correspondence had been going on between Michaël Emilianovitch and various Government secretaries, and other persons in the Civil Service, and they had got as far as the Governor; but after all said, done, and written, nothing could be completely arranged without the sanction of the Emperor.

Grousha turned pale when she heard this—and from whom? From Anfisa Fômishna, who all along had taken a vivid interest in the affair, and who thought, with justice, that the presence of childish happiness and life would do Grousha’s health good as well as her heart. It seems that a childless merchant had adopted a distant relation of hers, and she well remembered all that passed on that occasion; and that the magistrate who drew up the ‘act,’ as the contract is called, told the assembled relatives that the adoption of a child by a noble required the Imperial consent.

‘But suppose the Emperor should not please to consent?’ said Grousha.

‘Nonsense! what objections could he make? It is merely a form.’

‘Oh!’

Grousha repeated this to her husband, and he said that it was perfectly true, but that she need not be uneasy—the Emperor would be very glad if he knew that such a fine little subject had been saved from such a lost-one of a father, and very much obliged to them for adopting him. ‘But the shoe that pinches is this, Agrafena: the clauses in the Code of Family Laws say, that “a childless noble may adopt one of his nearest relatives.” Now the authorities through whose hand this affair must pass stick to the fact that Max is a stranger in blood to us both.’

‘Well?’

‘It seems a serious objection, but one that I hope—that I insist on overcoming. You know that I am an utter orphan. The mortality and childlessness in our family is something extraordinary. To begin with, my two grandfathers were both only sons, and their sisters died unmarried or childless; my parents were only children, and my five brothers and sisters died in infancy. One grandmother had a sister in a convent, who never married; the other had three brothers, who were all killed, bachelors, in the Turkish wars. So as I have no relations that I am aware of, I am perfectly justified in adopting this stranger.’

‘Certainly—at least, so it seems.’

‘There is another form to be gone through which will make you smile. We must formally ask your sister (on your side) to let us adopt one of her children, and she will give us a formal refusal.’

‘But she won’t!’ cried Grousha; ‘she has over and over again hinted that it would be far more benevolent to adopt her Basil—she would like it of all things!’

‘Yes, *she* would: but Nicholai Nicholaïevitch?’

‘He is very fond of his children.’

‘So it appears to me. And now I think it is in a fair way to go further. The Governor wants us to make a ward of him, but I must confess I should prefer the other way.’

No one but a Russian, or a resident in Russia, can form half an idea of the slowness that Government questions drag in to their decision. The nomination of a child to a Government Institution, the question of a pension, the acceptance of an officer’s retirement, require months, and sometimes years, to decide. The system of correspondence—every grave question being settled at Petersburg—is the cause of this frequently painful, and never agreeable delay. It required Vesnin’s presence at the government town to overcome the apparently trifling difficulties of his case. Nicholai Nicholaïevitch not only gave a formal refusal to part with either of his darlings, but was almost offended at such an idea being proposed, and in the heat of the moment said a great deal that need not have been said, had he heard Vesnin out first. But at last an immense packet of documents, all written on stamped paper, consisting of a petition from Vesnin to the Emperor, Max’s register of birth and baptism, hunted out with great difficulty, and other papers, were sent to the Senate to be laid before His Imperial Majesty. Vesnin wrote to Fédinka and all his Petersburg friends, begging them to use what influence they could command in furthering his affair; and in due time the long wished-for document arrived—and the sanction printed in the newspapers—that

‘The young child Maximilian, son of the titular Counsellor Ivan Galkin, is lawfully adopted, with change of family name to that of his adopting father, by the Government Secretary,* Michaël Vesnin, of Agafino, Orenbourg Government, as son and lawful heir to the lawful share of his possessions. Signed in the original by

ALEXANDER.’

CHAPTER VIII.

NEARLY three years had passed since the first brick was laid of the church at Agafino, and it had been consecrated a few weeks before the Vesnins received the paper that made Max their lawful son; but there

* Second civil rank; it has no relation whatever to the office of a secretary. Titular Counsellor is the fourth rank.

was another ceremony to be gone through. The sanction of the Emperor had been obtained; it remained now to acknowledge him publicly, and to ask the blessing of the Almighty on this new relationship by means of the Molében used on Adoption. Anfisa Fômishna, with the deep religious feeling of her class, with her Slavonic lore and worldly experience, had excited the imaginations of Grousha and her husband during the difficulties that arose about the child being a stranger, and told them about the strange Office, and how the merchant in question had it performed; and they both said that if it only pleased God to bless them in the overcoming of the difficulties, they would most certainly have this Molében performed. The Agafino Priest, Father Platon, had never heard of it; and it was not till they had turned the leaves of the Molében Book almost to the last that they found it. A few words at the end made Michaël Emilianovitch and the priest raise their heads, look surprisedly at each other, and smile.

‘I will go to the Protopope at Q——,’ said Vesnin; ‘perhaps we may be able to leave that out.’

‘I do not think so, Michaël Emilianovitch. Our Services are always carried out to the letter. If you object to this Molében, you can have simply a Thanksgiving one performed.’

‘No, no, Father. We said that *this* one should be performed—and the prayers are beautiful. But I am afraid of frightening the child, that’s all.’

The priest shook his head. ‘What’s to be done? if it was a vow that you made, it must be performed, Michaël Emilianovitch.’

‘It was something very like it!’ said Michaël Emilianovitch. ‘Hastily, thoughtlessly made, as too many vows are.’

The Protopope at Q—— heard the story, and shrugging his shoulders, wondered at the fancy people now-a-days have for digging up antiquities, but confessed that it was occasionally made use of in modern times, wholly and entirely, and without any alteration whatever. He permitted himself to ask of his much-respected Michailo Emilianovitch how he came to know of the Molében in question.

Vesnin told him, and observed another shrug of wonderment at the source. He invited the old man to Agafino on the following Sunday, when he proposed going through the ceremony after Mass, and celebrating the Adoption afterwards by a dinner and a little dance.

Max has quite become the son of the house: they have got him to call the Vesnins Papasha and Mamasha, simply by third persons speaking of them always as such. Mamasha is very fond of him, and has made a very good honest little boy of him; he is a great happiness to her, but Michaël Emilianovitch doats on him, and it may truly be said, *forgets* that he is not his own child. He is nearly seven years old, and can read and write Russ well, and French passably; he is Mamasha’s pupil, and knows every story in the Bible and in Russian history as well as Mdes. Zontag and Zolotoff,*—is his father’s constant companion in his visits to

* Writers for children.

the works and the diggings, and knows almost every workman and his speciality in the place. He is always building something, and Papasha says that he will be a first-rate technologist. His disposition is very sweet, and his abilities excellent; but he is extremely mischievous, self-willed, and opinionated—qualities which, Michaël Emilianovitch maintains, are absolutely necessary to make a man of him, and which, when not directed immediately against himself, delight him past all description.

The day of the ceremony dawned tranquil and sunshiny; the house was full of visitors, who had arrived the previous evening in order to be present at Mass. When the great bell boomed forth solemnly for service, Grousha and Max were on their knees in her little cabinet, Max repeating his prayers, and Grousha saying Amen in her heart to them. He says now, 'Lord, have mercy on Papasha and Mamasha! Lord, have mercy on Thy servant Ivan! * Lord, remember Thy deceased servant Amalia! Lord, have mercy on the babe Lubinka! and on me, the babe Maxinka! Grant me, Lord, wisdom and intelligence, the fear of God in my heart, good health, and a Christian end.' Besides this prayer, which is the same as 'Pray God' of the English child, he says the Lord's Prayer, the Russian version of 'Hail, Mary,' and the same of 'Come, Holy Ghost!' He enunciates the Slavonic beautifully, and understands every hard outlandish word.

Grousha was very much overcome, and rather anxious about the Molében, which was so near now. They did not take any breakfast that day, and she had been talking to Max about his taking Infant Communion for the last time. He knew no particulars of the Molében, and Grousha did not know whether to prepare him or not; but she so feared a scene in church. She was sitting in her arm-chair considering this matter, when Anfisa Fômishna came in to consult her about some housekeeping concerns, and she confided her difficulties to the good woman's simple sense to solve. 'Just say nothing about it,' she said. 'You'll frighten him, or offend him, if you give him time to reflect on it. Keep him by your side as long as you can, and Father Platon will manage the rest.' Grousha, like all unnecessarily anxious people, wondered what had made her plague herself so, and kissed the sharp-witted old lady as she thanked her for her advice, and called her a dear old puzzle-solver.

It was considered such a sight, that many persons, not invited as guests to the Vesnins' house, came from Q—— and the surrounding villages to witness the Benediction on Adoption; and the doctor's, school-master's and mistress's, and priest's houses were full of company. The family of the Proprietor was the first among the nobles to enter the church, Michaël Emilianovitch in his full court costume as 'noble;' his wife, elegantly dressed to do honour to the occasion, but looking rather paler and graver than usual; and Max, charming in a black velvet suit, and red shirt just visible at the neck and wrists. He stood very devoutly during the whole of the long service of Mass; and a sermon on

* Galkin.

Infant Communion, intended expressly for him, worded very simply, and containing a few heart-stirring allusions to the approaching Benediction, was preached by Father Platon; and immediately afterwards, the Q—— Protopope, who performed Mass, administered the Holy Sacrament to him. He pleased the old man very much by kissing the Cup and the hand that held it, and by his serious devout bearing. He returned to his mother's side, and received her kiss and congratulation, and after Mass those of his father and the assembled acquaintances. Olympiada Modestovna, now a very infirm old woman, and who had opposed all Grousha's plans as much as lay in her power, was present, and obliged for decency's sake to do the same. Unfortunately, Max could not bear her, and, open as the day, never concealed his dislike, which she repaid tenfold.

And now the closed Royal Gates were opened, and Father Platon, with his Testament and cross, issued therefrom. Contrary to custom, Michaël Emilianovitch and his son ascended the steps of the Amvon, and with lighted candles in their hands, made an obeisance to the ground, and crossed themselves three times as the Priest chanted 'Blessed be our God, now, henceforth, and for ever.' After a few short prayers and kondaks, the following prayer was read, with the distinct enunciation that has lately become, happily, so common, but which then was quite a new thing.

'O Lord our God! Who through Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast called us to be the children of God by Adoption, and the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, saying, "I will be a Father to him, and he shall be to Me a Son;" O merciful Father and King, look down from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, on these Thy servants; and their natures (strangers to each other in the flesh) do Thou unite in the bonds of relationship as father and son, by Thy Holy Spirit; confirm them in Thy love, bind them with Thy favour, bless them with Thy glory, strengthen them in Thy faith, preserve them for ever, and grant that an unseemly word may never pass their lips; and be Thou the Recorder of their vow, that even to the end of their lives their love be not broken, that they never fail in their duty to Thee, in Whom all things living have life; and make them heirs of Thy Kingdom. To Thee is due all honour, glory, and worship, to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen.'

The Priest then turns his face towards the congregation, and says, 'Peace be to you all!'

And the Reader answers, for the congregation, 'And to thy spirit.'

Priest. 'Bow your heads before the Lord.' (The congregation stands with bent heads while he reads this prayer:)—

'O Almighty Father! the Creator of all things created, Who in the first Adam didst institute relationship in the flesh, and by our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, has made us Thy children through grace; to Thee alone are all things known, even from the beginning. Before Thee these Thy servants now bow their heads, and implore Thy

blessing on the union as father and son that they have agreed on between themselves, trusting in Thee. And that by steadfastness in holiness of life they may be worthy of Adoption by Thee. In this, as in all things, be glorified Thy Name, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen.'

The Deacon, who was standing behind Max, now whispered to him, 'Go and bow yourself down at your Papasha's feet, Maxinka!' The child instantly submitted, and Michaël Emilianovitch placed his foot for one instant of time on his neck. (He did it so cleverly and quickly, that the dear little fellow never knew of it.) He then raised him to his feet again, and said, 'This day thou art my son: this day have I begotten thee.' According to the rubric, the newly-made father and son embraced and kissed each other after these words.

The usual benediction followed, and the family received the congratulations of the Priest. Michaël Emilianovitch placed Max's little hand in his mother's, and kissed her affectionately, wishing her joy; and almost before she had kissed him, they were surrounded by relatives, friends, and acquaintances, the workmen and their wives, all eager to offer their congratulations, and to wish well to them.

It is a source of never-ceasing gratitude to Grousha, that neither she nor her husband ever had occasion to regret this step, for they were blessed in their son more highly than they dared hope. He manifested a studious disposition, notwithstanding his extreme liveliness, which, backed by a desire to excel, made him one of the first pupils of the gymnasium; and it is to be hoped that his career at the university will be as successful as that which has just closed. He has two little sisters, but he never felt that he was less loved than they; and Grousha frequently confesses that his affection to herself, his attention to his father, and his tenderness and fondness to the little girls, leave her nothing to wish, only that he may be spared, and that this peace and happiness may be continued to their family.

The graves of the two little brothers are not the less carefully tended for all that.

H. C. ROMANOFF.

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER IV.

'ANNIE, my dear, are the blanket lists ready? Christmas is coming very close,' said Mr. Marvin, coming in, cold and snowy, from his afternoon of visiting; 'to-morrow is St. Thomas's, remember.'

'Christmas, yes!' said the girl, rather wearily; 'plenty of signs of

that! I do believe people make their bills twice as large at Christmas. And then those boys always after one! And the snow—just look at it! Did you ever see anything like it, Papa? Mamma has been feeling that wretched east wind all the day, in spite of rugs and blankets and everything I could put over her.'

Mrs. Marvin was lying on a sofa drawn up very close to the fire; she was looking more of a confirmed invalid than she had of late; but voice and look were cheerful as ever, in answer to her husband's somewhat uneasy greeting.

'Yes, dear. I am like Mr. Jarndyce, and *do* feel the east wind; it will not be kept out. The poor old women in the village, that have not any of these warm things,' touching a very old railway wrapper that had seen its best days; 'I think of them so much. I wish every one could have a new blanket to-morrow.'

'They will, nearly,' said Annie, getting out her papers and parish-books; 'the Salternes have given such a lot, and Miss Clune too. I suggested one or two extra names, Papa, for the shilling, and Miss Clune thanked me, and gave it directly.'

'Very kind, my dear,' was the sober answer. Mr. Marvin never encouraged Annie in her pet topics—the Park, Salternes, and Clunes. 'Let me look over these names. What is this? Old Higgins, Ann Tarn, and Molly Nash, seem to be in both flannel and blanket lists. We must alter that.'

'I merely put them down for you to decide, Papa; but you see, Miss Salterne takes such an interest in those three; Molly Nash was in their family once; and as the money comes from the Park, I thought—'

'My dear,' interrupted her father, 'that is the express reason for *not* doubling the gifts. Miss Salterne's poor people need help far less than the others. I found old Molly Nash this afternoon declaring that she was almost too warm with two new blankets just come from the Park. We must leave out her name, decidedly.'

'Oh, Papa!' remonstrated Annie, 'what will they think?'

Mr. Marvin only answered by a quotation:—'“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.” Not to the Salternes, Annie.'

Mr. Marvin was not in the habit of indiscriminate text-giving; he did it sometimes, and Annie knew that he felt deeply on a subject when he applied sacred words to an every-day occurrence. .

It rather worried her. Why should her little failings, or little aspirations, be exalted into importance in that way? And to-day she felt the implication, and a consciousness of having deserved it made it more difficult than usual to get back her ready good-humour; and she worked on, comparing doles of money, meat, and clothing, in unusual silence.

'Where is Arthur?' asked Mr. Marvin, when the dusk was coming on so decidedly that Annie had to set to work at her daily difficult task of lighting a refractory moderator, whose internal works must have been

worn out long ago, judging from their unwillingness to act in a lamp-like manner.

'This nasty lamp!' said Annie; 'I suppose Arthur is off with Tracy; I saw him bring his pony here two or three hours ago. Glad enough I was to see it! You can't think what those boys are in the holidays, Papa dear! such a disturbance we have!'

'You must bear with them, my dear; you used to look forward to the holidays,' said Mr. Marvin; 'you have not outgrown them, have you?'

'Not a bit, Papa dear!' said Annie, brightening up; 'I'll tell you. I think I must have been a little bit cross to the children lately, for we haven't got on together quite so well. They do tease me with their lessons—the little ones, at least; and somehow Arthur has been out of my way since he took to making friends with Tracy. I can't endure that Tracy, Papa; I wish you wouldn't have him for a pupil. A shopkeeper's son, as he is, to give himself such airs, indeed!'

'Quietly, my dear! If you think him a bad companion for your brother—'

'That I do!' interposed Annie heartily.

'Then you should try to keep Arthur away from him as much as you can, by making home pleasant. A poor home may be a very happy one, Annie! You two were always great friends; I should be very sorry to see him neglect you, for even the attractions of Tracy's pony.'

'Perhaps it was my fault, Papa,' said Annie penitently.

A consciousness that she was not quite clear in the matter checked her merry talkativeness, and she worked on diligently, with only occasional remarks on the greediness of some of the old women who would ask for everything; till the tribe of nursery children rushed in helter-skelter, to declare that the carol-singers were coming, and to wonder what new carols they had learned since last Christmas.

'None, that I know of,' said Annie, a little petulantly; 'do mind my papers, children. Edith, my pet, I can't nurse you now; run away.'

It was a grand disappointment to the little ones; no new carols!

Mr. Marvin had been particularly anxious to do away with the absurd, or worse, rhymes that passed for Christmas carols, by substituting good fitting words and tunes, and allowing no school child to sing anything unsanctioned by him.

It had been Annie's great pleasure to get up a singing-class at the school for the express purpose of teaching the very best and prettiest Christmas songs she could get; and the 'waits,' as they called themselves, had been as proud as their teacher of the number of new carols they could surprise the village with.

'I have not had much time lately,' said Annie, in answer to her mother's gentle, 'I am sorry; isn't it a pity, darling?' 'And really they know so many. And it's not much pleasure to teach them one's own favourites, one does get so sick of them! You said so, Papa, about

"Good King Wenceslas;" morning, noon, and night, we had it drummed into our ears.'

'A little too often to be pleasant, certainly,' said her mother; 'but the people thoroughly enjoyed it. My darling child, you must keep them up to taking an interest in Christmas things. Christmas is such a beautiful time! When we get old and tired and worn out with the weight of years, there is nothing so pleasant as to look back on childhood; and Christmas brings us back thoughts of the joy and innocence of perfect childhood. When we come near the end of our life, darling, we like to look back to its beginning; and the beginning of both lives, mortal and immortal, meet in Christmas. I should like the children to have sung this: look, Annie—

"Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as in the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Softly sinks to peace at last."'

'I wish I had taught it them!' cried Annie impulsively, rushing to her mother's side; 'Mamma, *why* do you talk like that? I wish you would not; it makes me so miserable that I don't know what to do! Please, don't! And I have been so naughty! I wish I'd taught the school-children more! I wish I hadn't been cross at home! Do forgive me! I know I've been spoiled!'

Poor Annie's confession came from her very heart; Mrs. Marvin's tender answer, 'Not quite, my darling!' was not enough to comfort her; she felt that she *had* been spoiled.

Why, else, had the quiet Vicarage life been so flat and dull? Why had she gone through the children's lessons without caring for anything but to get them over? Why had the little home amusements seemed so very trifling, and worth so little trouble?

It was not pleasant to think of, when she faced it conscientiously; not pleasant to feel that even such a little dissipation as two or three dull dinner-parties, and as many duller calls, at the Park, had thrown her so completely off her balance, that even her parish work had interested her, of late, chiefly for the chance of occasionally meeting Miss Salterne or Miss Clune, and pushing her acquaintance with them.

For the prospective friendship with Miss Salterne, that had been one of her pet fancies, had been a signal failure. Always ladylike and always polite, Ada had proved herself, in Annie's opinion, too dull and sleepy to get on with; even Miss Clune, in spite of her haughtiness, was more accessible; and if she had only had a little less sarcasm in her look and voice, would have been *the* chosen model of the clergyman's daughter.

As it was, Miss Clune returned her half frightened admiration with an amused interest in the pretty frank country girl, and an encounter in the village would often send Annie home in a high state of elation not quite pleasing to her father, who had more than once to suggest

that old Molly Nash need not absorb quite such a large proportion of her time.

'I met Miss Clune at Molly Nash's,' had made a frequent part of her account of an afternoon in the parish; the old bedridden woman was an object of special interest to the Park people, for the sake of the long long ago time when she had been the head of the nursery to two generations of Salternes, as Annie knew.

Very long ago! in her treasured Bible there was the date of her birth, ninety years past. And in the second childhood of old age she had lost all memory of the distant time, even forgetting what had once been her great delight, her service in 'the family;' so that Ada's attempts to revive an interest in the worn-out life by a recurrence to old nursery traditions met with no answer; the old woman could only shake her head with a dim sense of forgetfulness, and repeat over again the history of the single incident yet 'green' in her recollection, telling how, only twenty years ago, her husband had been run over by a wagon, how he had suddenly said to her in the dead of night, 'Molly, my work's done;' and how he had then laid down his dear head on her shoulder, and so gone to his rest. That was all.

'Wiseacres say that human nature is the same everywhere, Ada; could I ever get to such a low pitch of vitality, as to have but one care or interest or recollection? It is the very depth of sadness, child!'

Isabella and Ada were alone in Ada's morning-room, luxuriating in an idle afternoon by the blazing fire, all the brighter by the contrast with the out-of-door aspect of thick-falling snow, driving past in the cold east wind.

They had been into the village, and Isabella had been listening with patience, as she always did, to the often-heard recital of the old nurse's bereavement.

'I don't know, Isa,' answered Ada slowly, in what Annie Marvin called her sleepy tone, 'I don't know that. It is so easy to get absorbed in one subject; I can quite fancy how it might hide everything else in one's life, without some counterbalancing interest.'

'Well moralized!' remarked Isabella.

'Some of us know it by experience, almost,' went on Ada; 'you, for instance, and I too.'

'Just what I was thinking!' said Isabella, in her sharpest way; 'from contrast I reasoned myself into analogy. I hate myself for it, Ada, but so it is. Fancy one's life coloured by one influence; and'—with a bitter laugh—'not a very excellent one! Where is my influence now, Ada, I wonder? working on me after the manner of mesmerists, electro-biologists, and somnambulists—for which see "Strange Story"—from Homburg probably, I should imagine. "Faites votre jeu, messieurs!" ah! and here am I! and "Le jeu est fait!"'

'Don't, Isa! it is too sad to laugh about,' said Ada wearily.

'The difference between young and old. Old Molly Nash's life

dwindled down to one speck in the past; Isabella Clune's tied down to one thought in the future. One as hopeless as the other; and the dead in the past better than the living in the future.'

'I hope not,' said Ada, as if shrinking from the intense bitterness of manner and words; 'nothing in the future is quite hopeless. Let us hope a little, dear!'

'By all means, little Ada! if your constitution is strong enough to support a groundless hope. *Very* groundless indeed, when it concerns the gathering in of a very extensive crop of wild oats, with their bitter bitter flavour. What shall we do, my dear? ignore the harvest entirely, and call it wheat?'

'One ought never to give up trying to do some good; it *may* succeed at the last,' said poor Ada, with a manner that showed great pain.

'But it has been tried!' was the impetuous answer; 'everything has been tried. You know it, Ada!'

'Yes,' answered Ada meekly, interrupting herself to say in her usual voice, 'Here is Mamma!'

Mrs. Salterne's pleasant face clouded as she came in.

'Ah! my dears! I see what you are talking about—my poor naughty boy.'

'Suppose we leave off talking of such a bad child, and find something more cheering,' said Isabella, with not a trace of sarcasm in her voice, as she sprang up quickly from her languid position to wheel a chair to the front of the fire, and insist on putting Mrs. Salterne into it, as tenderly as her own daughter could have done. 'Sit down there, dear old thing, and forget all such disagreeable topics!'

'I cannot forget, my dear! Ah! because people see me going about with a cheerful face and keeping up my spirits, they think I never trouble about my poor boy; but I do!'

'It may come right some day, Mamma,' said Ada; 'as I tell Isa, only she is unbelieving.'

'She knows too well, my dear! He is no better. Mr. Salterne has been telling me of the money he has thrown away quite lately for poor Willy, in hopes he would get into better ways—thousands on thousands; your father has impoverished the estate as much as he dares, and all for nothing, I very much fear. Poor dear boy!'

Mrs. Salterne very seldom gave way to such an outburst of natural feeling, which would have seemed strangely out of place and unreasonable, to those who knew her as the richly-dressed, dignified mistress of Salterne Park, and who were accustomed to the cool tone in which she invariably answered any inquiries for her son, by a careless remark on his fondness for Italy, France, or Germany, and perhaps a description of the last picture-gallery he had seen, or the newest dance he had admired.

Isabella Clune was the only person who could draw out her real hopes and fears. Isabella, who had been engaged to William many years ago, when she was a girl hardly out of the school-room, and who had embit-

tered her own life, and, people said, soured her disposition, by seeing the gradual disappointment of her ideal, yet holding firmly her truth to him through it all.

‘Poor thing!’ murmured Isabella, relinquishing the hand she had been holding and fondling, when Mrs. Salterne walked away, to dress for a grand dinner-party, threatening for that evening.

‘It makes me wild and indignant and *furious*, to hear her talk of her “poor boy!” A man of thirty! a man of the world! a bad man of the world! I believe your mother has not quite got rid of that marvellous vision of credulity that mothers are blessed with, and builds up a wonderful castle in the air, in which Willy appears, in childish innocence, only a few years younger than when he vanished; all traces of bad mysteriously disappear, good little boy drops down on his knees and asks forgiveness in the most correct style, father and mother hold out their arms, he embraces, everybody is happy, and such of the spectators as are equal to it sing a psalm of thanksgiving over the returned prodigal!—There!’

‘Dear Isa!’ entreated Ada, as if every sarcastic word had been uttered at herself, ‘prodigals *do* return!’

‘Yes, in books,’ was the tired hopeless answer; ‘books are so like life! True enough—

“The tree Yggdrasil
Beareth a sorer burden
Than men know of.
Above the stags bite it,
On its side age rots it,
Nighōgg gnaws below.”

For which poetical quotation I am indebted to this old Scandinavian edda. I like that northern mythology, Ada! Grand, and deep, and wild, like the beat of arctic seas on the icy coasts, and the roar of the wind among the weird pine forests. Different from the puny sentimental stuff about Jupiter and Juno, and a few hundred goddesses of the same description, isn’t it?

‘Better, because it comes nearer the truth. The old Scandinavians had an All-Father; and Balder the Good was to come to life again, and rule a new earth. Do you remember this extract from Geijer? “Thus sounds the voice of the northern prophetess: broken, indistinct, half lost to us through the darkness of centuries. It speaks of other times, other men, and thoughts imprisoned in the fetters of superstition, but yearning, even they, after the eternal light, and uttering their longing, though in a faltering speech. For well can we recognize, even in this doctrine, something of those ‘Great Hymns’ of which the Greek poet, turning his thoughts back upon the memory of beautiful deeds, sings that ‘they wander immortally, over earth and sea.’ Such are the hymns with which heaven and earth announce an Eternal Existence, and their own transitory nature. No Pagan mythology has more powerfully expressed this latter

idea than the northern. It points us onward, however darkly, through this very perishableness to the Mighty One from Above—Völuspá—who is above all the gods who are sustained by the influences of earth, of the rolling sea, or the mead of the poets—to the ‘Mightier than the mighty, whom it dare not name; Hyndla Ljod—to the unknown God, of Whom also the heathens speak.’ That is why you admire it, Isa.’

‘Is it? Well! I admire the disturbance that answers to our Judgment. The queer-named gods riding down the Rainbow, Bifrost, to the great battle; Loke, and Surtur, and Hrymer, and the souls from Valhalla, fighting on till the “earth sinks in the sea,” the stars vanish, the sun grows dark, the flames send up their reek all around, and even

“Quivers then Yggdrasil,
The strong-rooted ash,
Rustles the old tree.”

It is a strange mystical picture, Ada! full of horror and fear!’

‘Yes; but Yggdrasil lives through it all, in spite of gnawing serpents, and the Urdar fountain flows; and “the hosts of the virtuous through all ages taste of deep gladness;” the picture would not be perfect without that. Your favourite old mythology holds fast to the truth there; it makes life live through the convulsion, and goodness triumph.’

‘As it need!’ was the bitter reply; ‘at present the good have the worst of it, being burdened, as they usually are, with the punishment of the bad; I believe it is a standing rule now, that the innocent are to suffer for the guilty.’

‘Only for a time, Isa!’ deprecated Ada. ‘Look at Sümund’s good old verses; he put them among the old tales of the Edda, by way of application, I suppose.

“Men did I see
Who the Lord’s laws
Had followed stanchly.
Purest light
For ever growing clearer,
Passed brightly o’er their heads.

“Men did I see
Who with sharp fasts
Their bodies had subdued;
God’s holy hosts
Before them all bowed down,
And paid them highest homage.

“Men did I see
Who had their mothers
Piously cherished,
And their peace of rest
Amid Heaven’s beams
Shone gloriously.”’

‘Ah!’ said Isabella with her bitterest irony; ‘how many would there

be there? He was a wise man, the old eleventh century antiquarian—a wise man; and he has to finish with—

“ Oh, my Lord!
Give the dead rest,
Comfort to those who live!”

So say I, Ada. They *want* it.’

(*To be continued.*)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER IV.

‘How late you are, Papa! And you went out again when dinner was quite ready,’ said Jessie Ryder to her father, as soon as he made his appearance. Are you very tired?’

‘Not so *very* tired, my love.’

‘Whom did you go to see in such haste?’

‘A new patient, dear.’

‘Very ill?’

‘Yes, very ill.’

‘Who is it?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘But you were sent for to someone with a name?’

‘Yes, “*Mother*,”’ answered the Doctor.

‘Oh, then, a poor person—a stranger?’

‘Yes, dear, in the Gipsy camp. And there is some curious story, I’m certain. The woman is no Gipsy, nor her children—that is clear.’

‘Travellers, then, Papa; a begging family. They are much more common than Gipsies.’

‘Something besides that, Jessie. The woman is a fair woman, but she has some brown wash over her skin: and the children have a touch up of the same hue, though they cannot get rid of their blue eyes. Why should they do it? There is nothing especial in a dark skin to draw the money out of one’s pocket.’

‘She has taken to fortune-telling, Papa. No one would listen to a fair fortune-teller.’

‘Possibly. I must question the boy to-morrow, when he comes to the surgery.’

And to-morrow, when he came to the surgery, Robin did accordingly get his questioning.

‘Give me your hand, Robin. I do not think you have washed it this morning. Do you not always wash every day?’

‘No,’ said Robin shyly. He had a kind of perception that he was not raising himself in the estimation of his new friend.

‘Then will you do it to-morrow, and let me see you nice and clean?’

No reply.

‘Does not Mother like to see you clean?’

‘Mother wouldn’t mind, but—’

‘But somebody else would not like it?’

Robin was silent.

‘And, Robin, you have some brown on your face which would come off. Cannot you get it off?’

‘The sun stuff,’ said Robin simply. ‘Granny says the sun would burn us if we did not have it on when we go out. She puts it on for us.’

‘Does your mother have it on?’

‘Yes—I don’t know, she looks very white sometimes.’

‘Does your granny ever look white?’

‘Oh no. Granny says she never wants the sun stuff as we do, because it grows naturally on her.’

‘Cannot you try and get it off, and come to me to-morrow without it?’

Robin shook his head.

‘Is everybody kind to you there, Robin?’

‘Mother is always very kind; and Granny is sometimes kind.’

But certain passages in Robin’s young life, when Granny had been remarkably otherwise, then occurring to him, he rather abruptly ceased. And then another thought arose. Had he said too much? should he be obliged to repeat all this at the camp? He had been asked questions, could he refuse to answer them, when the Doctor had been so kind? But was it wicked to have mentioned about the sun stuff?

‘Now, Robin, look at this label which I am putting on. Can your mother read it?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Then go now, and take her the medicines, and don’t break the bottles.’ And Robin touched his cap and departed.

A troop of boys were at play when Robin returned through the market-place; and ‘Gipsy, Gipsy!’ resounded on all sides.

‘Give us a halfpenny, Gipsy.’

‘Tell us a fortune, Gipsy.’

‘I’ll fight you, Gipsy,’ at last cried a bigger if not a bolder boy.

The sentence filled our little Robin with dismay. He covered the precious bottles with his arms, and looked hard at the approaching fists.

‘What are you hiding there, eh, Gipsy?’

‘It’s Mother’s physic; she’s very bad—she’s *dying*!’ cried he loudly in his terror.

‘Let him go, don’t you hear, Jem?’ cried another youth, who as yet had taken no part.

The fists were withdrawn, the last speaker standing in a protecting attitude while Robin made his escape. Nobody followed; and the faces

of a few showed pity for the Gipsy boy who had a dying mother. Even the boaster flung nothing more dangerous than words. Hearts may sometimes break with words, but bottles never.

‘All a pack of lies, Harry.’

But little Robin did not heed. ‘I must take good care,’ said he, and soon slackened his pace to a steady one, which brought him with his bottles safely to his home (if home it could be called) in the lane. The burdened heart sank lower as he reached the tent. Little Amy sallied out to meet him.

‘Mother’s letter, Robin, have you brought it?’

‘Oh, Amy, I called at the Post-office the very first thing, and there was no letter.’

‘Mother will die!’ cried the child, clasping her little hands. ‘O poor Mother!’

‘But I’ve got some physic to make her better, Amy; so perhaps she won’t die yet.’

And Annette *was* better after the medicine, and so she did not die then; and we will spare our readers this time the narration of her disappointment.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XVII.

TWO COUSINS.

THIS Vincent Gueffès was a Norman, without weakness, and without prejudice. It was his misfortune to live in those dark ages when broad shoulders are of more avail than philosophy. In our enlightened age, Master Gueffès would have made his way; he would have been a capital Jesuit, instead of a bugbear of the highways; he would have been a disciple of the goddess Nature. We pity those Gothic days when such a genius as Vincent Gueffès was reduced to commit inglorious perfidies in a village; it was casting pearls before swine. Vincent Gueffès counted our travellers; they were six. He was no believer in the Fairy of the Sands; he knew her name well enough, and hated her because she had saved Jeannin; also he hated Simon, because he had forbidden him his house; he found himself in a humour for mischief. He went to the House of St. Jean, where the soldiers were, and desired to see the Chevalier Méloir.

Méloir had just come back to head-quarters, after publishing the Duke’s edict all round the neighbourhood. He was tired, and in ill-humour.

To amuse him, Bellissan the huntsman uncoupled the hounds before him in the court. As he showed them off, Méloir said, 'But that great black one?' pointing to an enormous bloodhound, beautifully formed, lying down away from the rest.

'A handsome beast, Monsieur, but idle and a coward.'

'What is his name?'

'I bought him of a peasant who was holding him by the neck; he did not know his name. There is something scribbled on his collar, but never did I learn to read.'

'He shall be called Reinot, in honour of my lady. Reinot—here, Reinot—here, dog!'

The black hound, seated on his haunches, maintained a superb indifference. Bellissan cracked his whip; the bloodhound got up, stretched his legs, yawned to the utmost extent of his great mouth, and howled dolefully, raising his head.

'Is that all he can do?' said Méloir with contempt.

Just then the two largest dogs approached their new companion to make acquaintance, which amongst dogs is generally commenced with a snap. Growls were exchanged, and the two tried to bite; when the black, with two bounds, sent them yelling overturned on the pavement.

'Well done, Reinot,' cried Méloir, much pleased. 'He is a fine fellow, Bellissan, and we will set him at work this very night; but we will sup merrily first.—You here again!' he said, on seeing Vincent Gueffès conducted towards him.

'Here I am again, my dear lord.'

'What do you want?'

'I am come to tell you that you will march first, and sup afterwards.'

'Explain.'

Gueffès told of the flight of the family; and when he pronounced the name of Reine, Méloir did not let him finish.

'Which way did they go?'

'Towards Normandy, my lord.'

'To horse! to horse!' cried Méloir; 'if we reach the Couesnon before them, the daughter of the traitor Maurever is ours.'

Supper was nearly ready, and the men-at-arms and archers showed unwillingness. Méloir left half the troop at the Castle under the command of Morgan. Of course they had not told Méloir the history of Jeannin hung on the apple tree; that was a trifle not worth attention. They set off—the pack of hounds before the horses, and the black dog in front of the pack.

The herald Corson, Morgan, and eight or ten soldiers, remained. Corson ate his supper and went to sleep. Morgan did the same. Then Gueffès said to the soldiers—

'There is cider wine and hypocras at the farm of old Simon le Prioul.'

The soldiers went down the hill without noise, they broke the door

open, and began feasting; but we are not going to give the detail of what passed between Gueffès and the drunken soldiers.

Our fugitives, to avoid detection, had gone inland till they had passed Ardevon; by the village of La Rive they came down to the sands, and there little Jeannin suddenly stopped, his outstretched arm pointing to the Breton shore in the direction of St. George.

They saw a great fire amongst the trees. Reine gave a cry, and asked what it was. Simon made the sign of the cross—'May Heaven help us, it is at St. Jean's!'

Fanchon was obliged to sit down upon the sands, her heart failed her.

'Wife,' said Simon, 'the house of our fathers is burnt; we have nothing left upon the earth, but we have done our duty.'

They rested there five minutes; then little Jeannin said, 'Forward!'

They turned their backs on the fire, and directed their steps towards Tombelaine. Master Simon was right, his house was burnt; but that was not the only one. Master Vincent Gueffès was not the man to do things by halves.

During all that night, and the night before, and the intervening day, Aubry had been hard at work. The file was good, and he made progress; indeed, he would have completed his work long before if it had not been for the intolerable posture that he was obliged to maintain, filing with one hand and holding on to the sill of the loop-hole with the other. Often his tired fingers let go, and down he fell to the bottom of his cell, tired and breathless. He was obliged to invoke the image of Reine before he could take heart again; and what new strength it gave him! He saw her, he heard her, encouraging and sustaining him; he heard her say, 'We want your arm, Aubry, to defend us against our persecutors.'

It was a feverish night, and many a foolish vision came to the solitary captive.

Towards morning the strangest of all came to him in the midst of his work; what he had foreseen when talking with Reine, came to pass. He thought he heard the distant bark of a bloodhound hunting on the sands. No doubt it was fancy; yet each time that the wind brought the sounds, they were more distinct; and once amongst the bayings Aubry thought he heard the voice of Maitre Loys, his beautiful bloodhound. Fever causes strange fancies!

Aubry took up his file and returned to his work. The iron bar was almost cut through, yet still it held. When the daylight broke, Aubry lay down on his straw-bed to get a little sleep. He was soon awakened with a start by Brother Bruno's key turning in the lock. It surprised him, because Bruno had already made his rounds and told his story. Is he going to take up the practice of going two rounds every night, and inflicting two stories upon me? Or had Aubry's nightly toil excited suspicion?

Before he had found time to answer these questions to himself, a heavy step sounding like iron followed the noise of the bolts.

'Well, Cousin Aubry,' said a loud voice at the door, 'are you still sleeping? By my patron saint, we keep late hours here!'

Aubry rose up quickly.

'Méloir!' he cried.

'Come in, come in, Sir Knight,' said Brother Bruno in his turn; 'these cells are not very large, but large enough for all one has to do in them. I remember that in the year '35, soon after I came to the Monastery, there was a prisoner named Oliver Triquetaine, who was so fat he could hardly come in at the door; as to going out, he went out upon his bier. This Oliver Triquetaine was a jolly companion; every Saturday evening he said—'

'When you take me back, Brother, you shall tell me what Oliver Triquetaine used to say on Saturday evenings.'

'Good,' said Bruno; 'I will not fail, since that interests you, Sir Knight.'

He went out, locking the door trebly.

'Sir Knight,' said he, through the oak door, 'when you are pleased to go out, knock at the door, and do not hurry yourself; I am going to Matins.'

Méloir turned to Aubry, and said—

'My Cousin, you have a good-humoured jailor; and how have you been all this time?'

'Well,' said Aubry.

'The fact is, you do not look ill.'

'What brings you here?'

'To shake hands with you, and inquire after you, in passing.' And he held out his hand to Aubry, who drew back.

'Oh! oh!' said Méloir; 'do you know that this is the hand of a knight?'

'I know it, and I blush for chivalry.'

'What is that you say?' cried Méloir, frowning; but he recollected himself directly. 'From time immemorial,' he continued, 'prisoners have a right to be insolent; do not mind, say what you please. These granite walls may well make a man bitter. From captives, women, and children, a knight endures everything.'

'A knight!' said Aubry, shrugging his shoulders; 'and they say that chivalry declines. By our Lady, if there are many like you, with golden spurs and hearts of knaves!'

Méloir grew pale.

'Hearts of knaves, I repeat,' said Aubry coldly. 'If you have any soul left, go; for I have nothing for you but words of contempt!'

'Well, Cousin Aubry,' said Méloir, laughing with effort, 'I stay and take my chance; abuse me, if that will comfort you, and I will pray Heaven to place this humiliation, borne like a Christian, to my account

in the day of reckoning.' Changing his tone suddenly, he went on—
 'Come, why can't we live like friends in a truce, though we are at war. Come, Cousin Aubry, leave your Amadis air, and let us talk like honest relations as we are.'

We shall remark here that there are three varieties of the Norman type, all equally hateful. Let it be understood that the word Norman does not mean absolutely the inhabitants of the province famous for butter and cider; it expresses a shade of character—as we say, Gascon, or Jew, or Arab.

The Jew is a double Arab—a rogue without malice; who makes his little usurious profit, and seldom becomes a minister of finance. The Gascon lies for the sake of a lie—he does it artistically. The Norman lies for money, not for the love of the art; to be sure, he lies for a place, an honour, &c. In the Gascon there is little good, in the Norman all is detestable. These are the three sorts of Normans:—1st. The sly Norman, a common type, the jobber. 2nd. The mild Norman. In the fifteenth century this species must have been unknown; in our days it is an old clerk to an attorney—like a loathsome insect—gaining an order by cleaning someone's boots. He is very polite, he uses imposing words; he understands music and cookery; he is a hurtful animal, loathsome as a toad; to get rid of him, you must use your heel. 3rd. The rough Norman is brave; he holds his heart in his hand; honest man, big voice, big body, big words, too pure for this corrupt age; nevertheless, look to your pockets.

Méloir was half Norman, half Breton; the Breton half decided his class—he was a rough Norman. Master Gueffès belonged to a fourth species—the Norman viper; a species become rare, and merged by civilization into the mild Norman.

Méloir had lost his constraint.

'Cousin Aubry,' he went on gaily, 'I am very much tired. I enter a convent for repose, the Prior asks me to dinner. I answer, "Your Reverence, you have here a young soldier who is my cousin, and whom I love as if he were my brother; he is a prisoner, permit me to go and see him." I am made to go down some detestable stairs, and instead of sitting down to a good venison pasty, I am buried in a dark hole; and for my reward you revile me.'

'I did not ask you to come.'

'True; but I bring you good news.'

'I should not like to hear it from you.'

'But this is actual hatred.'

'No,' answered Aubry, unmoved, 'it is only contempt.'

Méloir again felt angry, but it did not last; we get accustomed to insults, as well as to everything else.

'Hatred or contempt, Cousin Aubry, I care not. I came to talk to you, and talk we will; lend me half your straw.'

Aubry did not answer.

Méloir took an armful of straw, and threw it to the other end of the cell. Seating himself with his back against the rock, he said—

‘We shall both be at our ease now, and we cannot bite.’

He took off his sword-belt, and laid down his sword near him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MELOIR’S CODE.

It was now full daylight, and though the bottom of the cell was below the ground, Méloir and Aubry could see each other. The knight had made himself as comfortable as he could on the straw, and seemed resolved on a long visit.

‘Do you remember, Cousin,’ said he, ‘a conversation that we had not far from hence, on the road from Avranches to the Mount? You carried the banner of Monsieur Gilles, I that of Brittany. You judged our Duke with severity; I, who am older, and have more experience, was more indulgent. Then we spoke of love—it always comes to that—we perceived that we were rivals; well, Aubry, I was sorry for you from my heart.’

Aubry smiled disdainfully.

‘Oh!’ said Méloir, ‘I know that she loves you; that is not the question; that smile becomes you under your infant moustache, but as she is not here, the smile is lost. Between two men who love a lady, the question is not which she prefers.’

‘What is the question, then?’

‘It is which of them will be her lord and master in the end. Now, Cousin, I was sorry for you, for I knew before that you would not gain her.’

‘I have not lost her yet.’

The knight looked at him slyly, with a keen and piercing glance; then he examined the dungeon, as if he would get rid of an unpleasant thought that had come across him. That granite box might well set him at ease, so Méloir began to smile in his turn.

‘Fancy, Cousin Aubry, what a foolish notion crossed my brain; the way in which you pronounced the words, “I have not lost her yet,” sounded in my ears like a menace. I thought you had perhaps found a key to liberty; now, if you had found this key, your chance would not be bad.’

Aubry raised his eyes slowly.

‘Now I have raised your curiosity, I might torment you, for you have not been amiable; but I am good, and do not bear malice. I am going to tell you all, just as if you had received me with open arms. Yes, Cousin Aubry, chances turn; if you were at liberty, you would have the four aces, as the saying is; quint major, which gives me the

point, quint and quatorze counting ninety without playing; while I should find myself re-piqued with my famous maxim, "It is better to be feared than loved," for I should no longer have the means of making myself feared.'

Aubry listened with all his ears. Méloir paused; he seemed to be playing with his companion's newly-awakened attention.

'But,' he continued, with a malicious grin, 'that same key is what you want. I am not going to give it you; truly, these are good walls; my game is better than yours. She loves you, but I shall marry her. Is it not laughable?'

'To a miscreant without faith or honour.'

'Fie, Cousin, you use strong words; your position protects you; is it not generous?'

'Send me to the sands with a good sword, and meet me with two or three of your marauders; you will see if I maintain my words.'

'Well answered, Cousin; but we are too old to be caught in that way. I shall demand no reparation. You are the most valiant of esquires, we all know. If we were both on the sands, you would cut me in two, as Arthur of Bretagne cleft the giant of Tombelaine; there is no disputing that. In the meantime, let us be reasonable; I have yet to tell you why your cause would be so good, if a good fairy were to break your chains and pierce your dungeon walls. Things have made great progress since the eighth day of this month of June which is just closing. François de Bretagne has been struck by the solemn citation pronounced by old Hugh Maurever. He has grown ten years older in a fortnight, and he is always thinking of the eighteenth of July, the day fixed for his appearance before the tribunal of Heaven, and his physicians doubt his reaching that term, his powers decay so rapidly now; the setting sun has few worshippers—the Parsees adore the rising sun; while I am speaking to you, this moment, at sight of a resolute man, who would unfurl to the winds a rag with the future Duke's arms, and shout for Monsieur Pierre, my horse and foot would fly like a flock of frightened geese.'

Aubry put down his head to hide the joy that sparkled in his eyes; he thought of his iron bar, so nearly sawn asunder. He might be free in a few hours; he was obliged to exert his strength to restrain the joyous cry that would escape from his heart. Méloir, who saw his head depressed, pursued his triumph.

'But no one but you would attempt this; old Maurever, who is a saint, as all the world knows, would be killed a hundred times over rather than raise the banner of revolt; and our little Reine is only a woman, after all.'

'Oh!' groaned Aubry, feigning rage and despair at being obliged to remain like a wild beast in a cage.

'I allow it is grievous, for I shall be at work all the time. However ill François may be, I have a good fortnight before me, and I

do not want so much time. I shall have settled my affair in three days.'

'Three days?' repeated Aubry.

'At latest. I forgot to tell you that the fatigue which obliges me to rest upon your straw is caused by a hunt upon the sands last night.'

'Ah!' said Aubry, rising up, 'I thought I heard—'

'The cries of my pack,' interrupted Méloir. 'Ah, the devils of dogs, what a life they led me! They came to the rocks at the foot of the Mount. To-night we shall take them to Tombelaine.'

A shudder ran through Aubry's veins, but he kept silence.

'Besides, that pack is for display; I only bring them out to show my zeal, for I know a rogue who will take me when I please to Maurever's hiding-place.'

Aubry could scarcely breathe. Méloir settled himself at his ease upon the straw.

'That is not the chief thing I have to tell you that refers to our famous alliance—the means I shall employ to obtain the hand of the beautiful Reine.'

'Violence,' murmured Aubry.

'You don't understand me; a fine way of making oneself feared, to menace like a brute; it would not be worth the trouble. No, Cousin, to make oneself feared is, as I told you, the great secret of love; but provided a man has in him all that can please when he chooses to use that talisman; now, in spite of the fifteen or twenty years that I am older than you, friend Aubry, I carry my plume with a good grace; my leg does not swell out the thigh-piece; look, my figure keeps its suppleness in this steel corslet. Violence! foolish youths who would strike a woman if they were not sighing like slaves at her feet. We knights,' and Méloir raised himself with a magnificent air, 'we knights have other codes; and for your edification, Cousin Aubry, I will teach you one.' He stopped to laugh his mocking laugh.

'Oh, ho! now you listen. I must really be a very kind kinsman, or I must have supreme confidence in these bolts of Master John Couvrault, prior of the convent, to show you in this manner all my schemes; but I never remember to have seen anything so droll as your face, Cousin Aubry; I divert myself as one is amused at a mystery or a play represented by clever actors.'

It was the prisoner's turn to frown. Méloir soon took his revenge.

'Don't be angry—let me amuse myself; now comes my plan. I arrive at the retreat of Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, my future and venerable father-in-law. I arrest him in the name of Duke François—himself, his daughter, and his suite, if he has one, which I doubt. I carry him off; on the road I ride up to his side, and I say, "Sir Knight, I was your friend, and you must be surprised at the part I am now playing." He answers me by a disdainful look. I insist; he sends me to the devil. You see, Cousin, I put all at the worst. I say

dolefully, "You have judged me wrongly, Hugh de Maurever. All that I have done was done for you; from the beginning of your peril I wished to save you, were it at the risk of my own life." Naturally he opens one ear, for when an enigma is told, everyone wants to know the solution. I salute him respectfully, and pretend to retire; he keeps me, and says, "I do not understand you," or he may prefer to say, "Explain yourself;" I leave him the choice of these two expressions. I return with a humble mien, and say, "Monsieur Hugh, I love your daughter."

'At this he turns his back upon you, wretch that you are!'

'I think you are right; he ought to turn his back here, it is the crisis; but I am not confounded, and I add pathetically, "Think, Monsieur Hugh, with such love I can directly—" "Enough," says he, for I must act the part of his ill humour. "Oh! Messire Hugh, the accused has the right of defending himself. The moment I said, I love your daughter, you thought you guessed my motive; you thought, Méloir will conduct us to Duke François, give me up, and ask for my daughter's hand as his reward." If I can shed a tear here, Cousin Aubry, all is done. If I cannot squeeze out a tear, I shall pretend to wipe my eyes, and go on warmly, "Alas! Monsieur Hugh, that is not my design; true, I am a poor gentleman, but I have a heart as proud as a king. My design was to take the office of searching for you, in order to prevent another not so friendly from taking it. My design was to come to you immediately, and say, There is Normandy at your feet, Monsieur Hugh; you are free. Heaven keep you."'

'Ah! wicked rascal!' cried Aubry, with the drops upon his brow.

'Should you prefer my giving him up to the Provost Marshal?' asked Méloir sneeringly.

'I should prefer seeing you in the lists with our swords, false pretender to honour.'

'Your anger shows that my plan is a good one, and must succeed,' said Méloir, rising.

Aubry also got up.

'Yes, your plan is good,' he stammered in fury. 'Hugh de Maurever, who is all generosity, will believe in your generosity; and perhaps Reine, to save her father—'

'By St. Méloir!' cried the Chevalier, 'your words delight me; I have touched the right point.'

Aubry's rage boiled up, and the effort he made to restrain it did but increase it.

Méloir looked at him in a provoking manner, and said,

'I have nothing more to say, my poor Cousin. I wish you may gain resignation; and next time we meet I shall present my wife.'

The young man's rage burst forth; he forgot all prudence.

'Coward! coward! coward!' he cried three times, placing his back against the door. 'You shall see me again sooner than you expect;

and when you open your mouth to deceive that noble old man and his daughter, my sword shall send the lie down your throat!’

‘Ah!’ said Méloir, recoiling as far as under the window.

Aubry would have recalled his words, but it was too late.

Méloir said, ‘I partly came for this; we too have plans.’ A second time he looked round the cell, and more carefully.

Aubry had lain down again upon his straw, and did not speak. His hands were free, and he had often thought of springing upon Méloir, but he was fully armed, and Aubry had nothing to defend himself with.

After he had finished his examination, Méloir grumbled,

‘Not a slit where one could insert a finger; and this fellow is not a spirit. Ah!’ he said, again recollecting himself, ‘the loop-hole.’

Aubry shuddered from head to foot.

Méloir raised up his tall figure, and as he could not reach the loop-hole, he jumped.

‘A rabbit might get out there;’ he seemed to measure the size of the window with the thickness of Aubry’s body. ‘If the bar were cut,’ he thought aloud. He took off his iron glove, raised himself on his toes, and threw it against the bar, which gave a cracked sound. ‘Ah, ha, my friend, I did well to come.’

He did not finish, for seeing all lost Aubry took a sudden resolution, and sprung upon him as he tried the bar. Méloir was thrown down. Aubry placed his knee upon his breast, and putting his own sword to his throat, ‘One word, one cry,’ he said in a low voice, ‘and I kill you like a dog.’

‘And you would do well, Cousin,’ said Méloir, not disconcerted by such a trifle, ‘all is fair in war; and I did not do very well to come here. But do not squeeze my throat so very tight, and I promise not to call for help, on the word of a knight.’

CHAPTER XIX.

BROTHER BRUNO.

WHEN Aubry had slightly loosened his hold, Méloir swallowed a mouthful of air with great satisfaction.

‘You have a strong fist, Cousin, and I am a fool; your plan was better than mine—that is all—it is nothing to mind.’

‘Listen, Méloir,’ answered the young man; ‘you were a brave soldier once, and a good fellow. I cannot kill you.’

‘Kill me! no, you are far enough from that, Cousin.’

‘I ought, for the sake of Monsieur Hugh de Maurever and his daughter.’

‘By no means; you know I am incapable—’

Aubry’s hand was felt a little tighter upon his throat.

‘Hold your tongue,’ he said quickly. ‘I have no time to listen to your trash. I am willing to spare you, upon condition that you will not interfere with my designs.’

‘On the faith of a knight, you have only to saw the bar before my eyes; I will be a ladder for you.’

‘Thanks; that way seems dangerous and inconvenient. Why go out at the window, when there is the door?’

‘I beg to observe, Cousin Aubry, that you are not aware how you are squeezing my throat. I hate half measures. Strangle me properly, or let me go.’

‘I will let you go when we have agreed.’

‘I cannot open the door for you,’ said Méloir, in a lamentable voice.

‘Promise that when once free you will not resist.’

‘I promise.’

‘And you will let me tie your hands and feet?’

‘For what purpose, Cousin?’

‘And put a gag in your mouth?’

Aubry made a little play with his fingers.

‘I promise, I promise,’ said Méloir hastily.

‘Do you engage to give me up your armour, and let me put it on before your eyes?’

‘My armour?’

‘From the steel boots to the head-piece.’

‘Ah, Cousin Aubry, Cousin Aubry, I did not think you were so sly.’

‘You promise?’

‘I promise,’ grumbled the unlucky knight.

‘On your oath?’

‘On my oath.’

‘Well, then get up, and keep your word like a gentleman.’

As far as the getting up was concerned, Méloir did not need twice telling; as to keeping his word, perhaps he would have found some subterfuge if he had not beheld his good sword in the hands of Aubry. His dagger certainly remained in the sheath; but then, Aubry de Kergariou was such a skilful man with his weapons, that it would have been folly to attack him with a dagger when he had a sword in his hand. Méloir stretched, shook, and felt himself.

‘Come,’ said Aubry, ‘to work.’

Méloir made a step towards him. Aubry without ceremony put the point of the sword between his eyes.

‘Keep your distance,’ said he; ‘I shall scratch you if you come near.’

‘You distrust me, then?’

‘I hate you; and if you don’t make haste—’

‘I am doing it, Cousin Aubry, I am doing it.’

At last he began to unloose his armour; he had only the light parts of it, and did not wear that iron shell which was still used in battle in the fifteenth century. His equipments consisted of steel boots, joined to

thigh-pieces of tough buff leather; a shirt of chain-mail, buff leather sleeves, head-piece, with a plume, and without vizor.

Aubry watched him; when he had taken off his armour, leaving nothing but his doublet and hose, Aubry took from under the straw of his bed a rope which was to help him in his escape.

‘Hold out your hands,’ he ordered.

‘Wait till you are equipped.’

Aubry smiled.

‘I shall arm when your hands are tied; hold out your hands.’

Méloir obeyed at last, but very unwillingly. This charming knight really hoped to regain his advantage while Aubry was at his toilet. He muttered, while having his hands tied,

‘Who would have thought the little man would have played such a safe game?’

‘There,’ said Aubry, who had tied a famous knot, ‘I will excuse your legs; now sit down in my place, and reflect upon the vicissitudes of fate.’

Méloir sat down, looking very much like a fox caught by a trap. Aubry was armed *cap-à-pie* in an instant.

‘Does it not become me?’

‘Must I serve you for a looking-glass?’ said Méloir angrily.

‘Come, come, don’t be angry, Cousin Méloir; some time or other you shall have your armour again. Now we have only to put on the gag.’

Méloir suffered himself to be gagged, but he had lost all trace of good humour; he was turning in his mind ferocious schemes of revenge.

Aubry courteously wished him good morning, and struck the door with his gauntlet; he struck with all the force of his arm, for he remembered that Brother Bruno had said he was going to Matins.

Apparently he had changed his mind, for he opened the door at the first knock.

Aubry could not help stepping back; he thought he must have been there all the time, and heard all! And as at the same moment Méloir jumped up, making inarticulate cries through the gag, Aubry thought all was lost.

However, Bruno cried out,

‘What is the matter with this madman? Sir Knight, give him a blow between the shoulders with the flat of your sword.’

Méloir had advanced to the door, trying to put his face in the light, and to make the lay brother recognize him. But, turning to Aubry, Bruno said,

‘I never saw a prisoner in such a state. Sir Knight, have you given him some drink? In the year ’39, we had a prisoner named Thomas Graveleur, who went mad in this same cell. I will tell you his history. This Thomas Graveleur—’

Méloir struggled violently.

‘Let us go,’ said Aubry, who was very pale, and wondering that the brother should still mistake.

Bruno retreated immediately; and as Méloir clung to him, he could

not do less than give the prisoner a paternal blow with his fist. It was a right good one, and Méloir's breast sounded like a drum; he staggered and fell back on the straw.

'There,' said the indignant Bruno; 'it is no part of my work to caress madmen. I hurt myself on the second bone of my ring finger.'

Aubry had passed the threshold. Bruno followed, speaking and scolding in fine style. He shut the door carefully, and then putting his hands to his sides, he burst into a hearty laugh. Aubry did not know what to think.

'Oh, oh, oh!' said Brother Bruno, with tears in his eyes. 'I shall die of it, Messire Aubry, I shall die of it! This is a history, such as I never could have invented.'

'You know me, then?' said the disconcerted Aubry.

'Did you think I was blind? Oh! oh! my sides, my sides! He undressed himself; he was very obedient.'

'What! did you see him?'

'The key-hole, Messire Aubry. I saw him, as I saw you all day yesterday, filing the bar. I had a great mind to bring you a stool to stand upon, for that position must have tired you.'

Aubry, all astonishment, looked at him.

'Well, my young friend,' said Bruno, 'when you have looked at me long enough. I like good stories, and I shall tell this twenty years hence, if I live. Besides, you know well enough that I was a whole soldier before I was half a monk. Old Maurever gained my heart by coming here to quell the pride of a sovereign. You gained my heart by throwing down your sword before the bier. And this rogue Méloir, on the contrary, made my ears burn when he acted the cringing hound that day. Now this reminds me of a merry story, that happened in the year '28, near Bellesmes, in Normandy.'

'My good Brother Bruno,' interrupted Aubry, 'the most important thing for me is to get out of the monastery; you may tell me your history afterwards.'

'I can tell it as we go, Messire Aubry. The Chevalier Pothon de Xaintrailles, who would get into Bellesmes by night, in spite of the English. Durham was in Bellesmes with four hundred northern archers, any one of whom would have killed a lark at fifty paces—'

Aubry suddenly pressed the lay brother's arm. They had left the corridor, and were entering the cloister, where many monks were walking. Bruno suddenly changed his tone.

'Yes, Sir Knight,' he said, with every mark of profound respect, 'these dungeons are hollowed uniformly out of the solid rock. Dom Nicholas Famigot, twenty-fourth abbot of the holy monastery—besides this work—had newly gilt the revolving statue of Michael the Archangel, which is at the top of the Campanile. His decease took place on the 19th of March, in the year 1272; and the register reports'—(the cloister was passed)—'the devil knows what the register reports, Messire Aubry. It does not contain half such a good story as I have witnessed to-day; pray

let me laugh a little. What a face he had! and his piteous looks! Now would I give something to know how he gets on all alone in your cell.'

Aubry was far from partaking in the hilarity of the serving brother. His helmet had no vizor, and he was certain that Méloir must have brought some attendants to the convent, and he was afraid some of them would meet and recognize him. But Bruno had some undeniable arguments against this fear.

'The soldiers,' he said, 'I have seen them; they are pretty well drilled. I took them to the lay refectory; they went in upon their legs, but they will have to be drawn out on barrows. Yes, yes, I have been a soldier, and I know how that is.'

Brother Bruno licked his lips at the thought of some luxurious feast.

They went down the great stair-case, crossed the knights' hall, the monks' refectory, and arrived at the door of the guard-room. Brother Bruno was a close observer.

'Raise your head, put on an insolent air, with your fist on your hip; that's the way Méloir walks.'

The guards presented arms respectfully; the outer door opened.

'I am commissioned,' said the serving monk, 'to show St. Aubert's Chapel to the worthy Chevalier Méloir.'

'Heaven be with you,' wished the brother porter, as they passed.

Aubry drew a deep breath; Bruno joined in chorus.

'Now,' he said, 'my young Lord, where are you going?'

'I cannot tell you,' said Aubry.

'Excuse me, you must; for I am going with you.'

'How?'

'I am going with you to the world's end.'

'But your gown, Brother?'

'I have taken no vows, Messire Aubry. I told you I am but half a monk; and I do not wish to take your place in the dungeon excavated by Dom Nicholas Famigot, twenty-fourth abbot of St. Michael's, though it is a great work.'

'Do you think you would be held responsible?'

'The blow—the Chevalier Méloir will speak of that; and it was a good cuff, Messire—did you see? and to-night I should sleep on your straw. I have a story on this subject that must divert you—at least, I hope so. It was in the year—stay, I have forgotten the year, but certainly it was before the year '40, because I had my three front teeth, which were broken by an unlucky blow from a mace, at Henbonne. Messire de Villaines—'

'Brother Bruno,' interrupted Aubry, 'I am going to a place where I have no right to take you.'

'Come this way, Messire Aubry,' answered the lay brother; 'better walk on the sands than on these vile rocks, that would wear out the best pair of sandals in two days. So you will not hear my story, good Messire Aubry. As to the place where you are going, if you do not take me, I will take you.'

‘You know?’

‘Don’t you think the archer Alain’s third arrow (the archer, you know, who was watching on the platform two nights ago,) would not have hit the mark better than the first? My companion, Alain, never missed three times following in his life; and there was the girl as plain to be seen in the moonlight as I see you now, Messire Aubry. Happily, I had been listening at the key-hole while you were talking with her.’

‘Ah! you are a demon!’ cried the young man, half laughing, half vexed.

‘Do you complain? I seized the arm of Alain, and I said, “Here is a goblet of wine, that St. Michael sends to his faithful guardian;” and Master Alain put down his cross-bow to take the cup. The cup was deep, and by the time Alain my comrade had given it back to me, Mademoiselle Reine de Maurever was sheltered behind the angle of the wall.’

Aubry took his hand and pressed it. Brother Bruno stopped, and pulled up the sleeves of his gown.

‘Look there,’ he said, showing the arms of a wrestler; ‘when the soldiers of Méloir come for old Hugh de Maurever, down there at Tombelaine, these arms may give them some trouble. I can make pretty play with a sword; when I have no sword, I like a club; when I have no club, I do as well as I can.’

He took up a great stone in both hands, and balanced it over his head. It flew as if from an engine, and broke a post planted in the sand thirty paces off; he smiled.

‘Suppose Méloir in the place of that post; he would have lost his appetite for some time to come. But tell me, my young Lord, did you ever hear what happened to Joson Drelin, beadle of the parish of St. Juan des Guerets?’

(To be continued.)

BIER LANE SCHOOLS.

THE last few years have witnessed the rise of many good works, and the development of others already existing on a more purely religious basis. These all need yearly increasing support; and those amongst the laity who are the most willing to help on the various Missions, Homes for Incurables and Convalescents, &c., through their struggling infancy, find that their purse, unlike Fortunatus’s, has a limit to its contents.

Notwithstanding these undeniable truths, I venture to give my experience of Mission Work going on in a corner of Windsor, in the hope of gaining aid from those who have the will and power to lend it a helping hand.

About eight years ago, Mrs. Tennent, whose name is intimately associated with the founding of the House of Mercy at Clewer, came to live at Windsor.

Bier Lane, with its tributaries, Garden Court, Red Lion Place, &c., soon enlisted her sympathies. As much care was given to it by the hard-working Rector and his curate as was compatible with the claims of a large and very scattered parish, of which Bier Lane formed the furthest limit.

The few more respectable denizens of the lane would not walk off on Sundays to Holy Trinity Church, about half a mile distant, and, in spite of remonstrances from their clergy, either attended the theatre services in the next street, or listened at home to the tipsy shouts of their neighbours at the public-house and those of boys and girls engaged in riotous games.

Mrs. Tennent's proposal of establishing a cottage service on Friday evenings was gladly hailed by the Rector, who entrusted the carrying on of that service to his curate, the Rev. F. Storry, than whom none could have so heartily and ably entered on the work. He and Mrs. Tennent hired the largest available cottage in the lane, two upper rooms being thrown into one and doing duty as a chapel. Forms and chairs, Bibles, hymn cards, and Prayer Books for those who attended the service, were provided; and 'our room' was soon understood to be the centre from which the Mission was worked. Here stores of groceries were kept; clothing and sick bags for the use of the poor people in that district.

The inhabitants of Bier Lane remember vividly how, in conjunction with Mr. Storry, their kind benefactress laboured amongst them, often watching her opportunity to rescue the erring or fallen even until ten o'clock at night. In the midst of the work she was almost suddenly taken to her rest. But the seed, sown with so many prayers, grew and prospered. To the Friday Prayer-meeting was added a Sunday evening Service, then a Sunday school, and subsequently a day school for children, and an evening school for adults; these additions to the work were made as the want of them was felt, and they have been kept up ever since. In order to make them as permanent as possible, it was thought well to establish the Mission work in its own premises; and as an old tramp lodging-house in the middle of the lane was just then for sale, it was purchased by the Rector, who gave part of the premises as a site for a chapel-school, which in due time was built and handed over to trustees for the benefit of the poor of that district.

Thus the work expanded; and one Thursday in October, 1866, I found myself wending my way down Bier Lane, in company with several volunteer Sunday-school teachers, the Rector and his party, and a few Windsor residents, who regard the place as the St. Giles of their town.

We were invited to be present at the opening of a really handsome school-house. The school-house was built by subscription, Her Majesty graciously heading the list with fifty pounds; and gradually, like a snow-ball, the subscriptions accumulated—many of the poor residents in Bier Lane having subscribed their weekly pence for a twelve-month towards the work, so that on this Thursday of which I speak, the largest part of the building expenses had been provided for.

Half way down the lane, just opposite an old dissenting chapel, now used as a brewery store, stood the Mission school, a very muddy space in front, a regular slough of despond at times, through which we picked our way, and found ourselves in the room. A few minutes of suspense, as the poor specially asked to come took their seats; then followed a hum of approbation, as an aged and saintly woman, one of the earliest

attendants, and most faithful adherents of 'our room', in Mrs. Tennent's time, but who had since removed to a remote district in the town, was brought in, and enthroned, to her utter bewilderment, in a chair of state. The untrained choir of boys and girls, nervously anxious to sing their best and loudest, entered; after them the clergy, and the short dedicatory service began. Mrs. Tennent's old hymn-cards were in the hands of many, and as 'Jerusalem the golden' was sung, so heartily by young and old, all present must have been carried back in thought to her who was not allowed to see the fruit of her labour. Honourable loving mention was made of her in the Rector's short address, when he and others who had the Mission's welfare much at heart, spoke to their people, thankfully for past mercies, hopefully for the future.

The service concluded, we peered into the wash-house, and duly admired the arrangements made for many future tea-parties and winter soup-kitchens; and after running a severe gauntlet of hand-shaking from their parishioners, the clergy and their company were allowed to depart.

I shall not easily forget the first Sunday service held in the newly inaugurated room. I was to play the harmonium, and arrived early. I found the parochial mission woman, a first-rate worker, (but alas! since then stricken down by overwork, and now in Brompton Hospital,) busily engaged in providing extra chairs and benches, propping up the rickety harmonium with bricks, and placing the congregation as they came in, the old and deaf in front, the mothers with babies and young children near to the door, lest a fit of infantine squalling should necessitate their speedy exit.

The room was very full that night. The mission woman told me afterwards how she, who knew the history of most of the then unfamiliar faces to me, rejoiced to see some 'Black Sheep,' listening with eager gaze to one of the Bible stories—I forget which—given instead of sermon with the minute detail which the uneducated so much enjoy.

I promised the choir a practice after the service, but a considerable part of the congregation chose to stay, then, and on succeeding occasions. Amongst them always appeared a tall soldier, belonging to one of the regiments quartered in Windsor. I had the curiosity to find out that he was related to some people in the lane, also that he was a fair musician. Wet or fine, the soldierly figure was the first to arrive, the last to go, doing perhaps good service by his presence in keeping out roughs, of whom we had some slight experience. I made his acquaintance at last; having discovered through the mission woman that he intended, *sub rosa*, to learn the harmonium, of which he then knew nothing, in order after my departure to keep up the musical part of the services, I indeed once offered to give the soldier some lessons; but his dignified reply, 'Madam, I am a band-master,' completely nipped in the bud any further attempt to shorten the learning process. By dint of six hours practice a day, this persevering musician soon qualified himself for his share of the work; and I have since heard that he continued to play the harmonium until his regiment left Windsor.

The week after the opening, the first tea-meeting came off. Some of the teachers came to be useful; and, after tea and cake had been handed about and disposed of, sang glees and part-songs, to the heartily expressed approbation of their audience.

I remember well too, the transition at that time of the Sunday-school from Mrs. Tennent's cottage to the new room. The managers had

winked at various irregularities: children, under the old régime, brought baby brothers into their classes, and endeavoured to be nurse and pupil at once, with indifferent success in either character. Now the reign of King Log was over; under clerical supervision, teachers and taught found the reins of discipline gradually tightened Sunday after Sunday, until boys and girls were convinced that unwashed faces and hands and unkempt hair would as surely exclude them from entrance, as insubordination would entail the loss of 'marks.' This last evil was a serious one. Every mark was worth an appreciable fraction of a penny in the clothing club account; and the children's pence, earned at odd moments by 'running of harrans' or wheedled out of their parents, were regularly brought to the Treasurer each Sunday, and put out to interest with the same view. This had the double effect of diminishing the Sunday trading in sweet stuff (fossil tarts, and poisonous hued lollipops) and of providing warm clothing for the children in winter.

Just before we left Windsor, the girls evening school was started in the Mission House. A night school for men and boys was held at the other end of the parish. Of course the 'three Rs' comprehended the amount of tuition given; the only noticeable feature to my mind on these evenings being the altered behaviour of these girls. Impressionable as girls between twelve and sixteen usually are, these had carefully noticed the ways of their half-dozen lady-teachers, and had responded visibly to the increased pains lately bestowed on them. The half-shy giggle and brusque movements in many cases were gone, and all bent their heads over slates and copy-books with quiet earnestness. Still more marked was their growing reverence at the Church services. The choir boys, who, placed near the harmonium, had been troublesome neighbours, proved models of good behaviour at last. The difficulty is real and palpable of inculcating reverence outward and inward in a place necessarily connected, like the Bier Lane school-room, with so many associations besides those purely devotional.

As the work expands, the want of a church will be more and more felt. Other and immediately pressing needs there doubtless are. Funds to maintain the Parochial Mission woman—a most invaluable agent in the work—as well as the certificated school-mistress, are wanted. Also it is contemplated to establish a refuge for the fallen as a feeder to the House of Mercy at Clewer: so attaching to this Mission work the part in which the foundress was especially interested. With a view to this, it is proposed to purchase some houses in the lane, affording very convenient premises.

I have sketched as a comparative stranger the bright side of Bier Lane, as it was presented to me; those who have laboured steadily for years in this nook of the Church's vineyard could better put in the darker shades of the picture. Drunkenness, vice, profligacy, ungodliness, the evils of trampdom, shifting hordes of beggars demoralizing the district, &c.

If I have succeeded in awakening any desire in the reader to assist the Mission, I am sure that help of all kinds will be thankfully received by

MRS. OLIPHANT,

7, CLARENCE CRESCENT,

WINDSOR,

on behalf of St. Mary's Mission, Bier Lane.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTSEA NURSERY.

Sir,

I read with much interest the account of the Portsea Nursery in your last number; but it is not possible to appreciate its value, unless something is known of the desert that surrounds this oasis. It is indeed a desert, parched and dry, bearing nothing but briars and thorns, and yielding no wells of pure water. No wells of *pure* water—only (to borrow a simile from a subject much mooted amongst us) such as are poisoned by the sewerage of such a country as this carried through its army and navy. Yet it seems impossible either to do away with or to turn aside this impurity from such unfortunate stations as our great ports and garrison towns. Foremost amongst them all—yes, even before Devonport—stands our miserable Portsmouth: not only because of the importance and size of its naval establishment, but because of its immense garrison, formed from every arm of the service, excepting the cavalry. And amidst profusion, (at least as regards personal comforts and adornments,) there is no money to be gathered, and there is no permanent tie to attach people to the locality. Still one has been found with faith and courage enough to venture on this moral and disgusting quagmire, and there boldly to hold up the standard of the Cross. And people have flocked to it from all parts—the miserable, the fallen, and the hopeless; and not only they, but those also who recognize in that standard the sign of our common salvation. They have fled gratefully to its shadow, and have gladly helped on the work begun under its banner. Shall we, upon whom ‘the lot has fallen in a fair ground,’ refuse to enroll our names amongst its followers? or shall we refuse to strengthen the cross-bearing arm by sending our little offerings to the Portsea Nursery?

J. L. A.

A NOBLE DEED.—DIOCESE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sir,

I think many of your readers will be interested in the following touching story, which I extract from a letter I received recently from the Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland.

The incident was related to the Bishop by one of the survivors of the terrible storm on the Labrador in October last:—

‘A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we may hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who like himself had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along that dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then taking off his own coat to cover them, sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror until they fell asleep.

‘In the morning, leaving them still sleeping, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead.

‘He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to try to find some place of shelter and refreshment. But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow not far from where they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charge—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die. “Greater love hath no man than this.”’

This true ‘tale of Christian heroism’ speaks to all hearts. I ask permission to remind those who read it, that along those perilous shores of Newfoundland and the Labrador, coasting from bay to bay and cove to cove, those brave men, Bishop Field and his Coadjutor, Dr. Kelly, take their missionary journeys, intrusting their lives to

the Church ship. Twice during the past summer she has been on the rocks, and after having already weathered so many storms, she needs thorough overhauling to make her sea-worthy. Some friends in England have undertaken to collect funds for this object. I will thankfully transmit to Bishop Kelly any sums that may be entrusted to me.

EDWARD JOSSELYN BECK, Commissary in England to the Bishop of Newfoundland and to his Coadjutor, Dr. Kelly.

Rectory, Rotherhithe, S. E. Feb. 17, 1868.

HINTS ON READING.

A Class-book on the Catechism, by the Rev. G. F. Maclear (Macmillan) is full, suggestive, and well arranged, and will be found very useful in studying this most important subject, both for Confirmation classes of the educated ranks, and for Sunday school teachers who are too conscientious to teach in the mere hand-to-mouth style, which is, we suspect, at the bottom of the complaints of the inefficiency of Sunday schools.

A very nicely worked up memoir is *Queen Bertha and Her Times*, by H. E. Hudson. (Rivingtons.) Her times begin before Henghist, but that is no matter; we have a very pleasant sketch of Early English State and Church History, and as many details of Bertha and Ethelbert, Augustine, Gregory, and Columba, as a diligent though uncritical study of modern authorities can afford, and the result is a charming book for young people. We wonder, however, on what authority the pall sent to St. Augustine is called a flowing garment, instead of a narrow white woollen scarf, such as is seen in the arms of the Archiepiscopal See.

Let us recommend for interesting reading Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Stormy Life; or, The Queen's Journal*, (Hurst and Blackett,) a well told amplification of the history of poor Margaret of Anjou. It is scarcely fair to the Yorkists, and history has been somewhat disregarded in the version of the fate of poor Gilles of Brittany; but in the main, it is an excellent picture of those evil days, and the characters are most cleverly touched. Nothing can be more neatly drawn than the description of 'the poor painted queen,' Elizabeth Woodville, and the feelings of the Lancastrian ladies towards her; and of the King himself we have a most reverent and saintly portrait.

The Churchman's Companion has an excellent story in hand, 'Intents and Purposes' by name, full of wholesome warning, and likewise some capital scenes among the Zulu Kaffirs.

Aunt Judy's Magazine is flourishing, and the gipsy story is particularly interesting.—So, too, is the excellent story of *King Wiseacre and the Seven Professors*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. N. L. begs to inform F. R. that the lines—

'A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Oh, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.'

are from Tennyson's Maud.—Also Nellie, that the lines—

'The Almighty's breath spake out in death,
And God did draw Honors up
The golden stairs to Heaven.'

(which do not appear to E. N. L.—though she speaks from memory only—to be quite correctly quoted,) are taken from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem of The Brown Rosary.—And the lines—

'Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.'

from George Herbert's Flower.

In answer to A. H., in The Monthly Packet for March.—There is an establishment in Langham Street, of which a notice is enclosed, for teaching ladies the art of printing, by which a good weekly sum may be earned.—In answer to Speck, 6, Paternoster Row.—Governesses are eligible to The United Kingdom Beneficent Association—Office, 5, Red Lion Square. Annuities to the amount of £25 are granted to ladies above forty years of age.—NEWCOMBE.

Three Shillings and Sixpence, in stamps, from M. C. for The Keble Memorial College, thankfully acknowledged. Our readers will be glad to hear that the first stone will be laid by the Archbishop of Canterbury on St. Mark's Day, Mr. Keble's birth-day.

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—The Rev. W. Wallace, 44, Mile End Road, E., acknowledges, with thanks, a Donation of £3 from E. Bell.

The Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch, have received Two Flannel Petticoats, and Five Pairs of Children's Socks.

Mr. S. F. Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the following contributions to the Funds of The Portsea Nursery:—Miss Dalghish, 1s.; Anonymous, 1s.; A. F. B., 1s.; H. S. W., 2s.; Two Sisters, 5s.; E. H. G., £1; H. J. H., 13s.; Miss Hockins, Two Dozen Books to be sold; A Parcel of Clothes by South Coast Railway; Mrs. T., 1s.; A Reader of The Monthly Packet, 5s.

Thankfully acknowledged, A Parcel of Clothing from A. H. F. for St. Mary's District, Soho.

ERRATUM.—Winsor Green should be Winson Green.

Miss Haddan, Barton Rectory, Moreton-in-Marsh, is anxious to procure the Numbers of The Magazine for the Young of 1849 and 1850, now out of print.

M. H.—We fear we have no space.

Declined with thanks.—J. F.; H. L. D.

R. H. C.—When we can make room.

E. M. D. begs to inform T. T. that it is proposed to open a stall at the Corinthian Bazaar, Portland Place, London, for the sale of Ladies' Work, the proceeds of which are intended for charitable purposes. It is hoped the stall may be opened at Easter. Miss King, 2, Prince's Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, will be happy to send full particulars to any lady who will communicate with her. The proceeds of the sale of each lady's work will be returned to her once a quarter, and may be applied by her to any charitable purpose she may choose.

This may also answer Enphrosyne.—We cannot undertake such very individual advertisements.—We have also frequently received requests that we will notice different Charitable Institutions. One article of this kind we endeavour frequently to give; but we cannot undertake mere statements, or our magazine would lose its literary character, and become a mere column of advertisements.

Will F. J. B. again favour us with her address?

S. W. is informed that The Mother's Lament over Her Idiot Boy is attributed to Caroline Fry.—E. K. M.

A. H.—Ladies are trained for Nurses at King's College Hospital under the Sisters of St. John's House. Full information may be procured from the Superior of St. John's House, or from the Sister in charge of the Hospital.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 29.

MAY, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

NO V.—ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

(O Panis dulcissime)

COME, Thou sweetest Bread of Heaven,
To Thy faithful people given
As the soul's best nourishment;
Gentlest Lamb the world e'er saw,
Paschal Victim of the Law,
Sacrifice from Heaven sent!

Undecaying, Flesh divine,
Who beneath the outward sign
Veiled art celestially,
By the sevenfold sustenance
Of Thy Spirit's providence
Satisfy us bounteously.

Eaten, yet remaining whole,
Thou the true receiver's soul
Quickenest everlastingly,
And the taint of sinful earth
By Thy gift of wondrous worth
Purifiest graciously.

Us to Thine own Self unite,
Fortify us by Thy might
Worthily to taste of Thee;
So that by Thine aid we may
Carnal longings chase away,
Dwelling with Thee holily.

So refreshed by heavenly Food,
Drinking of the precious Blood
Which Thou shed'st so lovingly,

Be we, though among the least,
 Called to banquet at Thy feast
 Unto all eternity. Amen.

PSALM VIII.

(Domine, Dominus Noster.)

PROPER PSALM FOR ASCENSION DAY.

MASTER and Lord Divine,
 This earth of ours and Thine
 Rings with the sound of Thy redeeming Name;
 Do angels praise Thee thus,
 Or is it kept for us,
 Snatched by its music from eternal shame?

O Name of love and rest!
 The suckling on the breast
 By Thee in hidden strength is wrapped about;
 And, once at least, we know
 The voice of babes below
 Hindered the very stones from crying out.

Before Thy mighty hand
 Thy foemen cannot stand;
 O make of us Thy children and Thy friends;
 The avenger lay Thou low,
 That we may safely go
 Onward with Thee to life that never ends.

When in the quiet night
 All heaven is gemmed with light,
 And earthly tumult seems to hold aloof,
 I raise my weary eyes,
 Half sadness, half surprise,
 To that 'majestic, golden-fretted roof.'

Could He, Whose fingers wrought,
 Whose mind conceived that thought,
 The stainless heavens in all their perfect plan,
 Stoop from that starry vault,
 And, marred with flaw and fault,
 Take in His own the sin-stained hand of man?

A little lower Thou
 Didst than the angels bow,
 Taking our cross upon Thee, and our crown ;
 Now songs of glory soar
 Round Thee for evermore,
 According to Thy worship and renown.

Saviour of land and sea,
 Now all things speak of Thee :
 The fishes mute, who once Thy wants supplied ;
 The birds, whose home-bound wings
 Drew from Thee, King of kings,
 A sigh for rest, to none but Thee denied ;

The lamb, whose snow-white fleece
 Tells of the Prince of Peace
 Before His foes afflicted and opprest ;
 The patient ox, that fed
 Close to Thy cradled head,
 When shepherds wondered at Thy bed of rest ;

The ass, that bore Thee first,
 On Mary's bosom nursed,
 From hands too fain to stop Thy scarce-drawn breath ;
 And when Thy hour was come,
 Through all the city's hum
 Went with Thee still upon the road to death.

Master and Lord Divine,
 Praise to that Name of Thine,
 Circling Thy ransomed earth with holiest charms,
 A lovely, wandering hymn,
 That children lost and dim
 May find their way back to their Father's arms.

M. C.

THE FIFTH OF MAY.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ALESSANDRO MANZONI.)

He died ; and as the silent clay,
 Having breathed out its breath,
 All quiet and all dreamless lay
 In the cold sleep of death,—

So earth, where'er the tidings come,
Is hushed, and terrified, and dumb.

He, silent in the great surprise
Of that tremendous hour ;
She, moved almost to sympathize
With all that baffled power,—
Yet musing what new conqueror's lust
Shall trample down her crimson dust.

My muse before his shining throne
Abashed and wondering stood,
The meteor-glory, as it shone,
Dazzled the multitude,—
And I stood mute among the crowd,
Who shouted round him long and loud.

But now the lay she would not pour
A flatterer or a slave;
She freely comes to sing before
The silence of his grave ;
Amid the darkness, sudden, still,
Let her song echo, if it will.

From snowy Alp to Pyramid,
From Tagus to the Don,
Full fast his rolling thunders slid,
His living lightnings shone ;
Where billows broke and breezes blew,
His rapid eagles flashed and flew.

And was it real glory? Nay,
Our sons perchance may know ;
We, as befits us, only lay
Ourselves before Him low,
Who sent a soul so vast and grand
From out the shadow of His hand.

The stormy and uncertain joy
Of many a great design,
Heart-sickness and anxiety ;
Ambition half divine,
To reach and grasp a crown supreme,
That seemed a fool's or madman's dream ;—

He proved it all ; the throne alight
With peril's ruddy flame,
Victory, exile, empire, flight,
The glory and the shame ;

Twice in the dust his laurels lay,
Which twice his kingdom shook away.

Two worlds before him, armed for strife,
Stood waiting for his nod,
And, at his bidding, death or life
Accepted, as he would ;
And he amid the silence sate,
And meted out to them their fate.

And then he vanished ; swift discharge
From a brief glorious war,
Where he had been himself a targe
For men to shoot before,—
At which the nations winged their darts,
All passions from all human hearts.

Envy as boundless as the sea,
And duty as profound ;
Something of that infinity,
Which locked his dungeon round,
Seemed to inspire men's quenchless hate
And love for this unfortunate.

As o'er the shipwrecked seaman fast
The heavy billows roll,
So must the memories of the past
Have broken o'er his soul ;
So would his heart in anguish strain,
Seeking relief, but all in vain.

How often would the dream arise,
And vanish as it rose,
Himself to weave for unborn eyes
The story of his woes ;
How on the unwritten page would fall
The hand so weary of it all !

How often, at the silent death
Of a long vacant day,
He, drawing in the golden breath
Of every parting ray,
With sad arms folded on his breast,
Stood looking out to memory's west.

He saw his tents, a glittering reach
Of banners and of spears ;
The waves came trampling up the beach,
Like his old cavaliers ;

Again they hung upon his breath,
Again, obedient, dashed to death.

It may be, as his gallant dead
Passed thus before his eyes,
That other dreams before him spread,
And nobler destinies,—
That into a sublimer air
Some mightier spirit bore him there.

Perhaps, along Hope's flowery road,
His spirit travelled then,
To visions of the crowns of God,
Passing all crowns of men,
In whose august and holy ray
All earthly pride must pass away.

O Faith, benign, immortal, fair,
Triumphant as thou art,
Write this new victory of thine
With a rejoicing heart;
For never did a haughtier pride
Bow down before the Crucified.

Thou, from the wearied ashes, ward
All insult and all scorn;
Leave him to God, who can afford
To comfort them that mourn;
Who, by that pillow in the wild,
Drew near to His forsaken child.

M. C.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

(SONG OF A CAVALIER'S MOTHER.)

BY S. J. STONE, B.A.

HE died the beautiful death,
For the Church and the King!
Shall his mother shed a single tear,
While yet so proudly she can hear
His war-cry ring,
So fiercely strong, so sweetly clear,
'For Church and King?'

He died the beautiful death,
 My own brave boy :
 And—break though it may in its desolate ruth—
 Thy mother's heart for thy loyal truth
 Hath passionate joy !
 Dead though thou art in thy strength and youth,
 My glorious boy !

He died the beautiful death,
 Last of his race :
 I saw him slain from the castle wall,
 The last and the dearest one left to recall
 His father's face :
 The last and the noblest and fairest of all
 Of the ancient race.

But he died the beautiful death,
 For the Church and the King !
 And none shall see me shed one tear,
 While yet o'er sorrow my soul can hear
 The war-cry ring,
 So fiercely strong, so sweetly clear,
 'For Church and King !'

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE CANTICLES IN EVENING PRAYER.

THE CANTATE.

PASSING on now to the CANTATE, we observe that its use as a Cantic in this part of the Service is a new usage of our post-Reformation Church. In the first reformed Prayer Book, (1549,) the MAGNIFICAT stood alone. The MAGNIFICAT—strange as it may seem—was always unpopular with the Puritan party, notwithstanding its strictly New Testament and Evangelical character; and its removal from the Prayer Book was one of the things they repeatedly attempted. It is probable that for this reason in our second reformed Prayer Book the ninety-eighth Psalm was appointed as an alternative, which may be sung at any time, in place of the MAGNIFICAT. There can be no doubt that it is extremely suitable for the purpose, and that there is no Psalm which could be found bearing a closer resemblance to the Cantic for which it is to be substituted. Indeed, it might almost be urged that just as

the **MAGNIFICAT** bears a strong resemblance to the Song of Hannah, so also it is in a measure founded also on the **CANTATE**. The **MAGNIFICAT** may even be regarded as partly a *repetition*, partly an *expansion*, of the ideas of the **CANTATE**. We may print some of their verses in parallel columns, thus:—

CANTATE.

1. He hath done marvellous things.
2. With His own right hand and with His holy arm : hath He gotten Himself the victory.
3. The Lord declared His salvation : His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
4. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel.

MAGNIFICAT.

4. He that is mighty hath done great things to me. [*or magnified me.*]
6. He hath shewed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud . . . He hath put down the mighty.
5. His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.
9. He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel.

Or, again, we may say that verses 2–4 of the **MAGNIFICAT** expand and apply the ‘marvellous things’ of **CANTATE** verse 1, so as to apply them to the *marvel* of the Incarnation and of the honour done to the Blessed Virgin. Similarly verses 6–9 of the **MAGNIFICAT** expand and apply verses 2 and 3 of the **CANTATE**:—applying those verses to the blessings of the Gospel dispensation won for man through the victory of Christ. In fact, the **CANTATE** is singularly well adapted to its place in the Service, whether we regard it as *connecting* the Old and New Testament Lessons, which is the first object of the Canticles in this place, or as introductory to the reading of the Epistles, which bear upon the *universality* of the blessings of the Incarnation. In verses 9 and 10 the **CANTATE** proclaims the coming of the righteous King. In verses 5–9 it specially calls upon all nations—*i.e.* the Gentile world—to rejoice in God;—who (verse 3) has ‘shewn His righteousness to the heathen.’ (Compare Romans iii.) In this way the **CANTATE** not only expresses the ideas which are expanded and applied in the **MAGNIFICAT**, but it proclaims Christ’s coming, and it contains a declaration of the *universality* of His kingdom, and on this it rests its invitation to universal joy and thanksgiving. Here therefore the distinguishing characteristic of our Evening Service comes plainly into view;—that namely of celebrating the extension of Christ’s Kingdom to the heathen, and so preparing the way for the Evening Second Lesson. We may therefore regard the addition of this Psalm, made in 1552, as so much clear gain to our Evensong. As regards the question—When should we use the **CANTATE** and when the **MAGNIFICAT**?—we may say that when Evening Service is said *twice* in any church, the **CANTATE** should be said at the first time and the **MAGNIFICAT** at the second. The **MAGNIFICAT** is appropriate at all times; the **CANTATE** is especially appropriate during Advent which celebrates Christ’s coming, or during

Epiphany which celebrates His manifestation to the Gentiles, or when the Evening Lesson is from an Epistle—like that to the Romans—which bears specially on the universality of the Gospel. One further remark we may add:—namely, that there is a certain similarity in verses 8 and 9 of this Psalm to the BENEDICITE which is the alternative Cantic to the TE DEUM. In these verses it calls upon ‘the sea and all that therein is, the round world’ and all its inhabitants, ‘the flood and the hills,’ to rejoice before the LORD. To a certain extent, therefore, the remarks which we have made as to the use of the BENEDICITE will apply also to Psalm xcvi.; and it may be said that on such days as Septuagesima, when we sing the BENEDICITE in the morning, the CANTATE and the DEUS MISEREATUR may well be sung in the evening.

Like all other hymns composed before the establishment of the Gospel dispensation, both the MAGNIFICAT and the CANTATE are concluded with the Christian Doxology of *Gloria Patri*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NUNC DIMITTIS AND THE DEUS MISEREATUR.

THE NUNC DIMITTIS is a hymn of four verses only, and is the Song of the aged Symeon at the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. It had been specially revealed to Symeon that he should see the Lord’s Anointed before his decease, and this hymn is the expression of his thanksgiving that now at last, in the evening of his life, he was suffered to behold the Light of the World. Thus as the last inspired psalm before the full establishment of Christ’s Kingdom, it has a peculiar interest and a peculiar pathos as well. It is as if we heard the old Mosaic system lifting up its voice in its own shrine and temple, and uttering its departing note now that its work was done. As the stars pale before the rising dawn, so the Mosaic economy with all its constellations of types and anticipations fades away before the rising of the true Sun, the Sun of the whole world’s righteousness.

Still viewing the Canticles in their first office, that namely of being *responsories* to the Scripture Lessons, it will be obvious without further explanation how perfectly appropriate this Cantic is to follow the last Lesson of all in the day’s reading of Holy Scripture. It is all pure thanksgiving, and thanksgiving for the full revelation of the Divine Light, the Divine Word, the personal Christ whom now we have had fully set before us. It is a thanksgiving too for the revelation of Christ in the special character in which He is set before us in the New Testament Epistles. He is the Glory of Israel, and He is the Light of the whole world. He is manifested to the Jew first, and then also to the Greek;

and therefore viewed as a responsory the Canticle comes properly after the Lessons from the Epistles. Then again remember that as the final Canticle of the day it breathes that spirit of completed work and of repose in Him Who has completed our Salvation, with which a Christian naturally desires to close his daily worship. Whatever also we have said about the MAGNIFICAT regarding Christ as the true Light, applies with double force to the NUNC DIMITTIS. The shades of evening remind us that in this world our path must be like that of 'Pilgrims of the Night,' looking to a light and guidance not of this world; and the exquisite evening Collect of 'Lighten our darkness' does but take up and express in the form of a petition the idea which is otherwise involved in the Song of Symeon.

Besides this, there is another point to be observed both in the recollections with which the NUNC DIMITTIS is associated, and in its Liturgical use in the ancient Church services. It has been not uncommon, and it is a use now frequently revived, to sing the NUNC DIMITTIS after the Celebration of the Eucharist. Now the day when it was first spoken was the day when our LORD was first brought into His Temple. The MAGNIFICAT celebrates the coming of Christ into the *world*, the NUNC DIMITTIS celebrates His coming into His *Holy House*, and there meeting those who were looking for, and waiting for His promised Presence. And not this only. Not only did the NUNC DIMITTIS give thanks for a promised Presence in the House of God; but our LORD's Presence in the Temple on that occasion was His first submission to the Law for man. It was the commencement of His career of *obedience*. There is something sacrificial about it. He was then entering upon the first steps of that obedience which culminated in that uttermost obedience unto death—or Passion—whereby He became our Priest and Sacrifice. There is a touch therefore of sacrificial commemoration about the NUNC DIMITTIS—of thanksgiving for Christ as our Sacrifice—which separates this Canticle from the MAGNIFICAT, and to which doubtless is owing the Liturgical practice of singing it after the Eucharistic participation. It goes further than the MAGNIFICAT in more ways than one. It refers to the coming of Christ into the *Temple*, and not only into the *world*. It refers to a promised meeting of the Saviour with those who were looking for Him there. And it refers also to the *offering* of Christ in the Temple—to that first presentation of Him which commenced and foreshadowed His final offering of Himself 'for us men and for our salvation,' which was consummated upon the Cross, which is continually made in the Heavenly Temple, and which is represented below in every Eucharistic celebration. As the MAGNIFICAT refers simply to the *fact* of the Incarnation and the fulfilment of the Abrahamic promises; so the NUNC DIMITTIS reminds us of the *fruits* of the Incarnation, of the Light now brought to shine upon human life, and the suffering by which our human life is redeemed to God. It is pre-eminently the inspired thanksgiving for the completed

work of the Personal Word, as the subject of special promise, as revealed in the written Word, and as witnessed to in the Church of Christ which is His mystical Body. And as the Sacraments are Christ's last and best gifts to us, the very application to our own souls of the graces of the Incarnation, so there is an almost peculiar fitness about a sacramental application of this exquisite Canticle.

And as a final the whole Church has always regarded it. It is the final Canticle in the Eastern Vespers, coming close upon the end of the Service, and with only the Lord's Prayer and a thanksgiving for Redemption to follow before the closing Benediction. In our old English Services it was the final Canticle at Compline, followed by the petitions and orisons, just as with us the Collects conclude the Service. Perhaps of all our old English Services that for Compline was the most beautiful and the most varied; and a full account of the Antiphons and Anthems with which the *NUNC DIMITTIS* was accompanied would be one of the most interesting chapters that could be written. Thus in Passion-tide it was followed immediately by the magnificent Anthem of our Burial Service, 'In the midst of Life we are in Death,' pointing us onward to our own last hours, when in the gloom of the dark valley all will be dark indeed unless Christ be our Light. These Compline Services are full of such touching recollections of the hour of death and the rest of the departed. Thus on the 'Sunday in the Passion' the sequel to the *NUNC DIMITTIS* was as follows:—

Antiphon. O King! Glorious among Thy Saints!
 Who ever art to be praised and yet art ineffable;
 Thou art in us, O LORD; and Thy Holy Name is called upon us!
 Forsake us not, O GOD!
 That in the day of judgment Thou mayest place us among Thy
 saints and Thine elect:
 O King Most Blessed.

V. O King Most Blessed! direct Thy servants into prosperity:
 R. Among Thy saints and Thine elect, O King Most Blessed.

Another Antiphon, for Advent, was—

Come, O LORD! visit us in peace,
 That we may joy before Thee with a perfect heart.

And for the Octave of Epiphany,

Save us, O LORD! whilst waking, and keep us sleeping;
 So that we may watch with Christ, and may repose in peace.

And thus we may observe how the idea of the 'peace of God' is continually associated with that of the evangelization of the world. And in so doing the *NUNC DIMITTIS* is true to the notes struck by ancient prophecy. The two ideas are ever brought forward in combination in

the evangelical prophet—see especially the first six verses of Isaiah ix., where the Nunc Dimittis is so to speak foreshadowed and foretold. Verse 2 speaks of the ‘nations which walked in darkness seeing a great Light,’ and then comes the grand list of Messiah’s titles, ending with the most blessed one of all—‘the Prince of Peace.’ Surely it may not be too much to think that the words of Isaiah were in the heart of aged Symeon when his own inspired song was upon his lips, and he prayed now to depart in peace, since his eyes had seen their fulfilment and the Prince of Peace was come.

One word more, and we will go on to the alternative Cantic—Psalm lxvii. It cannot have escaped our readers’ attention, that all the Evangelical Canticles are from St. Luke—the Gospel written doubtless under St. Paul’s eye, as that of St. Mark was under St. Peter’s. Remembering then that St. Paul was the great organizer of churches, and how his Epistles abound in directions as to the orderly conduct of Christian worship, can we help adverting to the probability, at least, of an absolutely primitive and Apostolic use of these Canticles in Christian Offices? These are not the only *formulae* from St. Luke which are used in Divine Service. There are also the formula of Institution in the Holy Communion, and the Divine GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. And all these are from St. Luke; and there is *not one* Christian form of praise recorded by any other Evangelist. There is at least no improbability, but the reverse, that already these Canticles were sung in the Pauline churches, and that St. Luke was but putting on record the circumstances of their first utterance. We may be still speaking to one another in the same Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs which formed the chant of the Apostolic Churches.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

THIS Psalm may at any time be substituted for the NUNC DIMITTIS. Like the CANTATE, it was first thus ordered in the Prayer Book of 1552. But unlike the CANTATE, it had previously had a place in the early English Services. It had been one of the fixed Psalms in the Sunday Lauds. Its appropriateness for its place in our Evening Service is plain, and its resemblance to the NUNC DIMITTIS is great. It includes both the two leading ideas of the Song of Symeon, *i.e.* the Light of God, and the universality of the Gospel. It includes (1) a prayer for God’s Light, (verse 1.) and (2) a thanksgiving for it. (verse 3.) It also prays that His saving health may be made known unto *all nations*. (verse 2.) There is scarcely a verse in the whole Psalm in which the universality of God’s blessings is not emphatically brought forward—especially in verses 2, 3, 4; 5, 7—harmonizing entirely with the preceding Cantic, and therefore fitted to follow the Lesson which has just been read. On

occasions when the CANTATE is sung, it may be as well to use the DEUS MISEREATUR as well, because of the way in which verse 4 of the latter tallies with and answers to verses 7, 9, and 10 of the former. The CANTATE in these verses makes special commemoration of Christ as the Righteous King of all the earth; and it is worth noticing how the idea thus started is taken up again in the DEUS MISEREATUR, where it bids all the world rejoice, because of the righteous judgment and universal sovereignty of Christ the Saviour. Psalm lxxvii. is therefore extremely suitable for Advent and Epiphany, and supplies an excellent sequel to the CANTATE, whenever that is substituted for the Magnificat; while its recognition of Christ as our Light, renders it appropriate to the Evening Service. Where Evensong is said twice, there can be no objection to its regular use at the first time of the Service.

And here we close this short attempt to bring before our readers the theory of our English Daily Canticle System. That we have done justice to its beauty and meaning, is more than we can suppose. That we have succeeded in exciting some of our readers to study it for themselves, and enter more fully into its deep suggestiveness, we would fain hope. How entirely the Canticles are intended to be sung aloud by the congregation, as *their* thanksgiving to God for the teaching of His Holy Word, which they have just been listening to, will surely be obvious. If our Church Services were the living things they ought to be—if they were the voice of GOD's people uttering itself aloud to Him in His Holy House—with what a burst of thankful song should we not raise our TE DEUMS and our MAGNIFICATS when the voice of the reader ceases, and the Word *of* GOD has been read to us *from* GOD, and our turn comes to send back praise *to* GOD for His revelation of Himself. Not less universal, if more tender and more subdued, should be the voice of the assembled worshippers when the last Lesson of the day is over, rising in its pathetic utterance to Him Who is our Light and Life, and in Whose Light alone we too hope to see the Light of the Eternal Day.

A. R. A.

(Concluded.)

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

XI.

GENERAL HYMNS.—THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

If it be true, that the brightest flame of heathen poetry has been kindled from the dim and smouldering conceptions of another world which reached even where GOD's Revelation was unknown, much more may we expect that the most radiant pages of Christian lyrics will be

those into which is transfused somewhat of the Heavenly City's lustre. If some of the sweetest strains ever sung are those in which the exile mourns his absence from his loved and distant home, we shall not be surprised to see that many of the best hymns have the heavenly home-sickness for their key-note, and that there constantly recurs in them the thought of this life being only a state of banishment from Heaven, or at best, of weary pilgrimage thither. Sometimes it is suggested by the retrospect of the first earthly paradise, forfeited by Adam's Fall; as in those beautiful, though scarcely hymn-like lines, which Dr. Neale has translated from S. Theophanes, wherein Adam himself, as the representative of his race, is mourning his exclusion from Eden:—

‘ O glorious Paradise! O lovely clime!
 O God-built mansion! Joy of every saint!
 Happy remembrance to all coming time!
 Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,
 One prayer to Him Who made them all,
 One prayer for Adam in his fall!—
 That He, Who formed thy gates of yore,
 Would bid those gates unfold once more
 That I had closed by sin :¹
 And let me taste that holy Tree
 That giveth immortality
 To them that dwell therein!
 Or have I fallen so far from grace,
 That mercy hath for me no place?’

Sometimes, as in ‘Thou New Jerusalem, arise and shine,’ translated by Neale from S. John Damascene’s Golden Canon,² the hymn-writer starts from the contemplation of the Saviour’s Resurrection Victory,—sometimes, as in S. Romanus the Melodist’s beautiful hymn,³ inadequately rendered in W. C. Dix’s ‘Bethlehem hath opened Eden,’ from the Incarnation, as the means and source of our recall. Our examples have been taken thus far from the hymns of the Greek Church, but they might have been as easily found among spiritual songs written in English, or German, or Latin. Indeed, but for the lack of suitable English verse translations, we might have gone still further from home, and might have quoted the metrical homily in which S. Ephraem the Syrian describes Paradise,⁴ or the Song of the Saints in the Abyssinian ‘Degua.’⁵

Perhaps no hymn has ever attained such marvellous and speedy popularity as Dr. Neale’s translation from Bernard, a monk of Clugny in the twelfth century. The author, born of English parents at Morlaix

¹ It would almost seem that Coffin must have had these lines of S. Theophanes before him when he wrote—

‘ Adæ scelus quas clauserat,
 Recluide cœlestes domos.’

² φωνίζου, φωνίζου.

³ Τὴν Ἐδέμ Βηθλεὲμ ἡνοῖξε, δεῦτε ἴδωμεν.

⁴ See Dr. Burgess’s ‘Syriac Hymns,’ pp. 118–125.

⁵ See Rev. J. M. Rodwell’s ‘Æthiopic Prayers, &c.’ No. II., p. 94.

in Bretagne, must not be confounded with his more illustrious namesake, S. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. The very long poem, 'De Contemptu Mundi,' from the opening part of which the hymn is taken, is a bitter satire on the gross corruptions of the age in which Bernard lived. The following are the best-known extracts from Neale's translation which have found their way into our hymnals:—'The world is very evil,'¹ 'Brief life is here our portion,'² 'For thee, O dear, dear Country!'³ and—most widely appreciated and adopted of all—'Jerusalem the Golden,'⁴ Of the eighteen collections in which I have had time to compare its text, perhaps the worst attempts at improvement are made by the following, of which a few lines are given as a specimen:—

'Jerusalem the golden!
Fair city of the blest!
The hope of pilgrim Christians!
The saints' eternal rest!
Nor eye hath seen thy glories,
Nor ever tongue declared,
What God for them that love Him
Within thee hath prepared.'

Supplement to Hall's Collection.

'Jerusalem the golden,
Where milk and honey flow,
Both heart and voice sink fainting
Beneath thy crystal glow.
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys of home are there,
What bright unfolding glory,
What bliss beyond compare.'⁴

S. W. Christophers.

The fact that even Dr. Neale found it impossible to 'torture our language into any distant resemblance of the original rhythm,' might have deterred others from attempting it, and, almost as a matter of course, failing. But it is difficult to say for what other reason than for the sake of such imitation Mrs. Charles has chosen the extraordinary metre of her version, 'Here brief is the sighing, and brief is the crying, for brief is the life.' This line certainly contains the same number of syllables as the Latin, but the essentially different position of the accented syllables makes them perfectly distinct from each other in rhythm and general effect. Nor does Mr. Moultrie's translation succeed much better; it begins:—

'Fast fall the sands of time, high fills the cup of crime: watch! For the
warning
Light through the gloom is shed, showing to quick and dead the Judgment
morning.'

He means it as a transference of the Latin metre into English, but allows

¹ Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!

² Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.

³ O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur.

⁴ Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea, cive decora.

⁵ In the Salisbury Hymn Book (of the alterations in which Dr. Neale specially complains) these two lines are given thus:—

'What radiance of glory,
What depth of bliss to share.'

himself an entire liberty of 'shifting the ictus from the first to the second syllable of the dactyl *ad libitum*.' This liberty, exemplified near the end of the second line given above, would render it very difficult, if not impossible, to sing his translation.

We have already mentioned (Vol. IV. p. 424.) the hymn on the Heavenly City appointed for the Dedication of Churches. There are some lines by S. Peter Damiani¹ which contain much the same description of the New Jerusalem as that given there. Dr. Neale's translation, 'For the fount of Life eternal longs the soul with eager thirst,' is based on Mr. Wackerbarth's, and is perhaps inferior in beauty to Dr. Littledale's 'For the fount of Life eternal is my thirsting spirit fain.' From these three versions the cento in the People's Hymnal is made up. Caswall's translation, of which the first stanza is subjoined, differs slightly in metre from the original:—

'On the fount of Life eternal
Gazing wistful and athirst;
Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of confining flesh to burst;
Here the soul in exile sighs
For her native Paradise.'

Four of Dr. Neale's translations from hymns of the fifteenth century, given in his 'Hymns on the joys and glories of Paradise,' may be mentioned:—'My FATHER's Home eternal,'² 'If there be that skills to reckon,'³ 'Light's Abode, Celestial Salem,'⁴ and 'Eye hath never seen the glory.'⁵ They are all of unknown authorship, but the last three, which apparently form parts of one poem, probably all proceed from the same pen. Not much more recent than the original of these is the English of one of our most familiar hymns, 'Jerusalem, my happy home;' or, to give the antique orthography of the original, 'Hierusalem, my happie Home.' For a complete history of its various modifications, its appropriation by David Dickson the Covenanter, and its discovery among the MSS. of the British Museum, I must refer to Dr. Bonar's book on 'The New Jerusalem.' It is possible that the lines of S. Peter Damiani, or of Bernard of Morlaix, were present to the mind of its writer. The initials F. B. P. are attached to it in the British Museum MS., and are supposed to be those of Francis Baker, (*Pater* or *Presbyter*,) a Roman Catholic who suffered in the persecution either of Elizabeth or of James I. There is a Francis Augustus Baker mentioned in Lowndes's Catalogue as the author of some books of Devotions, whom Mr. Sedgwick identifies with the writer of this hymn. Mr. Miller, in his 'Our Hymns, their

¹ 'Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit arida.' Gerard Moultrie's beautiful lines on 'The Gates of Gold,' beginning 'Thirsts my weary spirit,' seem to have been suggested by S. Peter Dāmiani's poem.

² In Domo PATRIS.

⁴ Jerusalem luminosa.

³ Quisquis valet numerare.

⁵ Nec quisquam oculis vidit.

Authors and Origin,' traces the popular form of it in our hymn-books to Williams and Boden's Hymnal, 1801, where it is said to be taken from the 'Eckington Collection.' It is referred by Mr. Miller to 'Urbs beata Hirusalem,' as its Latin original; but this seems, if not wholly wrong, at least only partially right. William Burkitt, Vicar of Dedham, published the hymn in 1693 with alterations of his own, some of them wantonly destructive to its spirit and meaning. Thus, where F. B. P. had written :—

‘Thy gardens and thy *gallant walks*
Continually are greene,’

Mr. Burkitt substituted ‘pleasant fruits,’ leaving it to his readers to reconcile the pleasantness of the fruits with the fact of their continually remaining green.

The best known German hymn on the Heavenly City¹ is by Meyfart, or rather is Kosegarten's imitation of it. ‘Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,’ Miss Winkworth's translation, ‘Jerusalem, thou city towering high,’ Miss Cox's rendering, and Dr. Neale's ‘Jerusalem, thou city built on high,’ all imitate the metre of the original. ‘Now fain my joyous heart would sing,’ is Miss Winkworth's rendering from J. Walthe.²

The following is a translation from a very beautiful hymn of Rückert,³ by Archbishop Trench :—

‘Oh! Paradise must show more fair
Than any earthly ground;
And therefore longs my spirit there
Right quickly to be found.

In Paradise a stream must flow
Of everlasting Love;
Each tear of longing shed below,
Therein a pearl will prove.

And there the tree of stillest peace
In verdant spaces grows:
Beneath it one can never cease
To dream of blest repose.

A cherub at the gate must be,
Far off the world to fray,
That its rude noises reach not me,
To fright my dream away.

All here I sought in vain pursuit
Will freely meet me there;
As from green branches golden fruit,
Fair flowers from gardens fair.

¹ Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.

² Herzlich thut mich erfreuen.

³ Das Paradies muss schöner sein
Als jeder Ort auf Erden.

My youth, that by me swept amain,
 On swift wing borne away,
 And love, that suffered me to drain
 Its nectar for a day—

These, never wishing to depart,
 Will me for ever bless,
 Their darling fold unto the heart,
 And comfort and caress.

And there the Loveliness, Whose Glance
 From far on me did gleam;
 But Whose unveiled Countenance
 Was only seen in dream,

Will, meeting all my soul's desires,
 Unveil itself to me,
 When to the choir of starry lyres
 Shall mine united be.

'Heavenward doth our journey tend,'¹ is Miss Winkworth's translation from B. Schmolck; 'Come, Brothers, let us onward,'² is by Miss Borthwick, from Gerhardt Tersteegen. Among her translations of hymns on the Heavenly Country, may also be noticed, 'What no human eye hath seen,'³ from Lange; 'Tell me not of earthly love,'⁴ a hymn of unknown authorship; 'Ah! this heart is void and chill,'⁵ and 'O how many hours of beauty,'⁶ from Spitta; and 'A pilgrim and a stranger,'⁷ from Paul Gerhardt. The last-named translation has some beautiful stanzas, but is much disfigured by a vulgar colloquialism:—

'There's nothing here that tempts me
 To wish a longer stay.'

Two other hymns by Gerhardt, 'To GOD thy way commending,'⁸ and 'Come forth, my heart, and seek delight,'⁹ in Miss Cox's translation, may be mentioned as examples of the way in which the trials and the blessings of this world may suggest and lead up to the thought of the better Life. The latter hymn has also been translated in Miss Winkworth's 'Go forth, my heart, and seek delight.'

Sir H. Baker's hymn, 'There is a blessed Home,' sets forth very beautifully the joys of that Rest which 'remaineth to the people of God.' Samuel Crossman's 'Jerusalem on high,' is taken from a poem beginning 'Sweet place, sweet place alone.' By the omission of the inferior stanzas with which Thomas Gisborne's hymn, 'A soldier's course, from battles won,' begins, it might be much improved. 'A living stream, as crystal

¹ Himmelwärts geht unsere Bahn.

² 'Kommt, Bruder, lasst uns gehen.' Miss Winkworth has rendered this hymn more successfully in 'Come, Brethren, let us go.'

³ Was kein Auge hat gesehen.

⁴ Saget mir von keinen Lieben.

⁵ Ach, uns wird das Herz so leer.

⁶ O wie manche schöne Stunde.

⁷ Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden.

⁸ Befiehl du deine Wege.

⁹ Geh' aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud'.

clear,' is a recast version, by the compilers of the Salisbury Hymn Book, of 'There is a stream, which issues forth,' by John Mason.

The excessive homeliness of John Berridge's 'O happy saints, who dwell in light,'¹ almost precludes its use as a church hymn. Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe's 'Hail, sacred Salem, placed on high,' is almost as unsuitable through erring on the opposite side. Dr. Stennett's 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' expresses less happily the same leading idea as Watts's 'There is a land of pure delight.' 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' also by Dr. Watts, is perhaps the most popular among hymns of invitation to the Church on earth to unite with the saints in Heaven.

It would almost seem as if Charles Wesley in 'Come, let us join our friends above,' had tried to combine the beauties of both Dr. Watts's compositions. Many of Dr. Bonar's hymns descriptive of Paradise would supply excellent material for church use, and some might be employed without any omission or alteration. We may instance: 'This is not my place of resting,' 'These are the crowns that we shall wear,' and the concluding stanzas of 'Nay, 'tis not what we fancied it.' A hymn might perhaps be made from some lines in 'Brethren, arise.' Josiah Conder's hymn on the Better Country, 'Shepherd of Thine Israel, lead us,'² is beautiful, as is also 'Oh! happy land above!' the concluding chorus of a Tragedy on the death of Saul, by Dr. Neale's father. The following, by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, deserves to be better known:—

'Our glorious Home above,
The City of our God,
The resting-place of peace and Love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode!'

Oh for an angel's wing,
To soar above the skies,
And join the angelic choir who sing
Their hallowed symphonies.

Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by JESU'S Hand,
That all His Own may sweetly rest
Safe in EMMANUEL'S Land.

May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.'

Benjamin Rhodes wrote the beautiful hymn beginning 'Jerusalem Divine.' Sir Edward Denny's 'Bride of the LAMB, awake! awake!' and 'Children of light, arise and shine,' are good, though the former is somewhat tinged by its author's millenarian opinions. Faber's hymn, 'My God, how wonderful Thou art,' sets forth the blessedness of seeing GOD in Heaven. The lines on Heaven beginning, 'We speak of the realms of the blest,' are attributed to 'Mrs. Wilson' in the collections, but Dr. Rogers has in vain tried to verify the authorship. Mr. Spurgeon ascribes them to Elizabeth Mills, 1829. Dr. Watts's 'Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,' and 'Lo, what a glorious sight appears,' are both good. T. R. Taylor's 'I'm but a stranger here,' has gained considerable popularity, as has also Anne Steele's 'Far from these narrow scenes of night.' 'Oh for the robes of

¹ Imitated from a hymn in Erskine's 'Gospel Sonnets.'

² Founded, perhaps, on 'Guide me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,' a hymn doubtless translated from the Welsh of William Williams, whether by himself or by William Evans is unknown.

whiteness,' by Miss Charitie Lees Smith, has great beauty. Dr. Raffles's hymn, 'High in yonder realms of light,' and Thomas Grinfield's, 'Oh, could we pilgrims raise our eyes,' cannot be so highly commended. It is very strange that 'LORD of earth, Thy forming Hand,' one of Sir Robert Grant's best hymns, has been so much neglected. Mrs. Tonna's 'Tribulation, pain, and woe,' and Joseph Cottle's 'From every earthly pleasure,' contrast the miseries of earth with the delights of Heaven. Miss Elliott's 'Oh, how I long to reach my Home,' and J. Montgomery's 'For ever with the LORD,' are beautiful aspirations for the Better Country. Thomas Davis's 'O Paradise eternal,' is a mere echo of Dr. Neale's translation from Bernard. 'What are these in bright array,' by J. Montgomery, might perhaps have been more fitly noticed among the hymns for All Saints' Day, as might also Rowland Hill's 'Exalted high at GOD's Right Hand.' Miss Mennel's 'We have no home but Heaven,' and R. M. Mc Cheyne's 'When this passing world is done,' are rather poems than hymns. 'We've no abiding city here,' by Thomas Kelly, is scarcely so worthy of its author as two other of his hymns, 'Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,' and 'Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.' But it could hardly be expected that the writer of seven hundred and sixty-five hymns would be always successful in his compositions. There is a long hymn by Thomas Olivers, beginning, 'The GOD of Abraham praise,' which ought perhaps to be mentioned here. It was adapted by its author to the music of one of the old hymns sung by Leoni at the Jews' Synagogue in 1770. The name of Leoni has ever since been attached to the tune. Mr. Christophers says that the words of the hymn are a Christianized translation from the Hebrew, and that their adaptation to the music was the work not of Olivers, but of Leoni. This statement, however, seems less probable than the account given above.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M. A.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON;' 'MAIDEN OF THE ICEBERG,' &c.

IV.

THE THRICE-CROWNED KING.

A. D. 1061 TO A. D. 1095.

THE magnates seem to have entertained no idea of electing the young Prince Salamon to fill the vacant throne, notwithstanding his previous coronation. They probably felt that a firm strong hand was necessary to assist the nation in recovering from the civil wars, which had lasted, with

but little intermission, since the death of King Stephen. They also doubtless felt that a protégé of the Duke of Austria and Emperor of Germany would not be the best person in the world for a Magyar king, since he might be induced to concede to his patrons more influence over Hungarian matters than would be at all agreeable to the nation ; for both Duke and Emperor were ever on the watch to make the most of any advantage they could gain, and the latter would be sure to seize upon any chance of becoming Hungary's feudal lord. Béla was therefore elected and crowned King without delay ; nor had the nation any cause to repent its choice. His first care was to regulate the internal affairs of the country, with a view to improving the material circumstances of his subjects. He reformed the coinage, causing silver coins to be struck, some of which, marked with a cross, as money formerly was in England, are still extant. He then regulated the weights, measures, and prices, ordered regular markets to be held, and changed the market-day from Sunday to Saturday. He also paid great attention to trade, doing his best to encourage it by remitting many duties and taxes. The Bishop of Zeiz and the Margrave of Thuringia, who had come to the assistance of András, he sent home without ransom ; and he also took under his protection the wives, children, and property of those who had followed Salamon to Austria, restoring them uninjured when claimed by their lawful owners. In fact, Béla was a liberal noble-hearted man, whose only great fault had been the taking up arms against his brother. He was heartily desirous, however, of effacing the remembrance of the civil war, and was careful to distribute rewards and favours impartially to those who deserved them, without considering whether they had fought for himself or András.

* All the freeborn might attend the Diet ; but, as there was no system of representation, those only came who chose, and were able to do so. Béla, who wished to hear the grievances of the people from themselves, summoned the Diet to meet at Stuhlweissenburg, and issued orders that every county and town should send two of its oldest and wisest men as deputies, to discuss the affairs of the nation. The deputies were chosen, and journeyed to Stuhlweissenburg ; but they did not come alone. The people could not understand what had moved Béla to this step ; some thought it was fear, some thought it was cunning ; but anyway they were determined to see for themselves what was to be done with their representatives, and therefore followed them in large numbers to the city, round the outside of which they encamped. A wild disorderly camp it must have been ; powerful enough too, to have dismayed any man less firm and collected than Béla. So determined were they to make sure that the deputies stuck to their text, that they erected platforms before

* As the power of the great nobles increased, the Diet or National Assembly was summoned to meet less frequently ; and, except upon extraordinary occasions, the King settled the affairs of the nation with the assistance only of the State Council, consisting of the Prelates and Magnates.

the gates of Stuhlweissenburg, from which they made the members speak, within sight and hearing of the whole throng.

Béla soon found they meant mischief. As soon as the Diet was opened, the deputies assailed him with the old demands for the restoration of heathenism, the destruction of the clergy, monks, tithe-collectors, and churches, accompanying their demands with no very gentle threats as to the consequences entailed by a refusal. Supported by the presence of the mob, their language was bold and threatening in the extreme; and Béla apparently wavered, for he demanded three days' delay before he should be called upon to give his answer. The respite was granted, but was not employed by Béla, as the deputies had expected, in considering their demands. With regard to them the King's mind was quite made up, and his only object in asking the delay was that he might gather together another army to oppose the one at the city gates. Messengers were despatched by night; and at the end of the three days Béla found himself strong enough not only to refuse the demands of the deputies, but also to seize and put to death the ringleaders of the plot. According to the law of Stephen, the prisoners taken in the act of fighting for heathenism were degraded from the rank of freemen; but Béla does not seem to have been severe in his treatment of the unfortunate multitude. Still, this is the last time we find any attempt made to overthrow Christianity.

The following year Béla began to think of his young nephew Salamon, whom he was very desirous of having in Hungary, to be brought up in a manner befitting one who was to be King of the Magyars; for, to do him justice it must be said, Béla does not seem to have had any intention of securing the crown for one of his own sons. Salamon was being brought up at the court, and by the guardians, of the young Emperor Heinrich IV., and thither Béla sent an embassy to request that he might be sent back to Hungary. The request was refused, and Béla prepared to enforce it by arms. He was waiting for his army in a castle on the Danube, not far from Visegrád, and was busily occupied in administering justice to all who came to him, when, without sign or warning, the house suddenly fell in and killed him, when he had reigned scarcely three years. (1068.) He was buried in the Benedictine Abbey of Szegszárd, founded by himself as an atonement for the death of his brother. He left three sons, Géza, László, and Lambert, as noble-minded as himself, for not one of them would accept the crown offered him by the Magnates. They all joined in requesting that an embassy might be sent to bring back their cousin Salamon, whom they professed themselves ready to serve and obey as king, provided he would treat them with the consideration due to their rank, and guarantee to them the peaceful possession of the dukedom given to their father by András. It seems that this division of the kingdom had been made with the consent of the Diet, and that in stipulating for it, the Dukes demanded no more than was their legal right. By many persons Béla's violent death was regarded as a judgment from Heaven upon his fratricide; and it may well be that this idea had

something to do with the strong determination of the three princes not to yield to the wishes of the nation, and occupy the throne to which their cousin had a prior claim.

Salamon returned to Hungary, accompanied by the young Emperor Heinrich, under the care of the proud Archbishop of Bremer, and escorted by a numerous and brilliant train of foreigners. Queen Anastatia, the widow of András, also accompanied her son, who brought with him Sophia, the Emperor's sister, to whom he had been betrothed by his father in infancy. His second coronation took place at Stuhlweissenburg, where the proud Magyars had the pain of seeing their boy-king placed on the throne of S. Stephen by the boy-emperor of Germany—which could be none other than an evil omen. Count Veit, or Vid, the evil counsellor of András, was Salamon's chief guardian; and it was soon evident that his character had not altered for the better during his absence, and that he was prepared to plot against the three Dukes as he had done against Béla their father. He thought he should like the dukedom himself, and persuaded Salamon not to give it to the dukes. Thereupon the brothers fled to their friend the Polish Duke, who brought them back to Hungary with an army, determined to reinstate them in their rights. (1064.) All North Hungary espoused their cause; and Salamon, with his favourites, doubting the faith of the other Magnates, shut himself up in the Castle of Mosony. (Wieselburg.) The Dukes declared that they intended no harm to their cousin, that they were not even in arms against him, but against Count Vid, who had openly shown himself to be their enemy, and bent upon keeping them out of their inheritance. In this dilemma, the Bishops interposed; and, having persuaded Salamon to restore the dukes to their rights, had no difficulty in making peace. As a token of their complete reconciliation, Salamon celebrated his third coronation at Pécssett,* the crown being placed on his head by his cousin Géza; but, in spite of the outward reconciliation, the people felt no confidence in the fortunes of the young King, for, shortly after the coronation, the Palace and whole town of Pécssett were burnt to ashes. There was, however, abundant cause for rejoicing; for, with the three brave Dukes to lead the army, no attack upon Hungary was suffered to pass unavenged.

On the dissolution of the Tatar empire, the Uzen, called by some Greeks, Huns, had wandered away, and after settling in various places, always approaching nearer to Europe, had finally established themselves in Kumania, whence they were subsequently known as Kumans. After attacking some of the Greek fortresses, and making an inroad into Russia, the Kumans fell upon Transylvania, laid it waste, then passed on into Hungary, plundering and wasting the country for some distance, when, having gone as far as they deemed prudent, they turned back, taking with them a large booty and numbers of prisoners, both men and women, to sell as slaves. But they were not allowed to depart so easily, for the King and the Dukes hastened after them and overtook them.

* Fünfkirchen.

Ozul, the Kuman leader, looked with contempt upon the Magyar army; and to show how little he feared it, sent out the Kuman children to 'play at fighting with the Magyars,' as he said. He had drawn up his forces upon a height, and here awaited the attack of the Magyars. The latter were divided into three bodies, at the head of one of which the eager young King stormed up the steep hill amid a shower of darts. Géza, with another division, attacked the enemy in the flank, while László with the third fell vigorously upon their rear. László was conspicuous throughout the fight; he was a head taller than everyone else, and wherever he appeared the enemy gave way. At last Akos, one of the Kuman chiefs, fell by his hand, and the rest either surrendered or fled, pursued by the Magyars till late in the day. Among the fugitives László observed a man with a beautiful Magyar girl, whom he was holding before him on his horse and preparing to carry off. The Duke dashed after him, but his horse was weary, and it was evident he had no chance of overtaking them. He therefore cried out to the girl to seize the Kuman by the waist and throw herself and him off the horse together. This she managed to do; but the Kuman soon picked himself up and turned upon László, who was suffering too much from a wound to be a match for him. The girl, seeing the Duke's life in danger, seizes the Kuman's battle-axe, with one dexterous blow of which she brings him to the ground, where a second blow leaves him lifeless.

Scarcely had Salamon beaten back the Kumans, when the Petschenegen, a Tatar tribe who had been driven by the Kumans into Bulgaria, crossed the Danube, plundered the country, burnt the villages, and disappeared among the Bulgarian mountains, carrying with them a great number of captives. At this time Bulgaria was a province of the Byzantine empire, and was governed by Nicephorus Bryennius, a favourite of the Emperor Michal Dukas. There was a Greek garrison in Belgrade, under the command of a man named Niketas, who was known to have been encouraging the Petschenegen to break the peace and attack the Hungarians; and it was further suspected that he had received his orders from the Byzantine court itself. Without therefore heeding the Petschenegen, the Magyar army marched straight upon Belgrade, to take vengeance upon the Greeks. At first the Hungarian troops were terribly disconcerted by the inextinguishable Greek fire poured upon them; but after a time it was the turn of the Greeks to be disconcerted by the Hungarian fire, which carried their foe undaunted into the very jaws of death. The Greeks retired within the walls of their fortress, and a siege began which lasted more than two months. The war matériel of those days was heavy and cumbrous in the extreme, and the manner of carrying on war was consequently also very different. There were lofty wooden towers, from the tops of which wonderful machines hurled stones and fire over the fortress walls; and there were battering-rams, whose vigorous onslaughts did not seem to produce much effect upon the massive stone walls. Occasionally, some valiant Greek would come out upon the

bastions and challenge one of the bravest Magyar knights to single combat. In this way Bátor Opos, one of the King's most devoted warriors, pursued two Greeks to the very gates of the fortress. In like manner did Görgei and Bors Gyula, the 'bravest of the brave,' distinguish themselves; yet when the siege had lasted nearly three months, the walls of Belgrade, or Nándorfehérvár, as the Magyars called it, were still standing up stern and strong before them. But within Belgrade, there were dissensions and jealousies between the Bulgarian and Greek soldiery, which threatened to facilitate the Magyars' task; and, though he little suspected it, the Governor had within the walls one foe who proved more dangerous than all those without. This was a Hungarian girl, who had been taken captive by the Petschenegen and sold to him. One stormy night she set fire to her prison; the flames spread rapidly, and in the terror and confusion which ensued, the Magyars effected an entrance. Those of the garrison who survived, threw themselves with Niketas into the citadel; but on receiving a promise of mercy, soon surrendered to Duke Géza, who was loved and esteemed even by the enemy, and fully justified their confidence in him, by suffering all the prisoners to depart without ransom. Very few of the garrison surrendered to Salamon, who was greatly displeased, both by the preference shown for his cousin, and also by the clemency of the latter towards the prisoners, half of whom in strict justice should have been handed over to the King, to be ransomed, pardoned, or slain, as he might see fit. The garrison, however, had trusted to Géza's mercy, and he would not have them disappointed. Great treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, were found concealed in the city; and of these the Dukes ought to have received a third; but the King's annoyance being daily fomented by Count Vid, he divided the booty into four parts, one of which he kept for himself, giving also one to Vid, one to Vid's son-in-law, and leaving the remaining share to be divided between the three Dukes, who accepted it without remonstrance, though they could not fail to surmise that the time would not be long before they were again out of favour at court. Salamon's pride was destined to receive a yet more severe shock, for the Emperor Dukas, hearing of the mercy shown by the Dukes to the garrison of Belgrade, sent an embassy to them with rich presents, to conclude a treaty of peace. Among the presents was a golden coronet* for Géza, set with precious stones, images of the saints, and a portrait of Dukas himself. This coronet was afterwards attached to the Roman crown, sent by Pope Sylvester, nearly concealing the enamelled figures round the border. The gold of the two crowns is very different; that of Rome being of deeper colour and greater value than the Greek, which contains a mixture of zinc. These two crowns, one from the West, the other from the East, together form the Hungarian crown of the present day, still called St. Stephen's crown, and treated with the greatest reverence.

* Some say this was not sent till a few years later, when Géza was made king.

The Greek embassy returned home without seeking an audience of the Hungarian King, for whom they had brought no message or word of greeting from the Emperor.

‘There is not room for two swords in one scabbard,’ said Count Vid to the King, when the ambassadors had departed thus uncereemoniously; and henceforth the Count, like an evil spirit, busied himself in fanning into a blaze the hatred which had long been smouldering in the King’s heart. Salamon hated his cousins for their possessions, and also for the love felt for them by the people; and in his passion he was eager to declare war against them. Vid, however, thought there were other and safer ways of getting rid of them than by the sword; and by his suggestion they were summoned to court. Only Géza obeyed the summons, the others remaining at home with their army, keeping vigilant watch over their brother’s life, and ready to avenge any violence done to him. Knowing this, the King and Vid were afraid to imprison Géza, and for this time he was allowed to depart; but he felt it was only for a time, and therefore made an alliance with his brother-in-law, Prince Otto of Moravia. The Magnates espoused, some one side, some the other, and civil war seemed imminent; when again the Bishops interfered, and succeeded in delaying hostilities. Nevertheless, Salamon secretly collected an army; while Géza, suspecting nothing, was amusing himself with hunting in the woods near Stuhlweissenburg, waiting for the arrival of his brother László. Among those who joined his hunting-party, were three of his own generals, who, little as he suspected it, were all three traitors in the pay of Vid, and were watching their opportunity to take his life and earn their infamous reward. One day, in the midst of the sport, Géza received a letter from the Abbot of Szegszárd, warning him ‘to be on his guard against the King.’ Having full confidence in his companions, the Duke showed it to them, asking their opinion; but the generals laughed the warning to scorn, professing to think the Abbot might be tipsy, and certainly did not know what he was saying. The warning consequently was passed unheeded, and Géza, dismissing it from his mind, continued to amuse himself with his friends as before. Meanwhile King Salamon had come to celebrate Christmas at the Abbey of Szegszárd. When Vespers were over, he still remained in his seat within the choir, apparently engaged in prayer and meditation. The Abbot, however, was stealthily watching him, and presently heard Count Vid, who was more in favour of murder than of war, persuading the King to have Duke Géza seized in the night and blinded. Apparently Salamon had some conscience left, and though he wished to get rid of his cousins, preferred doing so by honest open war. He did not seem prepared to give his immediate consent to the Count’s plan, but finally said he would give him his answer after the midnight service. The Abbot heard every word of the wicked plot; how Vid proposed to fall upon the Duke with his army in the midst of the hunt; how he meant to put out his eyes and throw him into prison; and then, as the conference broke up, the Abbot

hastily retired and despatched to Géza the warning, which received so little attention. Not satisfied with this, however, he laid aside his abbot's dress, disguised himself as a warrior, and rode away from the Abbey to warn the Duke in person. No sooner was his absence from the monastery noticed, than the King and his evil counsellors felt that their plot had been discovered, and they at once ordered the advance of the army collected at Keszthely. Géza's first idea was to escape to Bohemia, but the King's army closed the way. He managed, however, to cross the frozen Tisza, (Theiss,) and then gathered an army together as quickly as he could; but it numbered only four thousand men; while Salamon, laying aside the mask of friendship, pursued him with thirty thousand, and forced him to accept battle. Géza's little army was in four divisions; three of them being commanded by the three traitor generals, who fully intended to desert him. As soon as the battle began they raised their shields, the signal agreed upon with Vid, and marched over to the King's army. But Bátor Opos, the only man in the King's camp, with the exception of Ernyei, whose name is deserving of honour, either did not or would not understand the signal; or it may be, he wished to avoid attacking Géza's little army, and had little compunction as to the fate of the traitors. Be this as it may, he advanced against them and cut them down to the last man; his hand becoming—so the story runs—so numbed and stiff, that, when the fight was over, he could not release his grasp on his sword.

The destruction of the traitors gave Géza time to escape, his flight being heroically covered by his own faithful band of men. Again he fled over the frozen Tisza, and through Upper Hungary to Vác, (Waitzen,) where he met László with an army, formed in part of the Moravian allies. Sending Lambert to Rome to entreat the protection of the Pope, the two brothers held a council of war. Salamon, still pursuing the remains of Géza's little army, was advancing upon them, and a battle, much to the distress of the tender-hearted Géza, was inevitable. But when the council was over, before each withdrew to his own division of the army, László called his brother aside, saying, that 'during the conference he had beheld a vision of two heavenly beings hovering above them with a crown, which they had placed on Géza's head. At the same moment his mind had been enlightened, and he had clearly foreseen the certainty of victory; of Salamon's flight, and Géza's election as king.'

Hereupon Géza, with a lighter heart, vowed to build a church, if he were delivered out of the hands of his enemies.

The Dukes drew up their army near Czinkota, having the Danube behind them, and a line of hills in front. Salamon too was holding a council of war, in which the aged Count Ernyei was urging him not to give battle.

'Do not,' said he, 'let son fight against father, and brother against brother.'

But Vid would not allow the King to heed this good advice, saying

contemptuously, 'The nobles are dead, and the peasants and plough-boys in the enemy's camp are not our brethren.'

The whole landscape was shrouded in so dense a fog, that neither army knew where the other was encamped. But with the first sunbeam it began slowly to roll off, and Salamon, from his position on the hills, beheld the Dukes and their army drawn up in the plain below.

Once more Ernyei made an effort to avert the contest, saying, as he pointed to László's camp, 'Those men, with the Danube in their rear, don't seem prepared to fly.'

But his words were cut short by the battle-cry, and the royal troops dashed down the height. In another instant they were met by Prince Otto of Moravia, who cut his way through them, and completely divided the lines. Vid, who was in command of the left wing, fell from his horse with a cloven skull; for one other moment the aged Ernyei rallied the troops, but the next he too lay dead upon the field. In despair, the King advanced upon Géza, as he supposed; but, the brothers having changed places during the attack, Salamon found himself face to face with the more terrible László; and when he turned suddenly aside, it was only to meet an attack from Géza in the rear. Thus hemmed in on all sides, he lost the battle, lost his army, and owed his own narrow escape to the invincible arm of the valiant Bátor Opos.

The victorious troops, falling on their knees, sang a hymn of thanksgiving to the God of battles; and the Dukes, in after-times, built a Church—so says the legend—in the spot where their camp had been pitched.

As László was going over the field after the battle, he came upon the body of old Ernyei, whom he gazed on with tearful eyes, saying, 'I regret thee as my brother; would that the King had heeded thy words!'

But when the soldiers, who were burying the dead, came to Count Vid, the chief cause of the terrible war, they put dust in his dead eyes, and laid him in his inglorious grave with curses. As soon as the dead were buried, Géza and László withdrew their troops to Stuhlweissenburg, where they disbanded the greater number of them, and retired to the Abbey of Szegszard, where their father was buried.

Meantime, in an assembly of Magnates and Prelates, Salamon was declared to be an enemy and betrayer of the fatherland, unworthy to wear the crown of Hungary. It was discovered that he had had secret dealings with the Emperor, whom he had promised to acknowledge as his feudal lord; that he had also promised to pay him a yearly tribute, and cede six of the strongest towns in his dominions. Under these circumstances he was declared unfit to reign, and Géza was chosen with one consent to succeed him. An embassy was despatched to the Duke to announce his election, and bring him to Stuhlweissenburg to be crowned. Géza willingly agreed to undertake the government of the country; but he prayed that the coronation might be delayed until all means had been tried for effecting a reconciliation with Salamon. Sala-

mon himself was far enough from thinking of reconciliation. Vengeance was all he now cared for. He had escaped to Mosony, where he shut himself up in the castle and prepared for defence. No one pursued him thither but his mother, who cursed him to his face for the blood shed in the civil war.* Whereupon the King, who should have ruled a kingdom, showed that he did not know how to rule himself; for, carried away by his passion, he raised his hand to strike his mother. The grey-haired Queen solemnly cursed him; and her curse seemed to cleave to him in spite of his crown. He was forsaken by God and man; even by his own wife, who cast off her fallen husband and married another, as though misfortune were sufficient to dissolve the tie between them. The Dukes left him in peace; but the Petschenegen, having heard of the civil war, and thinking it a good opportunity for revenging former defeats upon their fallen foe, fell upon him, under the command of their leader Zolta.

In this distress, Salamon asked assistance from the neighbouring border-count, who appeared with an army, and agreed for a large sum of money to punish the marauders. Accordingly he marched against them, but, on the road, he heard so much of the evil fates which had pursued other generals who had ventured battle with the barbarians, that, as soon as he came within sight of them, he turned back, and, returning to Salamon, told him he was bound by a vow not to fight during the great fast, but that if the King pleased to go and attack the barbarians himself, he, the valiant and honourable count, would watch the encounter from a height, and, if he saw the King could not manage his foe, would hasten to his assistance. With this gallant proposal, he betook himself to Mount Bak, whence he watched the contest. But his help was not needed, for the brave Bátor Opos again did wonders, and the host of the Petschenegen melted away before him, like wax before the fire. When they were dispersed, the Count came down from the mountain and demanded his reward; which being refused him, he began to storm and threaten, till he bethought him that his most prudent course was to return home.

On hearing of Géza's election, Salamon fled to his brother-in-law the Emperor, whom, by many fair promises, he induced to invade Hungary. The German Princes refused to allow the army of the empire to be called out, though they did not object to Salamon's hiring troops. At the approach of the Germans, Géza laid the country waste; and some chroniclers say that the army returned home without striking a blow, whereas others relate that it encountered the Hungarians at Nitria, and fought the whole day with but little loss on either side. Whereupon a Magyar, weary of such child's play, rode alone into the enemy's ranks and struck down a man. A hundred arms were raised against him, and his horse was killed, but he fought his way out unhurt.

'How many such soldiers does the Hungarian army contain?' asked the Emperor, who had been an astonished spectator of the exploit.

'There are many as good as he, and thousands better,' answered

Salamon, too proud of his people to depreciate them, even though they were fighting against him.

‘Then,’ answered Heinrich, ‘there is little chance of your regaining your kingdom;’ and he and his army returned to Germany.

Géza had meanwhile received an assurance from the Pope, Gregory VII., that he was fully justified in accepting the crown, since Salamon, ‘despising the assistance of the Chair of St. Peter, had demeaned himself to become a vassal of the Emperor.’ The letter went on to remark that ‘Hungary owed obedience to no foreign court but Rome, the common Mother of Christendom, who exacted no slavish submission, but only dutiful obedience, from her children.’

Now, in point of fact, the Magnates would have vehemently repudiated any act of homage done to any foreign sovereign, whether Pope or Emperor, since they held Hungary to be equally independent of all; but, just now, they were glad of the Pope’s approbation, and, instead of quarreling with the terms in which it was expressed, proceeded to make use of it, by employing it as an additional argument in favour of Géza’s coronation. This took place A.D. 1075; but Géza’s tender conscience was never thoroughly easy. He had not desired the crown, and when a second letter arrived from the Pope, still blaming Salamon but urging his restoration, Géza was quite ready to consent. It seems probable that the Pope advised this step from respect for the Empress Agnes, Salamon’s mother-in-law, who was then living at Rome. Salamon was at Presburg, plotting against Géza, when he was suddenly besieged by the warlike László, who effectually put a stop to his machinations for the time by keeping him a close prisoner. He was obliged, however, to raise the siege, by a message from Géza, who wished again to enter into negotiations with his cousin. Salamon ungraciously refused his overtures; but at Christmas, (A.D. 1076.) Géza announced his intention of resigning the crown, the title of king, and two-thirds of the kingdom. The Bishops, apparently anxious for peace at any cost, approved this step, which the Magnates violently opposed. Before, however, fresh troubles could be brought upon the country, by its being put into execution, the gentle-hearted Géza died, (1077.) leaving a son, Kálmán or Coloman. He was much lamented by the nation, for he was brave, generous, religious, and deeply devoted to the good of the people. His brother László, who was at once elected to succeed him, is described as a most noble-minded man; tall, handsome, and looking as though he were born to reign.

In the first year of his reign, a fugitive came to take refuge in Hungary. This was Boleslaus II. of Poland, László’s cousin, who had treated himself, his brothers, and father, with so much kindness in times past. He seems to have been a lawless wild man, for he had been excommunicated on account of his evil deeds, by Stanislas, Bishop of Cracow, who had tried in vain to bring him back to a better way of life. Enraged at this, Boleslaus had threatened the Bishop, and finally murdered him, as he was officiating at the altar. For this, the Pope

laid the kingdom under an interdict; and Boleslaus, with his subjects absolved from their allegiance to him, and every man's hand against him, fled to László, who took him under his protection, and would not suffer him to be persecuted as long as he was in his dominions, in spite of the remonstrances of the Hungarian Bishops, who were much shocked at his thus disregarding the Papal Anathema. But László disarmed the Bishops and judges, saying, 'The guilty man, with the curse on his head, may indeed belong to you; but the fugitive belongs to me. I will do to him as he did to me. No religion forbids gratitude.'

If this unusual boldness surprised Gregory, it also determined him at all costs to conciliate a prince, who had such confidence in the love of his people as to venture to disregard the all-powerful Bulls. * It is said that László of Hungary and William the Conqueror were the only two kings for whom the Pope entertained the least respect. László soon opened negotiations with his cousin Salamon, who, at his invitation, returned to Hungary, (1080, A.D.) and received a share of the kingdom. Indeed, László divided with him everything but the crown. Still Salamon was not satisfied. He had failed to learn wisdom from all his misfortunes; and now, he had not been long in the country, before he began a new plot against his cousin. László was too great and good not to have enemies among the ill-disposed; and these gladly rallied round Salamon. László received an invitation to visit his treacherous cousin: but the plot had been betrayed to him; and, as he took care to have a body of men lying in ambush, he had no sooner been made prisoner by Salamon's men than he was released by his own. Salamon and the other conspirators expiated their folly and wickedness in the dungeons of Visegrád, where the ruins of a square high wall are to this day called 'Salamon's Tower.'

Meanwhile a council had been held at Rome, in which it was determined that the first King of Hungary and his son Imre, were worthy to be enrolled among the Saints of the Church. A legate was despatched to inform László of the fact; and upon his arrival, a fast of three days was ordered throughout Hungary. On the evening of the third day, the King, accompanied by the Legate and Bishops, descended into the crypt of the Church of Stuhlweissenburg; but, when they came to Stephen's tomb, no mortal strength was found sufficient to raise the stone which covered it. When all were troubled and perplexed at this unaccountable phenomenon, a holy maiden, leading a solitary life in the Forest of Somoly, declared to the King that the stone would never move while his cousin was kept a prisoner. Forthwith, László sent to Visegrád, and, as soon as Salamon was released, the stone was readily moved. It was intended to uncover the body the following morning, in the sight of all; but meantime, watch was kept by it through the night by Mercurius, treasure-keeper of the church. László disliked the look of this man, and reproved him for his forwardness, as he was pressing and pushing his way to look into the

coffin. Mercurius slunk away abashed. But, behold! another wonder! the right hand of the sainted king had disappeared, together with the costly signet ring upon it.

After some delay and hesitation, Mercurius told the King in private, that, being much distressed at the rebuke he had received, he had retired to the Choir to pray; that an angel had appeared to him, bringing the right hand of the saint, which he bade him conceal for the present but subsequently discover to the King. László said not a word. He fixed his keen eyes scrutinizingly on the man, but he left him to the judgment of God.

The released Salamon quitted Hungary, vowing to persecute László to the death, and betook himself to the chief of the Kumans. Here he fell in love with the chief's fair daughter Lenke, whom he promised to marry, if her father would assist him to recover his throne. The Kuman chief was never loth to engage in war, especially when there was offered to him such a tempting bait as the possession of Transylvania. He broke into Hungary, but was speedily driven back by László. He then allied himself with the Petschenegen, and asked help from the Greeks. But again he was beaten. Salamon with a few followers escaped to a deserted castle, where he remained, suffering hunger and other miseries, till discovered by his pursuers, through the midst of whom he fought his way, crossed the Danube on the ice, and again found himself in Hungary. He was resting with his companions near a thick wood, when, begging them to wait while he examined the road, he suddenly left them, disappeared among the trees, and never returned. Years after, the people dwelling in the neighbourhood used to go and visit a hermit who lived in the wood, and was often seen kneeling before the cross-hilt of a broken sword, praying fervently. He frequently urged those who came to him, to love God, their brethren, and their country. Once more Salamon was seen, on the steps of the Church of Stuhlweissenburg. He was kneeling among the beggars, on the cold marble, with bowed head, and whitening hair, where twenty-four years before he had been crowned king. Now he beheld László, the darling of the people, come out of the church, surrounded by magnates and nobles, distributing alms to the crowd. The beggar bent low over the charitable hand, kissing it fervently; till, at length, László feeling a hot tear fall upon it, looked more closely, and at once recognized his royal cousin in the rough pilgrim dress. Finding himself discovered, Salamon fled away; and the messengers sent after him by László, with offers of reconciliation and favour, obtained only this answer, 'Say to your lord, "He whom you would send for, is dead to this world. My kingdom is in Heaven. God bless you and the fatherland."'

This was the last time Salamon was seen. But, years after, people were wont to go on pilgrimage to a tomb where miracles were said to be wrought, and where rested the body of a holy man. This 'holy man' was no other than the poor wandering hermit-king, Salamon, whose name, when the memory of his evil deeds had long passed away, was

spoken with softened feelings. There was one woman, plunged in the pleasure and dissipation of the world, who thought no more of him; and this was his own wife.*

Meanwhile László reigned with glory and honour. His people looked up to him with the utmost love and veneration, as to one who was always victorious over his enemies, and always pardoned them, who never began an unjust war, and was never defeated in a just one, who was always impartially just in his judgments, whether they who brought their differences before him were popes, emperors, or common people. In him the persecuted never failed to find a protector, nor the injured an avenger.

In the year 1087, he was summoned to Croatia by his sister Helena, who had married the King, Demeter Zwonimir. Demeter had placed himself under the protection of the Pope, who had sent him sword, banner, sceptre, and crown, as tokens of sovereignty; and he had reigned peaceably enough, occupying himself chiefly with the arrangement of ecclesiastical matters.

On his death, however, the country was plunged into a state of the greatest confusion, and the Queen with some of the nobles, applied to László for assistance. Before setting out on this expedition, László associated his nephew Kálmán (son of Géza) with him on the throne, and left him as regent of Hungary. Order was soon restored in Croatia, and László was meditating an attack on some of the towns of the sea-coast, when he was recalled by hearing that the Kumans were again attacking Transylvania. Leaving Almos, the son of his brother Lambert, with some soldiers to protect and assist Queen Helena, he marched to Transylvania, and came up with the Kumans just as they were on the point of retreating with their booty. Wishing to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, he offered them peace on condition of their embracing Christianity, which some did. Those who despised this offer fought and were defeated. Many miracles are related to have been performed by László in the course of this campaign. On one occasion, when the army was suffering much from want of provisions, a herd of deer and buffalo suddenly passed through the camp; and László pointed out to his men springs of water flowing from the rocks, which had entirely escaped their observation. At another time, when the Kumans threw gold and silver in their way to turn them from the pursuit, the Magyars hastened on, treading it underfoot, for, by the prayer of László, the gold and silver had been changed into stones.

Whatever we may think of these 'miracles,' the fact of their having been ascribed to László, proves at least how great was his reputation for holiness. Many noble Hungarian prisoners were released from the conquered Kumans, who had now to choose between becoming slaves or Christians. They chose the latter alternative, and received settlements between the Tisza and Danube, where, according to some writers, they became the ancestors of the Jászok of the present day. In this year

* Jókai Mór.

Queen Helena died, and Croatia naturally reverted to the Hungarian crown; but László left it to the care of Almos, whom he made tributary king—a proceeding which subsequently caused much trouble.

About this time, all Christendom was disturbed by news of the Turkish victories in the East. Alexis Comnenus, the Emperor, was in terror lest Constantinople itself should be attacked, and sent an embassy through Hungary to Italy, imploring the help of all Christian knights.

Urban II. had already summoned a council to meet at Piacenza, on the 1st of March in the following year, to deliberate upon what was to be done. The Turks had seized on the Holy Land, had defiled the Holy Sepulchre, encamped on the Mount of Olives, and stained the sacred waters of the Jordan with the blood of the faithful.

‘Let us not leave the Holy Sepulchre in the hands of the Infidel,’ was the heroic cry, which resounded throughout Christendom. Kings and people were equally enthusiastic; the former offering their armies, the latter themselves.

On the appointed day, (A. D. 1095.) thirteen archbishops, two hundred bishops, four thousand abbots and priests, besides a large number of laity, met at Piacenza. No church was large enough to contain so great a multitude, and their meetings were held in the open air. The council lasted seven days, and day by day the enthusiasm of the multitude increased, as did also their hatred of the Turks; till on the last day the ambassadors of the Byzantine Emperor appeared, urging every European prince to fly to the assistance of their master.

It was determined at once to raise such an army as the world had never before seen, whose numbers should be counted by millions, whose common soldiers should be knights, whose generals should be kings. But where was a commander-in-chief to be found for so grand an army? one who should have skill enough to lead and manœuvre such vast regiments; who should be pure enough to be the leader of a war, carried on in the name of the Saviour; and, at the same time, great and glorious enough for the rulers of Europe to be proud to follow him?

The assembled multitudes agreed that László of Hungary perfectly answered all these requirements. He was not himself present at the Council, but had sent several Hungarian nobles and priests, bidding them tell Urban that he was ready to do whatever was agreed on, ‘provided it were right in itself.’

He was keeping the festival of Easter, when the ambassadors arrived, and, presenting to him a sword, as a token of command, summoned him in the name of the Princes of Europe, to lead the armies of Christendom against the Infidel.

László accepted the sword, promising to head the crusade in person, with his own Magyar knights; but he was prevented from keeping the vow, by his early death, which took place in the summer of the same year. As a Hungarian author says, ‘He was called to see, not the

Saviour's Sepulchre, but the high and holy Place to which He had ascended from that Sepulchre.' *

He was buried at Grosswardein. It is said that as he was being borne to the grave two disputants arrived, a count and a knight. The knight being in distress, had wished to sell the count a silver goblet, which he declared had been given to his father by King László. The count on the other hand maintained that the goblet was his, and had been stolen from him by the knight. To settle the question, the goblet was placed on the King's coffin. The count first advanced to take it, but, as he put out his hand to touch it, he fell down as though struck by lightning. The knight next approached; and, as he had no difficulty in taking the goblet, it was judged to be his.

St. László, as the King was afterwards called, was lamented by his people three years, during which no sounds of mirth or music were heard in the land. His only child, Pyriska, had married John Comnenus, son of the eastern Emperor, changing her name to Irene.

So greatly was László esteemed throughout Europe, that, on the death of Heinrich IV., he was invited to become Emperor of Germany, an honour which he wisely declined.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER V.

'A VERY nice arrangement,' said Mr. Marvin, giving back a letter that his wife had read with a flush of pleasure; 'very nice indeed,' he repeated, when he noticed the invalid's brightening look.

'Let me tell them!' said Mrs. Marvin. 'Who do you think is coming, children? guess!'

There was not much possibility of guessing very wide of the mark, visitors to the Vicarage being very limited in number; and there was a general cry of 'Aunt Catherine!'

'Yes, dears, isn't it pleasant? poor Aunt Catherine has felt the cold east winds very much,' said Mrs. Marvin, giving detached bits of her letter for the general good; 'and some disagreeable people are come into the house, and she wants to leave her present lodgings—the gentleman smokes—and the country must be looking so lovely in this spring weather, that she is longing to see it—and she can help to nurse me.'

'I don't know that,' muttered Annie to herself, under cover of the rejoicing of the little ones, with whom the idea of Aunt Catherine was

inseparably connected with toys ; and Annie's face showed a little vexation, possibly at the thought of having any of her nursing taken off her hands, till she caught her mother's eye looking at her as if anxious for her to be pleased, and made herself brighten up, and talk of arrangements for the expected visitor.

'That spare room!' she thought, with some dismay; 'she will make a fuss about it. The bits of carpet half in holes, and one of the curtains torn, and a basin cracked since Arthur slept there! and such a fussy old-maidish particular thing as she is! What in the world shall we do!'

There was nothing to be done but to put a brave face on the matter; and Annie volunteered courageously to make everything as comfortable as possible, and went off to begin preparations, consoling herself, to confess the truth, with the reflection that if the old lady were dissatisfied, she would go away all the sooner!

'Can you make it do, my dear?' asked her father, following her into the only spare bed-room, where she was gloomily inspecting various dilapidations, which seemed to have multiplied themselves in an extraordinary way.

'Oh yes, Papa!' and Annie resolutely kept back her private opinion—'Worse than I thought!'—she would not vex him by any useless complaints, and she knew well enough that there was no money to replace deficiencies. 'I'll manage, never fear!'

'My good little housekeeper!' said her father; 'it does look rather shabby, I am afraid. Make it as nice as you can for your aunt; your mother will like having her, and she will help in other ways; she is going to give us the same that her lodging cost her, and it will be a great benefit just now that your mother wants better living than usual.'

'O Papa!' interrupted Annie eagerly, 'don't think I am sorry! I oughtn't to have looked cross, I know; only, you see, Aunt Catherine is very fussy, and she does bother a great deal, now doesn't she? always expecting everything to be just as she wants, and grumbling.'

'Hush, my dear! you must learn to make allowances for her. She has had a good deal of trouble; even *you* get very sad and disheartened sometimes about your little grievances. Just think what it must be to have had so many more years to bear it; and she has had loneliness besides, for a long time past. She is very good and kind, in spite of her outside manner; we ought to find it quite easy to put up with that.'

'Putting up with her is about the worst thing for Mamma to have to do, though,' said Annie; 'she won't have a bit of peace, I know.'

'She is your mother's sister, my dear; remember—'

"No distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore."

'Sister or no sister, she will be very tiresome,' persisted Annie, evidently determined not to give in her opinion; 'she treats me just as if

I was a child of eight instead of eighteen ! Arthur won't stand anything of that kind, Papa.'

'Arthur must learn,' was the grave decided answer.

'Papa !' Annie began vehemently, 'Arthur will be utterly ruined by that horrid Tracy ! He is so altered ; I can do nothing with him now.'

'I have seen it, my dear, I am sorry to say ; I am going to take measures about it,' answered her father sadly.

'If it isn't too late,' remarked Annie. 'I was careless about him some time ago, I know ; but indeed, lately, Papa, I *have* tried to make it nice for him at home, as you told me ; and it's no use.'

'I know you have done so, my dear child,' said the father ; 'I have noticed that you have given yourself up to the little ones and your mamma, and have done your best for them. That is one reason why I am glad to have your aunt ; you will not be shut up quite so much.'

And Mr. Marvin retreated, ignoring Annie's violent protestations that she would not go out a bit more, nor give up nursing her mother to all the Aunt Catherines in the world ; and congratulated himself that his little girl's cares would be lessened now.

'She is not so bright as usual,' was his uneasy thought ; 'the winter has been too much for her ;' for the three months following Christmas had been trying ones at the Vicarage. The east wind, that Annie looked at in the light of an enemy, had been more than usually victorious over her attempts at exclusion, and the successive weeks of penetrating cold had had visible effect on Mrs. Marvin's always delicate state of health. Annie had had so much to do in actual home-work that could not be neglected, that the temptations of the Park had placed themselves almost out of her reach. She could not wander about for the chance of meeting Miss Clune or Miss Salterne, while her mother was in real need of her nursing ; and as all her spare time had to be given up to the difficult task of keeping the children amused without disturbing the invalid, her intimacy with the Park people had been limited to an occasional meeting after Service. It might be better for her, but she was not wise enough to feel it so, especially when all the worries seemed to increase together—as troubles will—and the hours spent over the children's lessons grew more wearisome, through Master Fred's naughtiness ; and Arthur, backed up by her foe Tracy, openly defied her authority, and let her see how his boyish fun, and breach of rules, were changing into an evident contempt for home, and home observances.

Mr. Marvin was right. The winter had been almost too much for her, though it was scarcely that that had upset her at the mention of her aunt's coming.

It was a feeling—hardly a feeling—that she would not acknowledge to herself, and would have denied if suggested ; but *why*, she did not know. Aunt Catherine's visit, at this particular time, stirred up a disagreeable recollection of having read of some slight change which yet 'was the beginning of the end ;' the fancy was not definite enough to be put into

words, even mentally, and yet poor little Annie went about the work of preparation with a heavy heart, that the torn carpets and broken china had nothing to do with.

Fortunately for all, the much dreaded east wind changed at last; and a warm April day not only made Aunt Catherine's journey so pleasant that she arrived in her very best temper, but brought back so much of her usual health to Mrs. Marvin, that she was able to enjoy the meeting, appearing so well that Annie's uneasiness vanished entirely.

After all, the little excitement of an arrival was not disagreeable, she admitted; and if only she could be secured from her little relapses into 'tiresome ways,' Aunt Catherine's quaint tall figure made a pleasant addition to the Vicarage.

She was very tall and thin, with some silver-grey round flat curls peeping out from under a round close-fitting cap, and face rounder than all. The only wonder was, commented Annie to herself, that she contrived to look anything above a comfortable cook; and Annie was inclined to ascribe the innate something that carried off the effect of her unprepossessing exterior, to some mysterious effect of the relationship with her mother.

'Mamma's sister could not be anything but a lady,' she proudly reasoned; and on the strength of it she condescendingly forgave the queer dress and lanky figure, and relieved Mr. Marvin's anxiety by showing herself a great deal more civil to her aunt than he had expected.

It was certainly pleasant to have some more of her old afternoons of comparative leisure, when she could either get the children out of the house for a long ramble, or, better still, leave them in their glory in the garden, and rush about from one cottage to another, without the feeling that the invalid was left lonely, and looking out for her return.

On the very first of her free visiting afternoons, she espied Miss Salterne and Miss Clune, and, better still, the Honourable and Reverend Edwin, coming out from old Molly Nash's. Nothing could have happened better for her hopes; to walk up the long village street in intimate conversation with the Park people, was honour enough almost to bring back her old silly ideas.

And Miss Clune being in an amiable humour, and making a pleasant remark on her long absence from the Park, Annie walked on in thorough enjoyment of the position, till, in the midst of a discussion with Mr. Clune on some knotty night-school question, she saw Mr. Hatherly walking towards them, with an evident determination to stop and speak.

There was nothing in the look or manner of the plainly-dressed young gentleman-farmer to blush for; and Annie despised herself for reddening with shame as he came up and held out his hand.

'I was looking for you, Miss Marvin,' he said, not seeming to notice the stiffness of his reception; and poor Annie could only throw blushing looks of apology at her companions, and stammer out, in her nervous way, an excuse that sounded like—'A message from Papa, perhaps.'

‘Do not let us detain you,’ said Miss Salterne, quietly polite as ever; and Annie turned away unwillingly, with the words ‘My tenant-farmer’ ringing in her ears, and her old formula—‘What *will* they think!’ almost on the tip of her tongue.

It did not lessen her crossness to catch a parting look of Miss Clune’s; though she might have been more content if she had but known that the sneer was entirely for herself, and that Mr. Hatherly could lay no claim to any portion of the sarcasm.

‘I have no message from Mr. Marvin,’ began her companion, in answer to her attempted evasion.

‘I thought you had—at least, I thought you might have,’ returned Annie crossly.

Poor Annie! her silly fancies and her honest innate love of truth had hard battles sometimes.

‘I was going to tell you of our plans for Easter Monday. You will all honour me?’

He said it with the least possible sarcasm; Annie was quick in noticing it.

‘Of course, the children will be delighted,’ she answered coldly, still too vexed to be able to say anything for herself.

‘What do you think of this, then?’ and Mr. Hatherly began a discussion of the proposed arrangements, talking on in his usual way, till Annie came round, and gave him a penitent ‘I was very cross, please forgive me!’ that made the end of the long conversation pleasanter far than the beginning.

‘And no hopes for your church?’ asked Annie, when all parts of the rejoicings had been talked over and decided upon; ‘I am afraid Mr. Salterne will not do much; at least, he gives one that idea.’

It was nice to speak familiarly of the lord of the territory, as if she were in confidential communication with him.

‘You do not give him credit enough; Mr. Salterne only makes it a question of time.’

‘Does he?’ said Annie; ‘why, I thought—I can’t quite make it out—oh! it must be Mr. Clune’s influence. He is such an excellent man; but so boyish looking, you would not think he was as old as he must be, would you? I am so glad he is ordained; it is so nice of him to be a clergyman, isn’t it? and an Honourable!’

‘Does that affect the question much?’ asked Mr. Hatherly quietly, as he shook hands and left her.

And Annie went into the house, feeling that she had made herself ridiculous once more, and that the whole afternoon had been a series of mistakes.

It was delightful, however, to answer her mother’s interested question, ‘And have you seen anybody, my darling?’ with a cool, ‘Only the Clunes and Miss Salterne;—the Park people, Aunt Catherine.’

‘The Park! dear me! how very nice, my dear! I never knew you

had such good society here. And that was one of them that left you just now; ah! Miss Annie, you must take care; little girls must be steady!' Aunt Catherine liked little jokes of that kind.

'No. Mr. Hatherly,' said indignant Annie.

'Our greatest friend,' said Mrs. Marvin; 'he rents the beautiful Abbey Farm, such a lovely place!'

'A farmer!' exclaimed the old lady, in a sort of shrill scream that was her expression of intense astonishment; 'only a farmer! dear me!'

'He is a gentleman-farmer, Aunt Catherine,' began Annie, standing up valiantly for the absent; 'his family is one of the oldest in the neighbourhood. Older than yours, I dare say.'

'Impossible, my dear,' said Aunt Catherine, with that quiet assertion that is more provoking than any kind of argument; '*we* came in with the Conqueror.'

'So did everybody that ever I heard of,' retorted Annie.

'No, my dear,' replied the old lady, taking the remark, as she always did, literally; 'everybody's family could not have come over at one time. *Ours* did. And *we* never visited farmers, when *we* were young. I wonder your mamma allows it.'

Annie rushed out of the room, as the only resource left her.

'Papa dear!' she began, meeting him in the hall, and making use of him as a safety-valve, 'I have been so good! But how we are to get through a month I don't know! Now, Papa dear, confess! Did you *ever* see anything quite so aggravating as those silly speeches of hers? Her family! and when she was young! what a time it must have been!'

'Take care not to glory in your youth, my dear,' cautioned the Vicar, with a smile at Annie's burst of half-amused indignation. 'I have something to tell you that you will be glad to hear. I have been to Mr. Tracy's.'

'And didn't he give you any flowers or fruit, or anything for Mamma?' interposed Annie; 'stingy thing!'

'And George is not coming to me after Midsummer,' continued her father.

'I *am* glad! and yet, the money, Papa dear; are you vexed?'

'I hope I may be able to get another pupil in his place,' said her father anxiously.

'And how did you settle it? did you tell of his naughtinesses?'

'I did not give them as my reason; indeed, it was a mutual arrangement between us. We both agreed that George was too old to be kept from school.'

'Then so is Arthur.'

'I know it, my dear.'

'And you have been worrying because you can't send him. And those Tracys with money enough to send a dozen! But, Papa, what shall you do? Arthur must go to Oxford or Cambridge one day, and that will be worse. He *must* go there, Papa!' she repeated anxiously

'I am afraid it will be out of the question, my dear,' was the sad answer; 'you have not much notion of what a college education costs;' as Annie began an eager sentence about saving more at home, *anything* rather than that Arthur should not be a clergyman.

'I should have liked to see him in Holy Orders,' admitted the father, almost as if the wish were wrong, and he were apologising for it; 'perhaps, even, to have had him for my curate, when I get too old and infirm to work, Annie. But we will not think of that; we must not vex about it, my dear child!'

Annie's tears were ready to overflow; but she kept a bright face, and managed to speak as naturally almost as if she were not feeling rather inclined to choke.

'Oh no! something may turn up yet; he has lots of time to think about it; and learning of you is just as good as a hundred schools—better, *I think!*'

Annie's brave little spirit was always ready when any real trouble came; and this impossibility of giving even one of the boys the education he had had himself, was the most acute sting of her father's poverty. Patiently as he had borne what he would have called the small difficulty of a poor clergyman's position, this did weigh upon him heavily; more and more, as the time was drawing near, when he should be obliged to refuse what he knew was Arthur's own wish, and tell him that Oxford or Cambridge, or even one of the smaller Universities, must be beyond his reach.

'Plenty of time to think about *that*, Papa,' went on Annie cheerfully; 'I tell you what *I* worry about now.'

An arch look at the drawing-room door finished her sentence.

'You must be good,' said her father, with the smile that she did not often see; 'I think I can trust you not to—'

'Make a row,' elegantly suggested Annie.

'Next week we must all be especially careful.'

'Oh yes!' answered Annie lightly; 'we shall do well enough then.'

It seemed easy to promise peace and concord for the few last Lenten days, when earthly troubles and common vexations are merged in the awful shadows of the Holy Week.

Yet human frailties are strongest when most struggled against; and Annie, and possibly others of the Vicarage household, had many a sore battle between the irritation that Aunt Catherine's 'ways' would excite, and the sense of the unfitness of such petty feelings for the sacredness of the season. For the old lady did not approve of observances beyond what she had been accustomed to when she was young—two Sunday services, and a Wednesday evening lecture; and it did need more than ordinary patience to sit quietly and listen to remarks on the Romanizing tendency of extra prayers, while Annie's indignation was roused still more by an audibly expressed opinion, that she *should* have thought the meals

at the Vicarage *quite* plain enough at the best of times, without any additional frugality.

‘We will make allowance for her age, my dear,’ urged Mr. Marvin; ‘I think we ought rather to pity her for losing the benefits that we value so much.’

‘That *you* do, Papa,’ interrupted Annie truthfully.

‘And if it is a great trial to us to be with those of such different opinions, we ought not to regret that we have a little extra cross *this* week. Easter will be all the brighter and happier after a dark Holy Week.’

CHAPTER VI.

EASTER DAY came, with its early chime of rejoicing bells, and early sun-light lighting up the spring flowers that had been wreathed round the pillars of the old church, and gathered into the form of the Holy Sign upon the Altar itself.

Salterne Church had never been so decorated before. To Annie’s delight, Miss Salterne and Miss Clune had taken a large share of the work, and green-house flowers had come from the Park in a profusion that made a difficulty of the *embarras de richesses*.

‘How nice it is of them, Papa!’ repeated Annie several times, in the height of her admiration; ‘they send the very best flowers in the green-houses.’

‘Just as Mr. Hatherly’s work-people gave their gaudiest sun-flowers for the harvest service. The same spirit, my dear.’

‘Yes, I suppose so; but—’ And Annie looked at the basket of white azaleas as if thinking that yellow sun-flowers were quite out of the pale of any comparison.

It was in the same spirit that Mr. Clune, the young deacon, carried down the Altar-cross of pure white camellias, to place it with his own hands on the Altar he was to serve at, almost for the first time; spending the early morning hour, alone, in the quiet church, where Easter memories filled the morning freshness with the deep meaning of Resurrection hope and joy.

That was a quiet restful Easter Day for the Park, when Isabella softened from her usual bitterness, and Ada Salterne felt that the brightness of the season was brighter than it had ever been; and even Mrs. Salterne almost forgot her anxiety about her far-away boy, in listening to the morning sermon, that Edwin, with a shy young pride in his new calling, had offered to preach.

It was no less happy at the Vicarage; Mrs. Marvin was well enough to enjoy the small part she could bear in the festival; and even Aunt Catherine proved in her sunniest mood, passing over the floral decorations with only a mild rebuke, and almost making friends with Annie by her

sympathizing admiration of 'that *beautiful* sermon.' Annie, excited into her highest spirits by the success of her wreaths, and the triumphant way in which her little choir of school children had got through the new hymns she had been really working hard at, found some difficulty in restraining her inclination to dilate on her favourite topic, which had taken, now, an ecclesiastical form. And a gentle hint from her father on the danger of perilling sacred things by careless discussion, could hardly keep her merry talkativeness from innumerable repetitions of such remarks as 'I wish you could have heard Mr. Clune, Mamma dear!' or, 'The Park people did look so delighted at the sermon; Miss Salterne looked up at him when he went into the pulpit!'

'Good little Eddy!' began Isabella, in the quiet hour that she made it a point to secure in Ada's boudoir, before the late dinner; 'did you ever see a more perfect little chorister than he was in the pulpit this morning, Ada? he might have been ten years old. And when he flushed up with a tiny bit of shyness, I almost fancied he had a difficult solo in some anthem, and was a frightened, pretty little boy.'

'But—' began Ada.

'But what? don't be frightened at me, dear; you are colouring as much as Eddy did.'

'But he is a clergyman,' said Ada boldly; 'we ought not to talk as if he were a child.'

A satirical laugh, not unkind, was Isabella's answer; and she went on gravely:

'I liked dear little Eddy's sermon, Ada; it made me think. Why do people such as you and Eddy ever grumble? Why in the world are you ever unhappy? You people that are just as sure of Heaven being only on the other side of one moment of time, as if you could see it? What difference can a few worries and sorrows more or less make to you? That Cross that Eddy preached about is always within reach; you can touch It whenever you like; It is real and tangible to you, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Ada reverently, thinking of that morning's early celebration.

'Well, to me—you will be shocked—that Cross is there, crowning the whole world; but It is not within easy reach of *me*. I can't go and touch It, and feel It for myself, whenever I want to. I have to labour on—on—on—over a horrible rough way, full of stones and stumbling-blocks; screeds of doctrine innumerable I have to work my way over, and they are hard and sharp sometimes, and keep me back, and knock me down besides.'

'Then they are screeds of *false* doctrine; but what does it signify, so that you get over them all, and reach It at last?'

'I don't always,' went on Isabella; 'I don't ever always see It as It is. Now and then the clouds come before It, and make It look a great dreamy shadow only.'

‘But,’ said Ada, horrified, ‘to hear you teach those children this morning!’

‘The very thing. That is one way of working up to It over the rough uneven ground. Those children could see It clearly, if I could not; their little hands could touch It; and so they helped to lead me up to It. Reversing the positions of teacher and scholars, perhaps. If I were to give up, and stop short when the clouds come between with their wild shapes, I should be admitting that It was but a shadow; so I go on in the fog and darkness, and comfort myself with thinking, “It must be there, or I should never be worrying myself so to get near that cloudy mass.” Queer logic, isn’t it?’

‘It is there!’ said Ada earnestly, ‘and some day It will be almost more to you than to us, from the difficulty you have had in getting to It.’

‘Yes; I get there sometimes. And the shadow is soft and still! It is there; the earth would be incomplete without that Sign. I am not quite done for yet!’ She ended with a kind of laugh; and Ada sat in wondering silence.

Isabella rarely brought to light her deepest feelings, and Ada could hardly understand the revelation she had made in her eccentric way. Why should two paths, tending to the same end, lead through such different courses? Many ways lead to the Cross, and the path of child-like faith is simple and easy, and those who miss it struggle on in darkness and pain!

‘Ada, little one!’ began Isabella, after a pause, in her ordinary way, ‘I offended you bitterly just now. Quite without reason, my dear; I am fond enough of Eddy even to satisfy *you*.’

‘I suppose so,’ said Ada, with an uncomfortable consciousness of Isabella’s satirical eyes. ‘He is your brother.’

‘Brothers are not always very much cherished,’ was the bitter answer; ‘but he is good, and you are too. I am very glad about it, Ada; from my heart, I am!’

‘There is nothing to be glad about of that kind, that I know of,’ answered Ada, awkwardly; and Isa laughed pleasantly.

‘Then in pity to that frightened look, I won’t tease you. Do you know what a good deed my little Eddy is going to have set down to your father’s account? Church building is a very meritorious thing, isn’t it, Ada? especially when an endowment comes after it; and Eddy has determined that new church, endowment, and everything requisite, shall figure in the lord of the manor’s credit. Those plans of the Abbey farmer’s have fascinated his professional spirit.’

Mr. Clune was, indeed, working hard on behalf of Mr. Hatherly’s hopes. The first mention of a proposed restoration of some of the secularized Abbey property, had interested the conscientious scruples that made him look at the question in the tenant-farmer’s light; and an examination into the drawings and statistics liberally furnished by Mr. Hatherly, had brought about a ride to the estate in question, and a long

interview, from which he returned rampant on the subject, as Mr. Salterne said.

‘My dear boy, you are getting up a most romantic friendship for my tenant!’ was Mr. Salterne’s attempted quietus to the question of the Abbey Farm. But Edwin Clune had the right sort of courage, and endured the remark bravely.

‘I might make friends with many a worse fellow,’ he answered good humouredly; ‘I am not at all sure that his education was worse than mine. And I am certain he has profited by it much better. A clever man, with sound reasoning in him, and good, thoroughly good; and as to position, why, he is a self-evident proof that farming does not make a man ungentlemanly. I like Mr. Hatherly.’

‘Bravo, little Eddy!’ cried Isabella; and her brother ended with a merry look of defiance at the dignified landlord. And Ada echoed the remark by her looks. ‘Mr. Salterne, you are in a minority.’

‘So I perceive, my dear.’ Anyone but Isabella would have had a much more freezing answer. ‘I must confess to being weary of the subject.’

Neither Edwin nor his sister imagined the real motive of his reluctance to talk of the intended restoration; a hint from him at the actual fact, that his property had been too much impoverished to bear the expense, would have put an end to the ceaseless discussions, innocently dragged into long conversations by the zealous young clergyman; as it was, endowment and architecture became the standing topics of the day.

Mr. Clune’s visit to the Abbey was followed by several others, and Mr. Salterne’s sarcasm as to the friendship he was getting up with the farmer, began to have some foundation in truth. If Annie had but known it, she would have enjoyed her Easter Monday at the Abbey more than she was inclined to do, with her present fancies stirred up into actual annoyance by Aunt Catherine’s provoking remark, thrown in as a damper to the children’s uproarious delight on setting off for the festivities.

‘Going to a farm! how *very* odd! dear me!’

A little thing is enough to spoil a day’s pleasure; and Annie tried to persuade herself that it was nothing more than the tiresome old lady’s nonsense, that made her feel so wretchedly cross and uncomfortable as she did, entering into the amusements languidly enough to throw cold water upon the highest spirits, and wishing herself miles away.

Mr. Marvin noticed it.

‘You are not enjoying yourself, my dear;’ he came up to her anxiously; ‘it is not quite so pleasant, is it, as when Mamma was there, looking on;’ he glanced up at the oriel window looking on the quadrangle; ‘but next time, she may be here again.’ He meant to comfort her, and Annie was very near an actual fit of crying, at the kindness of his manner, or the touch of sadness he could not help shewing.

‘It’s not that, Papa! I wish it was!’ she cried impulsively; ‘it’s nothing at all but crossness. Don’t pity me a bit!’

‘That sometimes needs pity more than any other little grievance,’ was the gentle answer ; and Annie felt that a good scolding would have been easier to bear.

‘Six months!’ she thought bitterly; ‘only six months since St. Michael’s, and I thought it the greatest treat in the world to come here then—and was so proud because Mr. Hatherly noticed me—and now, I don’t care for anything. I wonder what has made it all different? I suppose I must be spoiled.’

Mr. Hatherly’s pleasant voice interrupted her uncomfortable thoughts. He was racing little Edith along the laurel walk leading up to the old summer-house that Annie had rushed off to for a few minutes’ quiet.

‘We shall be in dreadful disgrace, Miss Marvin!’ he began, in a put-on apologetic manner, turning the little girl round and round for the better display of divers stains, and more than one rent. ‘Master Fred has kept me so full of work in looking after him, and saving his life on various occasions, that this little sprite took advantage of me, and hearing a great disturbance in the poultry-yard, I discovered—what was it, Edith?’

‘Only me creeping into the fowl-house, Annie, through the little hole the chickens have for a door! and the big old turkey-cock came, and gobbled at me so!’

Annie could only get up a poor show of amusement, at the little one’s wonderful story, told with all the emphasis of a child’s lisping language.

‘Did the big turkey-cock tear your frock, Edith?’ she asked, holding up a piece of the short skirt that was hanging in an elegant festoon.

‘No; but he would have bitten me,’ said the little one, in good faith as to the biting propensities of fowls, ‘only *he* came and drove him away, and pulled me out backwards.’

‘A wonderful tale!’ said Mr. Hatherly; ‘and now run and play in the laurel walk, Edith. We shall come after you presently.’

‘She cannot hurt there,’ he added to Annie, ‘and I have been wanting to say something to you.’

Edith ran off; and before her exploration had carried her to the end of the long walk, Annie had come up to her, and, in return for the little one’s innocent inquiry why she was crying, bestowed a sharp—‘Don’t talk nonsense,’ that silenced the little girl effectually.

The evening went heavily for the elders of the party, after that; and Annie gave her father a hint about going home early, on Mamma’s account, that brought the holiday to what the children considered a very untimely end. They only consoled themselves by thinking that Mamma would not be gone to bed, and would be a first-rate listener to the histories of the numerous adventures and escapes. Since it was almost as good as having the fun over again, to tell it to her, in a cat’s chorus of half a dozen various stories running on at the same time, each in happy

independence of other speakers; and each expecting a due share of interest in the wondering details, from Arthur's success at cricket down to little Edith's turkey-cock. To be sure, Aunt Catherine was very disagreeable, and would keep putting her fingers to her ears, and pretending to be deafened by the chattering; but, as Master Fred impertinently observed, 'What do we care for *her*?'

Amidst all the merry din, Mrs. Marvin found time to notice that Annie was not only silent, but flushed and excited, and unlike herself.

'What is it, my darling?' she asked, when, four of the children being sent to bed, the talking was not quite so overwhelming.

'Not now, Mamma!' said Annie, as her mother drew her down for a kiss; 'not *now*,' with a look at Aunt Catherine's tall prim figure in the window-seat. 'When you go up to your room.'

'I think I will go now,' said Mrs. Marvin, understanding. 'Annie, ask your papa if he could carry me up now.'

Mrs. Marvin was carried up and down stairs now—since the horrid east wind, Annie said.

There, out of Aunt Catherine's quick hearing, Mrs. Marvin asked again, 'What is it, my darling?'

And Annie, hiding her face by the bed-side, tried to begin an explanation of which nothing was audible but 'Mr. Hatherly.'

'My child, is *that* it?' her mother asked, helped in her guess at the truth by some little suspicion that she had had for some time past, that her little Annie was not so much of a child to Mr. Hatherly, as she still seemed to the home people.

'Has Mr. Hatherly—proposed to you?' she hesitated before saying the word, for fear of mistaking; but Annie lifted up a conscious face that satisfied her she had come upon the truth.

'No, Mamma,' said the girl; 'at least, he was doing it, but I wouldn't let him. I stopped him in the middle.'

'I understand, dear; and why did you?'

'Oh, I don't know!' Annie's petulant voice answered from among the bed-clothes; 'I can't tell!'

'Anything wrong, my dear?' said Mr. Marvin, coming in, and looking with astonishment at Annie, crouching down by the bed-side, with face turned away.

'No, nothing the matter,' said the invalid, cheerfully; 'is it, Annie? Only she is a little upset; she is quite a grown-up young lady now! She has had an offer, Papa, from Mr. Hatherly.'

'An offer, my dear!' repeated Mr. Marvin, too matter-of-fact to comprehend at once: 'you can't mean—'

'Yes, I do!' said his wife, encouraging Annie with loving touches on the only visible part of her head, the mass of great black plaits of hair.

'I *am* surprised!' said the Vicar, as the truth began to dawn on him; 'my little Annie engaged to Mr. Hatherly! This is good news for you, my dear child; come and tell me about it.'

A cool request that Annie was in no condition to grant!

‘Not that, exactly, my dear,’ Mrs. Marvin said nervously; ‘Annie has said no.’

‘No, to Mr. Hatherly!’ repeated her father; ‘impossible! Get up, my dear, and let us know something more. Did Mr. Hatherly propose to you, really?’

It was hard on Annie to have to answer such very plain questions as the Vicar’s, on such a little-known subject, were sure to be; but there was something decided in his voice that she did not dare to disobey, and turned round a very red tearful face, with the short answer—

‘He would, if I had not shut him up.’

‘But you did not mean to refuse such an offer?’ was the next demand.

‘Yes.’

‘My dear child, why?’ was the following question, very tenderly put. Mr. Marvin had a vague idea that his little girl had been sacrificing her own happiness to her home duties; she must not do that, he thought; we must do without her as well as we can, rather than let her throw away such a home of her own, for our sake.

Annie hesitated; it was a very difficult thing to answer *this* query truthfully. And she coloured redder than ever, with vexation, as she said—

‘His position. He is only a gentleman farmer, you know, Mamma, and I am a clergyman’s daughter.’

‘Annie!’ said her father; and she had never heard him speak so sternly before. ‘I can hardly believe that my little girl has been so altered. Annie, do you know that you are giving up a far better prospect for your future life than you could ever have expected, for false pride—worse than that, sinful pride? Annie, Annie, I am afraid you are making a bitter sorrow for yourself.’

‘We will wait till to-morrow, dear,’ interposed Mrs. Marvin uneasily, more used to the little ins and outs of such an affair than her straightforward husband; ‘there may be some other reason—she may not like him quite as well as we do; and after all, she may have a good reason.’

‘I don’t know; I cannot understand it,’ was the grave answer. ‘Annie, my dear, suppose you run away now. Your mamma is tired. Think it over, my child.’

Annie jumped up, only too glad to escape the discussion, and went, in unusual tears, to her little room, feeling that she had disappointed her mother, vexed her father, and made herself perfectly miserable; and that the old Abbey was at once the dearest and the most odious place in the whole world, always excepting that horrible Salterne Park.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XX.

HOW JOSON DRELIN DRANK THE RIVER RANCE.

As they talked, Kergariou and Brother Bruno had got round the Mount; they were now opposite Tombelaine. Aubry thought, Bruno talked.

‘Joson Drelin, during his lifetime beadle of the parish of St. Jonan, was a boon companion, connoisseur in good cider, as poor Monsieur Gilles, who is in Heaven, was a connoisseur in women; and after all, Messire Aubry, to admire beautiful ladies is the vocation of a knight, as much as to have a good judgment in cider is the concern of a beadle, under your favour, and speaking respectfully. At the baptism of the bells of St. Jonan des Guerets, in the year ’43 or ’44, for I cannot remember—alas! I am no longer twenty-five, nor thirty either; to be, and to have been, are two different things. I said, ’43 or ’44; Joson rang so much, that he drank much. If he rang so much, it was because the bell-ringer was ill; if he drank so much, it was that he was thirsty, you see. Messire Aubry, are you listening?’

Aubry did not answer; he walked faster, being very anxious about those he loved; and he could not send away that man who had exposed himself to save them, but how could he introduce a stranger to the hiding-place of the proscribed? He hesitated.

‘Good; I see that you listen,’ continued the lay brother, panting, and chattering as fast as he could. ‘I am not surprised, for it is a very entertaining story, and true at all points. Joson Drelin found himself rather drunk, from having swallowed so much: his wife said to him,

“Joson, good man, go to bed, and you will be sure not to beat anybody, and that nobody beats you.”

‘Joson Drelin was not sleepy. “Peace, woman, or I shall drink more.”

“Drink, indeed! you shall not swallow my thimble full of cider, short of speech as you are, my good man Joson.”

‘For that matter, all the world knows that women were sent on earth for our sins; defy a man to drink—who ever heard of such a thing? There were some farmers passing, and Joson Drelin called to them, “Here, Christians, do you like to see a man drink up the river Rance?” The farmers came near.

“Listen, my friends,” said Joson Drelin, “this is how it is; my wife says I shall not drink up a thimbleful of cider; and I say, I lay a wager that I will drink up all the water that runs in the river Rance from

Plouer to St. Juliac.' The farmers shrugged their shoulders; one of them had a leathern bag full of silver pieces, for he had just sold some cows at Chateau Neuf market.

'Joson Drelin said, "Your money against my house." Who cried now? The woman.

'But the man with the leathern bag looked at the house, which was a good one, and answered, "Done; your house against my money." The other farmers said "Done, and their hands on it; and the one that goes back has made a sham crow."

Aubry, going on with his own thoughts, said,

'One brave soldier more in the strife is sometimes safety.'

'Oh! by my faith, Messire Aubry, Joson Drelin was a beadle, no soldier, I assure you!'

'Come, make haste, Brother Bruno; the tide is coming in, and we must go to Tombelaine.'

'I know, Messire, I know; but don't you want to know what Joson Drelin did to drink all the water in the river Rance from Plouer to St. Juliac? that is the wonderful part of the history; and I remember that Brother Pacome, second butler in the time of the last abbot—oh, but this Brother Pacome had a fine adventure in the year '37. On Christmas Eve, he was going to fetch the wine for the three Masses—'

'Quick!' said Aubry, who saw the sea advancing.

'Well, I walk as fast as I can. Brother Pacome had been deaf with one ear ever since the year '28, when some vile insect stung him, in the Norman corn-fields. In going for the wine, he met Master Oliver Chouesnel, syndic of the fellmongers and tanners of Avranches. Do you know how this Master Oliver Chouesnel came to marry? but never mind Master Chouesnel; let us come back to Brother Pacome; that is to say, let us first, to proceed in order, finish the history of Joson Drelin, beadle of St. Jonan des Guerets—the others shall follow. Messire Aubry, that was a fine parish; I know the vicar, named Melin Moreau, who left the choir quietly at the desk when he chose. His younger brother sold bacon at Rennes—bacon and hard eggs, lard, soap, cheese, and butter; he died of the blows his wife gave him—oh! that woman! The year that he died, I remember the church of St. Sulpice at Fougères was on fire; and my uncle Matthew, halberdier to the canonry, had his leg broken by a mad horse. Then Joson Drelin had a good deal of difficulty when he wanted to win his wager; his wife cried and lamented, "Pity on our old age; here we are on the straw!"'

Here Aubry seized Bruno by the shoulders and pushed him on quickly; the sea had reached the bed of the little river that separates the two Mounts, and Brother Bruno was in the water to his calves. Now in the sands, when the water comes up to your knees, the head often follows. Brother Bruno began to laugh as soon as he was on firm ground.

'Thank you, Messire Aubry,' he said; 'that comes of chattering. I

did not see where I was going; and that reminds me of old Martin of St. Jacut, who was drowned singing loose songs. The wife of Joson Drelin—'

'Brother,' cried Aubry, 'I shall be angry if you say any more about Joson Drelin and his wife.'

Bruno looked surprised.

'So you do not like the story, Messire; that is wonderful; but we must not dispute tastes, and so I will tell you the adventure of Pacome, the second butler of the last abbot.'

'Neither that adventure, Brother, nor any other; hold your tongue and use your legs, for the sea will soon surround us.'

'Oh,' replied the lay monk, 'I shall have plenty of time to tell you what happened to Oliver Chouesnel, syndic of the tanners and fell-mongers of Avranches, on his wedding-day.'

'Another word, and I leave you, Brother.'

'Well, well, Messire Aubry, don't be angry; I only tell my stories to those who ask me, and I often make them entreat me; witness what happened in the year '45, at the Pardon of Noyal-sur-Vilaine.'

Aubry would hear no more; he went his way, and Bruno remained on the shore.

'Oh ho,' said he; 'such a thing happened in Basse Bretagne, before the war. I wanted to tell the history of the miller Ronan, who sold his soul to the Evil One for a couple of mill-stones— But oh ho,' said he, jumping, 'here is the sea, indeed.'

This time, he began no story, and took to his heels.

The fortress of Tombelaine, built by the English, was large, and could hold a numerous garrison. Some years before the events happened of which we write, the lieutenant, Knolle, or Kernol, who had stayed at Tombelaine to the last, with five hundred or five hundred and fifty men-at-arms, had blown up the defences, pulled down the castle, and left the hill bare. All that remained standing, was the western part of the walls flanked by the dismantled tower in which we first saw Monsieur Hugh de Maurever asleep with his sword between his legs. These walls, the tower, a curtain raised many feet above the soil, and the interior building, the ground floor of which had only been partly demolished, formed even yet an enclosure of some size, which might be easily made secure from a *coup-de-main*, the more so, as all the rest of the island was completely exposed.

As Aubry de Kergariou and Brother Bruno crossed the sands, there were many uneasy eyes fixed upon them behind the walls of the ruin. Monsieur Hugh, who had been so long alone on the dreary rock, had now more company than perhaps he would have chosen.

Besides his daughter Reine, the Le Priouls, and Jeannin, who had arrived in the middle of the night, there had assembled at Tombelaine all the village of St. Jean; the four Gothons, the four Mathurins,

Scholastique, the three Catiches, the two Josons, and others; and if these humble pages were an epic poem, we would describe them with zeal, and tell the age, the genealogy, and the complexion, of all these stout sons of the marsh, and of all the virgins, beautiful or ugly; and after having invoked the Muse Calliope, daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, ancient patroness of plagiarists, we should impute to our Bretons the actions of the Greeks and Romans. But the salt fogs of Armorica would soon relax the strings of Apollo's ancient lyre; the bagpipe alone, with its leathern bag and nasal drone, can endure the chronic cold of these countries. So we sing to the music of the bagpipe.

The peasants of St. Jean had emigrated because their houses were reduced to a heap of cinders. Master Vincent Gueffès had repaid the hospitality he had received there. He had told the drunken soldiers that he was sure the traitor Maurever was hidden in one of these houses. The soldiers had beat down the doors; then, when the door of a Breton peasant is beat down, however weak he may be, the fight begins. Then came battle, then fire; for it certainly was the village of St. Jean that Reine and the Le Priouls had seen in flames when they came down upon the sands on the other side of the Ardevon.

Men, women, and children, there were about forty within the remains of the English fortress. As there was no doubt of their having been traced, they had worked at the defences all night. Piles of stones already closed the breaches, and a new redoubt was rising in the interior. They were preparing for a siege.

Old Maurever did not concern himself with all that. He was in his tower, with Reine seated at his feet, resting her fair head on his knees. He was happier than a king.

'Reine,' said he, caressing the soft hair of the young girl, 'I thought that I never should see you again. When your basket floated away with the current before my eyes, my heart became cold and dead. Oh! my child, how I love you! The only reward I ask for the toils of my long life is to see you happy.'

Reine covered his hands with kisses. Maurever went on sadly,

'I know that you love me; but the love of young people does not resemble the strong affection of old ones. As one grows old, Reine, the love is concentrated, because the objects of love become more scarce; so, I have lost my wife, who was a saint, and your noble-hearted brother; I have nothing left but you. You, on the contrary, will have a husband, and you will love him—and children, and you will adore them; what then will remain for your old father?'

'What remained to your beloved mother when you became a husband and a father?'

A tear fell on the knight's white beard.

'My mother! oh, how I loved her! Oh! Reine, my mother died alone at Roz, while I was at the wars. Promise me that you will be with me to close my eyes.'

Reine's only answer was a tender kiss. It had been a touching scene when the old outlaw, after three whole days of suspense, had seen his daughter arrive, escorted by his faithful vassals. He had bent his knee in thanksgiving before he had embraced her. Then he had held her to his breast—that breast which famine had hollowed; he afterwards ate heartily, surrounded by the Priouls, who had tears in their eyes at the thought of the sufferings of their beloved lord. Reine waited upon him, presenting the bread and the wine cup. After the repast, they had been left alone, and talked together for a long time: after a silence, the knight looked at his daughter, and a smile passed over his stern lip; he murmured, 'I am jealous of him.'

'Of him whom you love so much, my Father?'

'Do you think I do not love him, when I am confiding to him my beloved treasure?' said he, placing Reine upon his knees like a child. 'He has a generous heart, and I am glad to have him for my son; but, my beloved Reine, I told you that old age is a long penance. We never acquire; we are always losing, till we reach the tomb. Here is a man, young, strong, happy, smiling at the promising future, the world before him. What does he do? He asks a poor old man for his only treasure—the rich taking the mite of the poor—such is life!'

He bent his head, and his white hair streamed over his forehead. As Reine listened, she became sad.

'You love him, then?' he asked hastily.

Reine started, and answered in a slow and gentle voice, 'Yes, Father.'

'And he?'

'Father, he loves me so much, that he would give me up if I said to him, "Monsieur Hugh de Maurever wishes to keep his daughter."'

She could not finish, for the old man stifled her with a passionate embrace.

'Foolish child!' said he; 'the good girl loves her father, and she listens to his feverish words. I dream, you see, I dream. What I desire, my child, is your happiness, the smile on your rosy lips. Listen. It is gloomy selfishness that makes old age unhappy. Did I say we gain nothing? Foolish and ungrateful! Is the son who is to take the place of my dead ones nothing? And those fair angels who will be like their mother—the children of my Reine—my grandchildren, my pretty loves.'

Reine hid her blushing forehead in his breast.

He took her head in both his hands, and kissed her. He cried in rapture,

'Heaven is good; there are bright days in store for me!'

At this moment, the boards which closed the entrance to the tower fell inwards.

'The Chevalier Méloir, with a monk!' cried Julian le Prioul, breathless.

'Méloir!' repeated Maurever, advancing towards the loop-hole.

We remember that Aubry had on the armour of the former standard-bearer of Brittany : after looking, the old man said,

‘Black and silver ; they are his colours.’

Julian placed a bolt on his cross-bow.

‘I do not often miss my mark, Messire,’ he said, putting his weapon to his shoulder ; ‘I wait your orders.’

CHAPTER XXI.

WORDS AND DEEDS OF BROTHER BRUNO.

HAPPILY, Reine had good eyes ; with her white hand she hastily struck down the cross-bow with which Julian was already taking aim.

‘It is not Méloir,’ she said.

‘And who is it, then, my young lady ?’

‘It is Aubry de Kergariou.’

‘Already,’ murmured Maurever.

Julian smiled, unbent his bow, and went out. ‘If I were but a gentleman,’ he thought, ‘I should have wished her to recognize no one at such a distance as that.’ As he rejoined his family, he sighed a very little sigh, and that was all, for Julian was an honest boy, whose every thought might be disclosed.

The next instant Aubry entered the tower. Maurever stretched out his arms to him, and called him his son. Reine gave him her hand. They desired to know the meaning of the disguise. Aubry, seated between his betrothed and her father, felt himself recompensed for all the dreadful hours he had passed in his stone cage.

In the meantime, Bruno said to the emigrants from St. Jean, ‘My sons, from the platform of the monastery we saw your houses burning. I, who was a soldier before I was a monk, know how those things are. If you have a glass of cider here, I would gladly drink to your health ; for all the way we came Messire Aubry would make me tell stories to him.’

Jeannin filled him a cup.

‘You,’ Bruno went on, caressing the cheek of the cockle-picker, ‘you are as like as two drops of water to St. John the Baptist in the Church of Tintiniac, my native country ; and I will tell you a story that will please you very much.’

‘If, as you say, you have been a soldier,’ replied Jeannin, ‘it would be better to help us in our works.’

‘Well said, my son,’ cried Bruno ; ‘as said Malestroit, my captain, who was wounded in the arm by a stone bullet, before Becherel, in the year ’31. As to helping you, I will do it willingly ; I came for that purpose. I cannot go back to the monastery without leave from the Prior ; let us see your work.’

He threw back his frock and tucked up his sleeves like a brisk workman. Jeannin, Julian, some of the Mathurins, and some of the Josons, showed him the beginning of the redoubt. Brother Bruno approved the plan, and set to work. Simon le Prioul, his wife, Simonette, all the Gothons, and others, were on the rampart, behind the curtain. Scholastique was preparing dinner, and they were all very sad. Simonette had tears in her eyes, because Jeannin, having become a warrior, had not time to attend to her as much as she would have wished.

Things had changed since the day before yesterday, St. John's Day; that day Jeannin had his naked feet in the ashes in a humble way, and when he dared to speak, he was told to be silent. But since, he had been hanged, and that forms a young man. His importance increased rapidly; the Gothons stared at him, the Mathurins were jealous of him. It was even said that two Charlottes, of whom from abundance of matter we have not yet spoken, had the boldness to ask him to marry them.

He was a personage.

'Sheep-skin, my pretty fair boy,' said Brother Bruno to him, 'I make myself master mason, and I take you for my helper.'

Jeannin held up his head; he had now an office. He looked towards the curtain, where all the women were assembled, and took the precedence of all the Mathurins. With a sort of modest pride he replied, 'I will do my best, Brother Bruno.'

'Bring me that rock, my boy,' said the monk, pointing to a stone as big as himself.

Jeannin made a gallant effort, but he could not even shake it.

The Mathurins began to laugh.

'You there who are laughing,' said the monk, 'you four put your hands to it, and do what the fair boy could not.'

The Mathurins made frightful efforts, but they could not move the stone.

'Oh, oh,' cried Brother Bruno, 'it is truly said that the boys of the marsh have hands of butter; see what half a monk can do!'

He seized the rock, and carried it in ten steps to the new redoubt; as he carried it he said, 'No one here knew Robin of Plöermel, who crushed the devil's tail; I will tell you the story at supper-time. Now work, my friends, for we shall have some news to-night.'

The Mathurins contemplated him with admiration.

Brother Bruno set them their tasks, and sang the song of the Vannes country.

La beauté de quoi sert elle,
Ligèrement belle hirondelle,
Ligèrement.

E sert à porter en terre,
Ligèrement blanche bergère,
Ligèrement.

He sang it just as if he had been intoning Vespers to one of those strangely mournful airs that are only to be found in Bretagne. It was gaiety; but Breton gaiety, which makes a wedding have the air of a funeral.

They all set to work to the tune, like sailors at the capstan; the work went on, the monk sang.

As tu la chanson nouvelle,
Ligèrement belle hirondelle,
Ligèrement.

La chanson du cimetière
Ligèrement blanche bergère,
Ligèrement.

The fable of Orpheus was renewed; the stones danced to the music; the boys worked hard.

'Here, girls, I cannot do everything myself!' cried Brother Bruno. 'Come and sing while we toil.'

The girls, who were tired of being alone, liked nothing better. The third couplet, a little more melancholy than the others, was sung in chorus very joyously; the fourth was danced and sung; at the fifth, it was all joy; at the sixth, the Gothons, the Catiches, Scholastique, the Charlottes, Simon le Prioul, and his grave wife herself, moved the stones and capered merrily. The wall rose; and when old Maurever, Aubry, and Reine, came out of the tower, they were in a real fortress.

Brother Bruno approached Monsieur Hugh respectfully. 'Heaven bless you, my good lord, and the pretty lady, and even Messire Aubry, my friend, who left me out upon the sands though I took the trouble to tell him a story or two to shorten the road. I am come to rub the rust off my arms here, for they were getting stiff up there.'

'But if the Prior detects your flight,' replied Monsieur Hugh, 'he will send his men-at-arms after you.'

'Which Prior? We must distinguish. I do not say the Claustal Prior, but he does not trouble himself with the outside; as to the Prior of the monks, he has worn armour as I have, and his hands are itching too often for him not to understand my case; besides, I have not taken the vows, my good Lord, and at my return I shall only undergo simple discipline administered by my friend Brother Eustatius.'

Old Maurever frowned. 'I do not like jokes, however innocent, on religious subjects, Brother,' he said with severity.

'Alas!' cried Bruno, in despair, 'I am to be sent back before the strife begins. I shall be punished all the same, and I shall have had no fighting; pity, my Lord.'

'Father,' said Reine's sweet voice, 'he helped Aubry to escape.'

'And I put a treble lock upon that rogue, Méloir,' added Bruno. 'Holy Patron! my Lord, if you had but seen his face!'

‘He is an excellent man,’ cried Aubry; ‘my captivity would have been very hard but for him.’

‘Yes, yes,’ cried Bruno, ‘I told the young Lord fine histories; and,’ taking Monsieur Hugh by the sleeve, ‘this Brother Eustace that I told you of, before he took the vows, had, in the year ’83, in the month of April, a very entertaining adventure in the Tower of Guichon, between Rennes and Redon. He had just been selling fowls at the market at Guer, for he held a farm for the Dowager of Bourdommye, down by Pont Rean. He was on horseback, one leg one side, the other leg the other side, on his pack-saddle, and he was singing,

Dansons la lira,
Litra lilanlira;
Dansons la litra,
Litra litania.

You know the litra is danced backwards, tapping the heels before and behind; and I knew in the town of Bains, a maker of chestnut-wood hoops for casks, puncheons, and barrels, and he danced so well that people came to see him from ten miles round. He had but one eye, and his name was Pelo Halluin; his sister Mathelaine did open work for veils at Roche Bernard; she married Juillon le Gneume, who was called bandy-legs, because his legs were crooked. This Pelo Halluin—but it was Brother Eustace that I was entertaining you with, my good Lord.’

‘I told you,’ whispered Aubry, in Hugh’s ear. It appeared that Aubry had prepared him for the worthy Bruno’s histories; he went on,

‘Brother Eustace, who was then a boy, lively as a glow-worm—’

‘Enough,’ interrupted Monsieur Hugh.

The poor monk stopped short; he stammered,

‘Have I offended my good Lord?’

‘Enough, I say. I permit you to stay here with us.’

Bruno clapped his hands with joy.

‘But on one condition,’ added Maurever.

‘What is it, Monseigneur? what is it?’

‘It is that while you are here, you do not relate one story.’

‘Well!’ cried the monk, laughing, ‘that is easy; do you think I am a talker? It reminds me of an adventure which happened to me in the year ’44, in an inn at Guerche. There were three of us, my cousin Jean, Michael le Gris, and myself—’

He was interrupted by a burst of laughter, and all joined in chorus.

Brother Bruno never guessed why they laughed. ‘If you had waited a little,’ said he, ‘my story would have made you laugh.’

The Chevalier Méloir, shut up in Aubry’s prison, endured his misfortune at first with much cheerfulness; he was a philosopher. At the worst, he thought he had only some few hours to spend in this

unpleasant condition ; but as time went on Méloir's philosophy wore out. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Aubry forced from him the loan of his costume. Twelve sounded from the belfry—one—two—he lost patience ; but for that horrid gag he would have cried out, but the gag was well tied. His legs alone were free ; first, he used them to walk up and down the narrow cell with hasty steps, then to kick furiously on the oaken door ; but the least that can be done for poor prisoners is to let them vent their ill-humour on their walls and doors, so nobody troubled themselves about Méloir's kicks. About four in the afternoon, however, the key turned in the lock.

'Well, Bruno,' said a voice at the door, 'is it you who are making all this uproar ? And why are your keys outside ? But Bruno is not there ; where is he ?'

The unhappy Méloir could not answer ; he came up to the new arrival, who was no other than Brother Eustace, Bruno's friend and companion.

'Hold ! hold !' said Eustace ; 'Bruno has tied his hands with a cord, and put a gag in his mouth ; perhaps he is mad.'

Méloir could only utter inarticulate sounds under his gag.

'No doubt he is mad ; I wish I knew what he has done with poor Bruno.'

Eustace was divided between the desire to know, and the desire to make his retreat. Curiosity conquered ; he came near to Méloir, and said,

'Don't bite me, man, or I shall knock you down with the bunch of keys.'

Having taken this oratorical precaution, he proceeded to remove the gag.

'Your Bruno,' cried Méloir, foaming with rage, 'your Bruno is a rogue, and so are all the inmates of this cursed monastery. We shall see if Monseigneur François de Bretagne will not take vengeance for this outrage.'

'Messire,' said the astonished Eustace, 'is it not Monseigneur François de Bretagne who keeps you in prison ?'

Instead of answering, Méloir pushed by him, mounted the stairs four at a time, and rushed into the refectory, where the deputy of the Abbot was dining amongst the monks. Méloir showed his hands tied, and asked redress in the name of the Duke of Brittany.

William Robert looked him in the face. 'I have seen you before, in the choir of the church, Messire,' he said coldly, 'the day when the fratricide was confounded before Heaven and man.'

'The fratricide !' said Méloir, who fell back amazed. 'Is it of Monseigneur François that you speak thus ?'

William Robert did not answer. 'Untie that man's hands,' said he. 'If the village that he burnt yesterday had been in Normandy instead of in Brittany, I swear that he should not leave the Monastery of St. Michael alive.'

‘A village burnt!’ stammered Méloir.

‘Go, then,’ said the deputy; ‘your Duke has one foot in the grave; I pray Heaven to give him repentance.’

‘Indeed,’ thought Méloir, ‘Monseigneur François must be three quarters dead for the monks to speak of him in such terms. I have lost the game; the devil take me!’

He found his men-at-arms waiting for him when he reached the court. As he was passing the gate he saw two or three dozen poor mendicants, who received alms of food under the tower. Amongst them he spied Maitre Gueffès, to whom nothing came amiss, and who unblushingly pocketed the bread of charity.

‘Come with me,’ said Méloir.

Vincent Gueffès bowed and obeyed.

Méloir told his men to give him a horse; they took the way to Mount St. Jean at a gallop. Many times on the road Gueffès said to Méloir,

‘My Lord, you ordered me to follow you.’

Méloir made no answer, but remained lost in thought till they came to firm ground, when turning hastily, he said,

‘It was you who set the village on fire.’

‘No, Messire, it was your brave soldiers.’

‘It must have been you; you shall not be punished if you tell me where Maurever is.’

Gueffès answered boldly,

‘I will tell my dear Lord where Maurever is, on condition that you give me—first, a hundred golden crowns; second, the head of the wretched little Jeannin; third, the daughter of Simon le Prioul, Simonette, on whom I shall take my revenge when she is my wife.’

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM ; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER V.

‘What bells are those, that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?’

The Golden Legend.

‘Come then, Aspasio, to the House of Prayer.’

The Baptistery.

THE bells of Westerleigh Church chimed out on Sunday mornings to remind the townspeople of their holy day of rest. The old peal had been in the church tower for centuries, and in this respect Westerleigh was better off than any of its neighbours. The fine deep notes of the bass

were not to be matched in the county; and the ringers were well practised—too well, said some of the dwellers in the market-place.

The eight o'clock chimes told the Gipsies that it was Sunday. Perhaps there might have been some amongst them who had their previous impressions, but none had ever availed themselves of the call to Service.

'Why do people go to church on Sundays?' inquired Amy, as the bell awakened her recollections with those of the rest.

And Annette replied, 'They go to pray, dear.'

'Did the baby go to pray? How can babies talk?' said Amy.

'Baby went to be *prayed for*, Amy—to be christened.'

'Christened! Have I been christened?' asked Robin thoughtfully.

'Yes, Robin.'

'Me, too?' put in the little Amy.

'Yes, Amy; both of you, darlings.—Remember that, Robin.'

'But I don't remember it, Mother. Did you take us, and were we all white?'

'Yes, Robin, I took you, and you were all white.'

'As white as the baby last Sunday?' Robin could not quite comprehend how anything so clean could come out of the tent.

Annette did not reply, and Robin settled the question for himself.

'Why don't you ever take us to church now—I mean, when you get well, will you?' added the boy apologetically.

Annette shuddered at this simple reminder of her neglected duties.

'But could I go now, dears?'

'No, Mother, but you teach us prayers. And oh, Mother, might I once, *once* go to church?'

'Yes, Robin, if you like—this very morning.'

'Me too?' inquired the little Amy.

'And leave Mother!' exclaimed Robin. 'Then I will stay with her, and do you go to church, Amy.'

'I daren't, Robin, without you,' replied Amy.

'Stay with me to-day, Amy darling, and you shall go another time,' said Annette.

'I don't like the man that stands at the door,' said Robin musingly; 'I'm afraid of him rather; but I will go.'

'You've a good many things to do for me, dear, before you go,' said Annette.

'You've got one thing to do which you seem to forget,' cried the shaky voice of the old Granny, who had just entered the van. 'It's nothing but "Mother," ever since Friday. Get me some money out of these church goers, if "Mother" is to be taken care of here.'

'Yes, Granny,' said the boy meekly.

'Can't they both go, pray? I shall be here,' pursued Madge—we may as well give her her name.

Amy started up. 'If Granny will be here,' she said.

'Then both go together, dears, and do what you can for Granny.'

‘And we’ll say that you’re bad, Mother.’

‘You will *not*,’ cried the old woman fiercely. ‘I don’t want people poking about here. There’ll be parish officers coming spying about the place, and *police*.’ And with a meaning look at Annette, as she laid as much emphasis as possible upon the last word, she turned round and went out of the van.

‘What can they do to us, Mother?’

‘Nothing, my dears, don’t be afraid; make haste and put away all these things.’

‘May our hair be smoother, Mother, like the children’s that go to school?’

‘Better not, dears,’ sighed Annette; ‘you know that Granny does not like smooth hair.’

And Annette lay back while the children placed the few possessions tidily away. She should live a little longer; she would try to be patient. She felt better, though the cough was so bad; and so, like a good many, she expected to be better still, and *then* she would act decisively.

‘Now the sun stuff,’ said old Granny, re-entering the van; and over hands and face the brown wash was poured with the greatest care. The children stood quite still for her manipulation. Granny had tried all ways with Robin and Amy; occasionally she found the coaxing way to answer the best. The other urchins of the camp were cast in a different mould, and they took the rough words differently. They had no mother, for Jake had lost his wife some years before. Another son of the old woman had married Annette; he too had died. The two other men with their families had pitched their tent on the other side of Brastings, where was the fair which had brought the Gipsies into the neighbourhood. The sick woman had begged so hard to be out of the noise, that they had consented to divide the camp; and it was not often that so many as two men were to be found at the Westerleigh location; perhaps they had a little business on hand which we need not specify; but Annette was best satisfied when old Granny with herself and her blue-eyed pair had this division to themselves.

Ragged and shabby, the children started on their expedition. Annette never declined their begging for the maintenance of the family, and it was understood that if money could be gained in this way, the little ones should not be made to accompany the Gipsies on such occasions as involved bad company or uncertain morality.

‘Here is my friend,’ said Dr. Ryder to his daughter, as they were approaching the sacred edifice. ‘Is your mother better, Robin?’

‘Yes, Sir, much better, thank you. Thank *you*,’ he repeated earnestly.

‘You may come for more medicine.’ And they passed on towards the church.

Jessie turned for a moment. ‘You must thank God,’ she said, looking earnestly at Robin. ‘Come into church, and do it now.’ Then she dropped a sixpence into a little hand: it was Amy’s, and the child raised her blue eyes, and smiled at her.

‘I could adopt those children,’ said Jessie to her father, as they entered the church.

The organ began; the clergyman appeared in the reading-desk. When the music ceased, he rose and commenced the service. At that moment a small boy and a still smaller girl were seen hand in hand, entering at the great west door.

As though they had been some noxious animals, the sexton then rose out of his place, and with upraised hands and many gesticulations, he scared the children out of the church. Our readers may possibly have seen a similar demonstration when the intruder has been a dog.

Terrified at the fierce countenance before them, the children fled as for their lives—out of the dangerous church, out of the dangerous market-place, round into a street where perhaps they might not be followed. Then they stopped, gazed at each other, and little Amy threw herself into her brother’s arms.

‘Oh, I will never, never, go to church again. Why were they so cruel? Why did they turn us out when we did no harm?’ sobbed the frightened child.

And Robin, who was considerably overpowered himself, tried to look brave, and to console his sister.

‘Don’t mind him, Amy; he won’t come after us here.’

‘No, he shall not,’ said a gentle voice; and by their side stood the young lady who had given Amy the sixpence. ‘Come back with me,’ she added, ‘and I will take care of you myself. Come,’—seeing them hesitate—‘they are singing so beautifully. Children are singing praises to God; you must come and hear them, and you must join with your own hearts, because Mother is better.’

The thought of returning brought more tears, but the children rose at her bidding.

‘It looked so grand and beautiful,’ said Robin, ‘and then he turned us out.’

‘And he will do it again,’ sobbed Amy.

‘No,’ said the lady, ‘he will not do it again. My papa is church-warden, and he can turn *him* out if he does.’

The long word seemed so full of authority, that the children, keeping up with Jessie’s hurried pace, returned with her into the church. She took Robin’s cap from his head, stopped Amy from untying the strings of her bonnet, signed to them to go to an empty bench near the south door, and stayed by their side until the conclusion of the service. Well satisfied with her companions, Jessie remained in the church until assured that the sexton had observed the additions to the congregation, when she bade the children come in the afternoon and see some babies christened, and left them to join her father, promising that the sexton should even find them seats which should be near to the font.

‘Some of your class misbehaving themselves, Jessie?’ asked Dr. Ryder, as they walked home.

‘No, Papa; but the little Gipsies came into church, and Bates

positively drove them out as if they had been wild animals. Poor little things ! the little girl was sobbing on her brother's neck in such a state of terror and distress ! I felt convinced that they would never enter a church again, when I saw how he hunted them. And they did behave so nicely, when they returned with me, watching, and trying to do whatever I did. I nearly cried when I saw them both kneeling with their hands clasped.'

'You had better try to get them into the school.'

'Certainly, I should be most glad to do so ; but the first thing will be to tell Mr. Robertson about Bates.'

But there was no need to tell Mr. Robertson about Bates. When the service was over, the sexton went into the vestry to assist the vicar to unrobe.

'Was that the donkey again, just as I began to read ?' inquired Mr. Robertson.

'No, Sir, not *exactly*. It was them Gipsy children. But they soon run out again when they see me.'

'No wonder, Bates ; I happened to see you too. Why, you turned them out—actually frightened them out of the church.'

'All thieves, Sir, them Gipsies. You can't trust them with the books, or anything, let alone the church plate.'

'The church plate is not out,' replied the Vicar. 'And mind, Bates, no one is to be turned out of church, only because of what he may or might be. Never do it again. If you have reason to suspect people, do you sit by them yourself, and then everything will be safe.'

'Well, Sir, Miss Ryder, she took and brought them in again, and sat by them,' replied Mr. Bates, for he thought it might pacify the Vicar.

'I am glad to hear it ; and what Miss Ryder did, you can do another time,' said Mr. Robertson. 'Let us seek by all means to bring in, rather than cast out. And if any of the other Gipsies come, do you find them good places, and make them welcome.' And Mr. Robertson went home.

And the children too went home. Their young hearts had been wounded, but they had been again healed. We have not followed them through the begging, but they had made a harvest. On the whole they were in good spirits when they returned to their temporary home in the '*tented*' lane.

There was a long story of the cruelty, and of the kindness. 'And the tall lady, Mother—our own lady—gave us this large money, and the gentleman said, "What, again, Anna ?"'

'Perhaps she saw how we had been treated,' added Amy, 'and was sorry. I really did think he would kill us!'—with a shudder at the recollection—and the tears seemed ready to fall.

'I wouldn't have let him do that,' said Robin.

'And the *young* lady said, though,' pursued Amy, 'that he should never do it again, for her papa was the church gardener, or something, and that he would turn *him* out, if he did.'

'And that we might come again this very afternoon,' said Robin, 'and see the babies christened.'

'Some *other* afternoon, dears,' rejoined Annette.

Let it not be imagined, after the scene which has just occurred, that our little friends were shy children upon ordinary occasions. The verses which tell of

‘Voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully,’—

would scarcely be descriptive of the smallest of the professional beggars. This class, young and old, fear you not. Not you even, Papa of six feet four—reading perhaps this story to your boys and girls. Only are they afraid of getting within reach of the law. Upon the open road, twenty years ago, they did not expect to be molested for the act of soliciting alms; and most of them, if they did get hard words, would give much harder, planting their feet upon the Queen’s highway as if they were the royalty whose name it bears.

Our little Gipsies would not have run away from Mr. Bates’s scaring hands, had they been encountered out-of-doors; but at their entrance into a strange building, the very form of which inspired them with a feeling akin to awe, they had no ground of their own to maintain; the sexton had (as they thought) the right, the authority; they had none, and so they fled. And had it not been for Jessie Ryder’s timely pursuit, the echo of Amy’s troubled cry, ‘Oh, I will never never go to church again!’ might have still vibrated beyond her years of childhood.

And it may be well to explain, that it was not indifferent to Jessie Ryder whether she were present to join in every word of the holy service or not. In the eighteen years of her young life, she had never quitted the church ere the concluding Benediction; but here was a great reason, and so this true ‘Children’s Friend’ left her Master’s House upon her Master’s service.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD GIG.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE CANAL.

It was very near the summer holidays: another week, and school would be over.

Susie and I had finished our lessons, and were just tying on our garden bonnets, when the boys ran in from school. Willie flung his books and cap upon the school-room table.

‘Now then, girls,’ he said, ‘give me pen, ink, and paper, and the dictionary. Throw us over that Latin grammar, Frankie.’

And Willie settled himself at the table.

‘Why are you in such a hurry, Willie?’ said I.

‘I’m going to dine and spend the afternoon with Jim Norton,’ he said, ‘and I’ve got to be there by half-past one; and there are these horrid verses to be done first! Hurra! they are the last set I shall have to do this half.—There’s a duck, little one.’

This last was spoken to Susie, who picked up the dictionary, which he had knocked over in his haste, and put it by him.

‘Now then, you young ones, be off.—Polly, you may stay and look out my words for me.’

Frank and Susie ran off together to the garden, and I sat obediently down to an occupation to which I was no stranger. I don’t know how it came about that Willie, who was neither the eldest nor the youngest, should be both the pet and tyrant of the whole family. He was accustomed to order us all about, and, strange to say, it was not often that we rebelled against his authority.

Regy, two years older than myself, was the eldest; but I was a year older than Willie, and yet, somehow or another, he ordered me about with, if possible, less chance of my resisting him than Susie, the little one of eight.

I dare say that none of you are astonished when I tell you that he was not a very good boy: indeed, looking back, I should say that he was rather the contrary. He was quick-tempered, thoughtless, and saucy; but still, as I have said, he was the tyrant and favourite of the family. He bullied the maids, and they would have done anything for Master Willie; he fagged us unmercifully, and yet we adored him; he got more thrashings in school than either Frank or Regy, and yet he was as popular with the masters as the boys; he gave more trouble to Papa and my aunts than all the rest of us put together, and yet I remember once, when he went to stay with Uncle Henry for a fortnight, that Aunt Louisa began to ask long before the first week was over whether it were not time for Willie to come home.

But upon my word, my dear boys, here am I doing my best to persuade you that being troublesome is a very fine thing; and you’ll be trying to imitate Willie, and be a domestic tyrant and plague, just for the laudable purpose of being beloved; and if you do, I am very much afraid that I shall not only have led you into a great many scrapes, but that you will fail entirely in your object; and therefore, perhaps the best thing for me is to leave off describing what Willie was like, and to go on with my story. I must say this for dear Willie, that I never knew him do a cruel thing; and up to the time of which I write—yes, and since that sad time also, I have never known him say or do anything untrue.

By a quarter past one the verses were finished—whether well or ill remained for the next morning to decide—and then jumping up with a shout, Willie ran off to dress, leaving me of course to put away his

books. That did not take me long, and then I followed him to make up for the silence of the past hour.

While he brushed his hair and washed his hands, he condescendingly allowed me to stand in the doorway of his den, and talk to him.

‘Papa went off by the eleven o’clock train.’

‘Where?’ said Willie.

‘To Sandmouth,’ I answered.

‘To Sandmouth,’ said Willie, with a low whistle. ‘Ah, I’d rather it was Shelstone, it’s such a much jollier place.’

Now Shelstone was just opposite Sandmouth, on the other side of the river, and we young barbarians preferred it immensely. Sandmouth was quiet enough: a pretty little watering-place, with a green stretching from the houses to the edge of the sand, on which there were loungers and excursionists all the day long, and a band, and such company as the little town and neighbourhood afforded, every evening; but we children cared for none of these things. To lead a kind of amphibious existence, to be on the water and in the water all day long, and during as much of the night as we could coax out of Papa and the boatman—this was our delight; and Shelstone was a better place for this kind of life than even quiet little Sandmouth. Why, even on Sundays I remember we had to cross the river to church, and more than once trooped in in the middle of the Psalms from having been left high and dry upon a sand-bank. So you may imagine all our votes were in favour of Shelstone.

‘Uncle Harry’s coming, isn’t he?’ said Willie.

‘So Aunt Lou said last night; I’m very glad.’

‘Ah, so am I, Polly; he’s such a jolly fellow, let alone that he always gives me a tip. Well, I’m off now.’

‘I say, Polly,’ said Willie, coming back, ‘you’ll put my books to rights this afternoon, and do as much weeding as you can in our garden; you know, unless we leave it pretty well clear of weeds before we go to the sea, it will be a perfect wilderness before we get back again; and I say, Polly, clean my bird, and feed the rabbits, there’s a good girl—don’t forget anything.’

‘Very well,’ I said in a resigned voice. ‘What time shall you be at home?’

‘Oh, Aunt Lou said by nine, but I shall try and be back by the time that Pater gets up from the train; I want to hear all about his doings.’

‘Well, good-bye,’ said I.

‘Good-bye!’ shouted Willie, running down-stairs; ‘don’t be lazy, Polly, about the weeding!’

I don’t think that I need tell you what I did myself from that time; my afternoon’s work was pretty well cut out for me, so I may just as well go on at once to say what Willie did with himself.

They had a merry dinner at Jim Norton’s, for Mr. Norton had gone up to Town for a few days, and Mrs. Norton had let the children take

the opportunity of having a boy cousin with them for a short visit, and also two or three little girls to spend the afternoon.

After dinner the girls proposed a walk to the Abbey Woods altogether.

'No! no! that would be too slow,' said Walter Haddon, the cousin. 'You girls must play by yourselves, with your dolls and messes.—We'll go for a walk, Bill.'

'All right,' said Willie, not much more anxious for the girls than ungallant Walter. 'Where shall we go?'

'To the canal.'

'All right, I like that walk.'

'Don't be late, boys,' said Mrs. Norton, 'we shall have tea at six; and don't get into mischief.'

'Oh no, Mother,' said Jim; and off they started.

When the boys got down to the first bridge over the canal, two of their school-fellows met them—George Harper and Anthony Paine.

'Here's a jolly lot of us,' said Willie; 'let's have a stunning game at hare-and-hounds over the fields.'

'No, no!' said Jim; 'we are going to have a better lark than that, we are going to have a row.'

Close below the bridge lay a four-oar. Willie saw at once that it was a concerted plan between the boys; with one bitter pang of disappointment he turned away.

'I'm not going,' he said.

'Ain't you though?' said Jim; 'and pray, why not?'

'Papa has told me not to go without him or Regy.'

'Nonsense! that was long ago; and besides, who's to know?'

'Come along, Bill,' said Walter Haddon; 'see how jolly it looks; nobody will know anything about it.'

And it did look inviting: the sun shone brightly but not fiercely on the water, there was a pleasant cool breeze; the boat was a good one, and looked like work, and a jolly little lark was singing overhead. The boys proceeded to throw off their jackets. Willie turned back with a sigh.

'That's right, Bill,' said Walter; 'there, you can steer; if your governor told you not to row, he didn't tell you not to steer.'

'It's just the same,' said Willie, 'I'm not going.'

'Well, I say it's a dreadful shame,' said Jim, 'spoiling our fun for nothing. You know we can't row four here in the canal without a coxswain.'

'You're a muff,' said George Harper.

'Hang it, Willie,' said Anthony Paine, 'you know very well that if your father were here he'd let you go directly.'

I have said that Willie was not a good boy, and accustomed to have his own way: he yielded.

'I'm quite sure that he would,' he said, 'and so I'll come.' And giving the boat a gentle push from the bank, he stepped lightly in.

‘That’s a good fellow, Bill; you know you’re the best hand of any of us in a boat, so you’ll keep us out of mischief.’

Willie did not require this extra sop to his conscience; the cloud vanished with their fair words, and Willie steered the boat triumphantly down the canal. Presently Willie took off his jacket and rowed stroke. At the double locks they turned homewards; as they neared the bridge Willie steered again. It was very jolly, as the boys said. They had put away the thought that they were doing wrong; the strong healthy exercise had flushed their faces, and raised their spirits; it was jolly indeed as they came up the last reach before the bridge: just then the great cathedral bell boomed out six.

‘Hang it!’ said Jim, ‘there’s six o’clock; Mother will want to know what made us so late.’

‘Put on a spirt!’ cried Willie. ‘Now then, give way.’

Two minutes more and they were at the bridge.

‘In here,’ cried Jim.

Willie pointed the boat’s head alongside the bank; up went the oars—a crack—a sound of splintering wood, and the water was creeping in upon them.

‘Jump out!’ shouted Willie; and the boat, lightened of their weight, ceased to fill, but there was a hole that one could put one’s fist through in her side.

The boys looked at one another in consternation.

‘So much for your spirt, Willie,’ said Jim.

‘It was no fault of mine!’ said Willie passionately; ‘how could I tell there was a stake there! what made you come skulking here below the bridge?’

‘Skulking!’ said Jim fiercely; ‘how dare you say that?’ And he threw down his jacket, and clenched his fist in Willie’s face.

‘Yes, skulking!’ answered Willie. ‘No one ever lands here. Why couldn’t we have gone up to Poole’s at once?’ And Willie squared up to Jim in a very warlike attitude.

Then Anthony Paine interfered.

‘Don’t be a fool, Jim! if we don’t make haste we shall all be caught out. What must we do with the boat?’

‘Leave it here,’ said Jim. ‘Poole promised to send for it at six.’

‘And let him come up in a rage, and let it all out to my father? that won’t do at all!’

‘Well, there’s no use waiting; we must cut home as fast as we can, and send down to him directly after tea.’

‘That won’t do. He’ll be up first; one of us must go at once.’

‘Look here,’ said Willie, ‘here’s a barge coming up; if the swell makes her heave over ever so little she’ll fill: we daren’t leave her here.’

‘We must,’ answered Jim; ‘if we don’t go at once it will all come out, and we shall get into a horrid row. She must take her chance.’

Poole promised to send for her by six o'clock, and if he doesn't keep his word, it isn't our fault.'

'That's nonsense,' said Anthony; 'he won't own that the hole in her side is his fault.'

'Well, I say,' said Willie, 'I'm not going to leave her. We've put our foot in it, and we must stand the row if it comes. I'll stay with the boat till Poole's man comes for her, and have it out with him.'

'That's a brick! that's a regular stunner!' came from all the boys; and then, waiting no longer, they ran off as hard as they could tear.

All this took less time to do than I have taken to tell it; and they were home by twenty minutes past six, just as the others had sat down to tea.

Mrs. Norton looked up from her tea-making. 'You're late, boys,' she said. 'Have you had a pleasant walk? How hot you all look!'

'Yes; we had a run for it at last.'

'How far did you go?'

'We got down as far as the double lock.'

'Where's Willie Burton?'

'He stayed behind; we wouldn't wait for him; he'll be in directly.'

'Very well; don't sit between the door and the window, George Harper, you are so terribly hot,' said Mrs. Norton, in a kind motherly way.

The boys looked at one another, as much as to say that they had got out of that better than they expected.

After ten minutes Mrs. Norton said, 'Willie Burton must have been a long way behind you.'

'I should say that he's taking it easy,' said Jim.

In another five minutes Willie came in, not looking by any means as if he had taken it easy—very hot, and very red.

'I'm sorry, Ma'am, to be so late,' he stammered out as he came in.

'So am I, Willie,' said Mrs. Norton, with a shade of severity in her voice. 'It is a pity that you couldn't keep with the others. Now sit down to your tea.'

Willie sat down gladly, hanging his head, and blushing even through the bright colour that his run had given him. He too thought that he had got off easily. There had been no question as to what he had been doing.

The moment that tea was ended, the boys went off into Jim's room, notwithstanding the eager requests of the little girls that they would stay and have a good game of play with them. 'It was not fair of the boys,' they said; 'they had been away all the afternoon—they might stay and play with them now for a little while.'

But the boys were eager to hear how Willie had got on with Poole's man.

'Poole came himself,' said Willie; 'he said his mind misgave him that we should get into mischief. Didn't he make a row about it!'

'What did he say?'

'That the boat was spoilt.'

'And what did you say?'

'That of course we must pay for it. Then he said it was no use

looking to us boys to pay him; it would be a pound at least mending the boat, and then there was five shillings for the hire of it. He said he should come up to our fathers about it.'

'And you?'

'I said he mustn't do that, we were out without leave. "So much the more reason," he said, "why he should teach us a good lesson at once." I said, "You mustn't do that, Poole; you wouldn't like to get us into a row;" and he said, "I don't want to get you into one, Master Willie, though I dare say it would be the kindest thing I could do for you; but I shouldn't at all mind getting one or two of the others into one."'

'Very kind indeed of him,' said Jim, and George Harper, who were conscious of a little coolness on Mr. Poole's part. 'Well! what was the end of it? What did he say at last?'

'He said at last that he would give us a fortnight; if we paid him the five-and-twenty shillings by that time—all right—he would say nothing about it; if not, he should go at once to Mr. Norton or my father.'

'Five-and-twenty shillings, indeed!' said Jim; 'why, it wouldn't take half that to patch up the old thing; he's an old cheat.'

'Poole said it was very little, that he wasn't taking into account the loss of the boat's hire all the time it was being repaired.'

'No! I should think not at all: I shall just go down to-morrow, and give him a little of my mind about it.'

'Come, Jim,' cried Walter Haddon, 'you'd much better keep your mind to yourself; the question is, how are we to get the money? it's five shillings apiece!'

'I've got plenty,' said Jim.

'I'll manage,' said Wat Haddon; 'I'll go home third class, that will make it up.'

'I haven't a penny,' said Willie; 'but Uncle Henry's coming, and he always gives me a tip.'

'All right! Harper and Anthony are sure to be flush at the beginning of the holidays, so there'll be no difficulty about it.'

After this was decided, they went down-stairs to play with the girls; but it was not good hearty play, and the whole party got tired and cross; and by half past eight Willie was glad to run home.

His father had just come up from the station when he arrived.

'Well, children,' he said, as the whole party came eagerly round him, 'I wonder how you'll like what I've done! There was not a house at Sandmouth that was not very expensive, so I just went over to Shelstone.'

'Oh, Papa!' we exclaimed eagerly.

'And got a funny old house there, rather tumble-down and rickety, but with plenty of room in it.'

'Hurra!' shouted the boys.

'A fine house for making a noise in, with such a play-room at the top, where you may polish stones, and make a mess to your heart's content.'

'What fun!' said Susie, dancing round my father.

‘And a garden?’ asked I, as if I had not been weeding all that warm afternoon.

‘A wild, rambling, untidy garden all round the house, with lots of trees and shady walks in it.’

‘And very damp,’ said my aunt. ‘Oh, Reginald! I wish you had taken one of those nice clean new houses at Sandmouth.’

‘Now, Aunt Lou!’ we all exclaimed, ‘that would not be half so nice!’

‘No, perhaps not to you children: but do you know, girls, that you are very much too fond of your noise and mess already. You will grow up into regular Tom-boys.’

Susie jumped on her father’s knee.

‘You’ve taken the house, Papa?’

‘Oh yes!’ he laughed back; ‘no fear of that, Susie!’

‘Poor Auntie!’ she said; and then she jumped down, and cut another caper about the room.

‘And the Sylvia, Papa?’ asked Regy.

‘Is taken for a month, at least, from Wednesday; and Tom Davis is to be at the 2.40 train to take down the luggage, and take us across.’

There was a pause—a silence of great contentment—so much happiness during the next six weeks to think about.

‘And the horses?’ at last said Willie.

‘Oh! of course we couldn’t do without them; you shall ride the pony down with me early in the morning—then we shall have time to order dinner, and be back at the train to meet the others.’

I don’t suppose anyone but myself noticed, as we stood round my father talking for a few minutes longer, that a faint, a very faint shadow gathered upon Willie’s bright healthy face.

‘You’re tired, Willie,’ I whispered.

‘Not a bit! You’re a simpleton, Polly!’

‘Is it not tiresome for Poole?’ said my father. ‘Coming up from the lower station, I came by the side of the river: one of his four-oars was lying in the yard with a hole in her side, done, he told me, by a stake left under water. They ought to be more careful about keeping that canal in order.’

‘Very tiresome!’ said my aunt.

‘I’m sure, Willie, you’re tired,’ said I.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW PLAYTHING.

THE days seemed very long before Wednesday. It was hot sunny weather, and we panted for the sea; and yet, for some reason or another, our anticipations of pleasure were not quite as joyous as they were accustomed to be—no, not even though we were really going to Shelstone, and the ‘Sylvia’ was ours for a whole month.

Generally this week was in anticipation something better than reality: we spent it planning excursions for the future; we would certainly reach the Start, that unattainable point hitherto, even—best fun of all—if it kept us out all night, and we had to sleep in the boat; we would land on the Gull Stone; the Channel Fleet was sure to be in the bay. Such were our usual plans, and such our accustomed talk for many a day before we started for the sea; but, somehow or another, this time we did not seem to take half our accustomed interest in it all. I believe now that the fact was that Willie was out of spirits, and that acted upon us all; not that he owned to us anything about the boat—not even that he owned to himself that he cared a bit about it, but still he did. It was foreign to his nature to have anything to conceal; and I believe that he suffered a good deal that week, not from the fear of his disobedience being found out, but from the burden of having to carry about his secret day after day. He puzzled me by objecting to all our walks that led near the canal or the quay, by starting away from all our usual talk about boats and boating, which, as I have said, just at this time generally formed the staple of our conversation; and he puzzled Papa by shrinking from any opportunity of being alone with him. He went so far as to make me the generous offer on Tuesday night of riding Fairy down to Shelstone with my father the next morning, a treat which was greatly prized by us both.

‘As you like, Willie,’ said my father; ‘Polly and I won’t at all mind the change;’ but I know he was surprised. I know now how great a relief it would have been to Willie to have gone to my father, confessed, had a good thrashing, and been at peace; but the others were implicated, and he couldn’t.

As to the money, it did not trouble him. Uncle Henry was to be down on Thursday morning, and Willie’s tip came as regularly as possible at the very beginning of his visit. He had a great sympathy with boys, and did not like their putting their hands in their pockets and finding them empty, especially in holiday time. So he felt himself safe about that, even though Jim had been down to speak to Poole, which he had done in his usual off-hand bragging way, with no better results than making him say, ‘Well, Mr. Jim, I’ve given my word that you shall have a fortnight; but if I don’t see my money to the day, I’ll go and tell your father the whole story the very next morning, as sure as my name’s Poole!’

So I fully believe that it was the mere fact of having something to hide that caused the shadow on Willie’s face.

And the shadow deepened as the days went on.

We were at Shelstone.

Papa and I had started at six o’clock on Wednesday morning, so as to ride down in the cool. We had breakfasted at the little inn; we had been over to Sandmouth, and ordered in coals and bread and meat. I had been all over the house and garden, fixing upon where we were all

to sleep; both house and garden were funny old rambling places, the out-houses and stables looking as if they had not been used for years and years.

After a thorough inspection, as I thought, I had loitered down to the bathing-machines in my habit, longing for a dip, and now stood on the beach just below the house, waiting for Tom Davis's boat and the rest of the party.

Here they come at last! My aunts; Regy and the dogs; Willie meekly taking care of our bird; Susie laden with a tiny doll's trunk, that contained all her most cherished possessions, from which she could not bear to be parted even for a few weeks; and Frank with an enormous schooner, that we had been busily re-fitting for its summer cruise. Poor little Susie! we sometimes called her a miser; but then we all knew that she was ready with her treasures or her money whenever there was any real call for them.

Poor children! we were doomed during this first week of the sea-side to a terrible trial of patience. After the first day the weather settled in hopelessly wet; and instead of living out of doors and on the water, as we had planned, the Sylvia never moved from her moorings during the whole week. As for the boys, they were always wet through, and getting into trouble with the aunts for spoiling their clothes: the aunts not considering, we thought, that it was more difficult for the boys to sit quietly at home than it was for themselves. We girls were forced to be patient, and to wish wearily that the weather would change; while we took advantage of every transient gleam to rush down to the beach, and back again to escape the rain.

In these sudden expeditions we brought in shells, and boiled the fish out; we brought in stones, rubbed them down, and polished them; and filled up the long intervals between these sudden raids to the shore, in making a mess in that delightful room that had been given up to us children, at the top of the house. Soon Frank and Susie, discovering a cistern just below the window, lived with their heads out of it, to their great satisfaction, watching whole fleets of little wooden boats with paper sails floating on this inland sea. Many an argosy foundered, many a gallant ship capsized, in those domestic waters, before it was discovered that they could be righted from Papa's dressing-room window without greatly endangering our own necks.

The weather, as I have said, was a very great disappointment; but besides this, a letter arrived from my uncle, saying that business obliged him to stay in Town, but that it could not detain him more than a few days, and he should not wait a moment longer than he could possibly help. He longed to be at Shelstone, he wrote.

The elders rather congratulated themselves that his visit would not be during the bad weather; but, wet or dry, we children longed to have him; and on one face especially the look of disappointment was strongly marked. On that face the cloud deepened day by day.

A week had passed. It was Wednesday again, and oh, joy! it was a bright gleaming morning. The boys were up early to bathe—at least, Regy and Frank were; Willie would not go with them. .

He came to my room door instead, and asked me to come into the garden: after we had been there a little while, he said abruptly, 'Have you any money to lend a fellow, Polly?'

'Only a few pence, Willie!'

'Bother!' he said, in a tone that showed me he was very much vexed. 'I can't think what you girls do with your allowance.'

Now, considering that I had only a pound a year for pocket-money, and that this was the end of a quarter, it was not very odd that I should have nothing left.

'I had very little,' I said meekly, blushing deeply while I confessed that that little had gone in cherries and sweeties, which we had all eaten together in the play-room.

'Has Susan got any?' he asked.

'Oh, yes! I'm sure she has,' I said eagerly; 'she always stores up her money. Shall I go and ask her? How much do you want?'

'Only five shillings,' said Willie.

'Only five shillings!' I said, horrified, for such a sum seemed a perfect fortune to me: 'what can you want with so much?'

'What's that to you, Polly?' he said fiercely; 'girls can't understand such matters.'

I stood still for a minute; at last 'Willie,' I said solemnly, 'have you—?'

I don't know what horrible accusations were coming out in that awful question, but Willie stopped me short.

'Bother! Polly,' he said, 'don't talk to me in that voice! I wouldn't have your money or Susie's if you'd got any.' And so he went away.

I ran indoors, overwhelmed with unimagined fears, and looked out of my open window, without taking in sea or boats or any outward object, without even realizing one distinct idea. The boys' voices talking of their jolly bathe, and Willie's calling me down to prayers, reminded me that the world had not really come to a stand-still.

Two letters came for my father that morning. One was from Uncle Harry. He would be with us next morning by the 11.30 train without fail. There was general rejoicing all round the table—even Willie's face brightened.

The other letter was from Mr. Norton. 'Jim,' he wrote, 'was so very anxious for a day at the sea, that he had promised him if the morning was only tolerably fine that they would run down to Shelstone.'

My father looked out of the window. 'Oh! I should think they'd come,' he said; 'still I'm afraid the day does not look settled: but I'm glad they are coming to-day, before Uncle Harry turns up.'

'Then we sha'n't be able to go to the Gullstone!' said Willie, in a

tone of half disappointment, though I could see that his face brightened considerably.

‘No! my boy, we must not venture on so long an expedition; still, we’ll take them for a sail in the afternoon if it is not too squally.’

‘It’s not likely to be that,’ said the boys in one breath—for we had gained a reputation as good sailors in the place; ‘it can’t be too windy for us.’

And it certainly was not too windy; for by half past eleven the wind had dropped completely, and the rain came down as it had done for the last week—straight and thick.

Through the rain came Mr. Norton, his son, and one daughter, their journey having begun in the sunshine. ‘So much for our bright morning,’ said he; ‘now you are saddled with us for the whole day.’

‘So much the better,’ said my father hospitably. ‘You young ones had better be off to the play-room.’

We did so gladly, showing them our shells, our polishing, and sailing our boats both in the tub and cistern; but still the time went very slowly. Willie and Jim went away together, and play always languished without Willie. They came back, Willie looking more gloomy than ever.

After an early dinner things mended a little. Though it was raining hard every ten minutes, and looking very threatening, there were occasional gleams of sunshine. We proposed to our guests to explore the premises. The garden was soon looked over, and a heavy shower found us close to the stable-door.

‘Run in here,’ said Jim, ‘it won’t last many minutes.’

So we all went into the stable, which we explored; climbing into the loft, and then passing through a small door into the coach-house, which opened by large gates, which I should think had scarcely been opened during any of our lives, into the street as it was called. Here was an old gig—left, I suppose, because it was utterly useless either to sell or remove.

‘Now we’ll have some fun,’ said Regy; ‘if it will only leave off raining, we’ll take it into the garden, and draw the girls about in it.’

‘That will be a lark,’ said Frank. And I think that we were all as keen to do it as he was. I, perhaps, was a little afraid that Papa or my aunts would not approve of our playing with what was not our own.

‘Perhaps we had better not,’ I urged.

‘Don’t be a spooney, Polly,’ said Willie; ‘where’s the harm?’

And as ‘I don’t know’ was all that I could say to that, my objections were not made much of. So when the shower was over, the boys drew the rickety old gig out of the coach-house, and we girls were packed into it. Then Regy, Willie, Jim, and Frank, drew us about in it; and we had great fun, our shouts of laughter even reaching the dining-room, where Papa and Mr. Norton were sitting. They came out to see what we were about; and far from being displeased, I think they enjoyed the fun themselves, and gave us a turn or two, making far more efficient horses

than the boys. Down came another pelting shower. We ran off into the stable, leaving, however, the poor old gig to the mercy of the storms. The moment it cleared we went back in delight to our play; and it was not surprising that we found the musty old cushions soaked through and through.

‘Oh, how wet it is!’ said Susie in distress.

‘No wonder,’ answered Regy. ‘Here, Sue, throw the cushions to me, and I’ll put them in the coach-house.’

So both cushions were sent away, and our seats, if not softer, were at least drier than without them.

‘Do take this dirty old mat,’ said I, ‘from the back seat. It is wringing wet.’

Willie pulled it out. As he pulled there was a rattle and a jingle, and lots of pennies fell to the ground.

‘Hollo!’ shouted Jim Norton, ‘here’s a perfect mine of wealth!’ And really it seemed so to us, for rattling out came pence, and fourpenny pieces, and shillings, and two fine half-crowns.

‘Whose can it be!’ we all exclaimed in a breath. There was a pause. Whose indeed could it be?

At last Willie spoke. ‘Do you know, I think I can guess. I’ve often noticed Dick come up into this corner during the day in a mysterious way, as if he didn’t want people to see him; and I should not be at all surprised if he keeps the money that he gets for the ferry here.’

‘What an odd place!’ said I; ‘I hope there’s nothing wrong about it.’

‘Wrong, no!’ said Regy; ‘why should there be? the money’s his own. It’s a rummy place to keep it, though.’

‘Polly,’ whispered Susie in my ear, ‘do you know that Dick’s wife must be a very wicked woman. Sarah says that she drinks.’

Sue’s whisper was not so low but that they all heard her.

‘Oh, that’s the reason, then; he’s afraid that she’ll get it for drink.’

‘And do you know,’ said Frank, ‘old Dick is horribly afraid of her. She came down to the ferry one day when Papa and I were going across, and abused Dick, and said he starved her, and called him horrid bad names.’

‘She must be a very wicked old woman,’ said Sue solemnly.

‘Well, and what are we to do with it now?’ said Jim; ‘it would be good fun to hide it.’

‘Do with it!’ cried Willie; ‘why, put it back where we found it. Pick it up carefully, and put the old rug in carefully over it. If old Dick can’t trust his own wife with it, more shame to her. It’s just as safe as it was before; and if Dick likes to keep it here, why, it’s no odds to us.’ So saying, he gathered up the fallen money, and put it carefully back into the gig, covering it with the old rug.

‘At all events, we must play carefully,’ said Reg, ‘and take care not to drop any of it out.’

However, it turned out that we had not much longer to play, for in a few minutes Papa called us in to tea. After tea it was raining more steadily than ever. We gave up all thought of going out, and went up-stairs once more into the play-room. In a few minutes Willie and Jim slipped out of the room together.

'Here, you can come into our room,' said Willie. He and Regy slept together.

'No!' said Jim. 'Reg or Frank may come in; and I want to speak to you particularly; come into the garden.'

'It rains so,' said Willie; 'what's the use of getting wet!'

'Why, you don't mind a little rain, do you, Bill? one would think you were a girl!'

Willie could not stand this imputation; they went out into the garden. It was raining very hard.

'Come in here—into the stable,' said Jim, 'it is coming down.'

'Who's the girl now?' said Willie, laughing, though he did feel very uncomfortable. Then he followed Jim in.

'Well! now, what is it?' he asked.

'I must have that money to-night, Willie!'

'But you can't,' said Willie; 'Uncle Harry has been obliged to put off coming, and the aunts have forgotten even my weekly allowance.'

'But you can ask for that,' said Jim, jumping at the idea.

'Oh yes, I can do that, but it's no use; I only have sixpence a week, so that would be one shilling instead of five.'

'Sixpence a week!' said Jim sneeringly; 'that is a lot! however, it's no use talking about it. I must have the money to-night!'

'Well, can't you pay my share to-morrow? and I'll pay you back faithfully the moment I get Uncle Harry's tip. He's sure to come to-morrow.'

'No, I can't! I've spent all but my five shillings, for I was sure that I could trust you to be ready with yours.'

Willie winced at this, as Jim intended that he should.

'But do you really think, Jim, that Poole will tell?'

'I'm quite sure that he will. I went down to him yesterday, and I could see well enough that the fellow has a spite against me, and wants to hand me up to my father.'

'Well! let him do it, it's only a thrashing for us all round!'

'But I'm not fond of being thrashed,' said Jim coolly, 'particularly when it's being thrashed for somebody else's fault; you know, Bill, you're the only defaulter.'

Willie clenched his fists; but there stood Jim, cool and collected, two years older than himself, and a much taller, heavier boy.

'There! there's no use getting into a passion, you know it's true!'

Yes! Willie knew it was true; the others were all ready with their money; he was the only defaulter.

'Let me go and ask my father for the five shillings?' he said.

'No!' said Jim; 'that's safe to let it out!' and as he spoke he put his

back against the stable door. 'No! your father would say, Who led you into this? and having had one or two warnings from mine lately, I don't, as I told you before, want a thrashing—especially, when there's a very simple way out of this mess.'

'What simple way?' asked Willie eagerly.

'Just taking,' answered Jim coolly, 'what will never be missed, a few shillings out of Dick's store.'

'Never!' said Willie in a passion; 'I'm no thief!'

'You are a very fine fellow, Master Willie!' said Jim as coolly as ever; 'then I think it's more than likely that you'll come in for a double thrashing.' Saying which, he pinned Willie up against the stable wall, and held him there.

Willie's first thought was to end the temptation at once by calling aloud for help, or making one gallant struggle for freedom; but then, as his enemy stood looking into his face, the thought came that he did not stand alone, and was it fair that the others should suffer for him? for indeed it was too true, he was the only defaulter; but still the other boys would all get into the same row. So as coolly as he could, he kept quiet, and looked up defiantly into Jim's face.

'Now, Willie,' said the latter, 'look here, it's no use making a fool of yourself! You tell me that your uncle comes to-morrow, and that you are as sure of a tip as you are of his coming. Is there, I ask you, one chance in a hundred that old Dick should go for his money to-morrow morning? You take five shillings.'

'I steal it, you mean!' said Willie, trying hard to wrench himself free.

'Well, you steal it, if you like better,' went on Jim more coolly than ever, 'just for twenty-four hours, or less, in order to prevent us all—who but for you could not possibly get into this row—from being exposed. I'll own to you that I owe Poole a good deal more on my own account, and he has his own private reasons for owing me a grudge; but I must say—'

'Why don't you take it yourself, then?' broke in Willie.

'Why should I do it for you? Perhaps you'd let me finish my sentence; I must say, that if you refuse to do this you are a sneak.'

'What!' cried Willie, again trying to wrench himself free.

'A sneak! And now that I've said what I've got to say you may go. I don't know that there's any particular use in thrashing you. Walk through that door, and get the money, which you know that you can pay to-morrow, and I shall say, Bill, that you're a good fellow. Go into the house and ask your father for it, and I shall call you—what your own conscience must tell you that you are—a sneak.'

As he finished speaking he released Willie, who, very pale and still, stood for half a minute without speaking. In that moment of temptation he remembered only those two words, that he was a defaulter and a sneak; but he forgot the teaching of his whole life, 'not to do evil that good might come.'

At the end of that half minute he walked through the open door into the coach-house, and instantly returning, put the five shillings into Jim's hand ; but as he did so conscience woke up in alarm, and in a passionate voice he cried, ' You have made me act a lie for a fortnight, you've made me a thief to shelter you ; never speak to me again ! '

' That's as you please,' said Jim quietly ; and as he spoke he walked out of the stable and went in-doors.

In a few minutes more the Nortons left us. As I kissed Willie that night, I noticed how deep the shadow lay upon his face. My father noticed it too, and said, as he wished him good-night, ' Willie, my boy, I wish the weather would clear, you're looking quite ill.'

' I'm all right, Father,' answered Willie, but the words nearly choked him.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE.

How Willie passed the night I do not know ; from the white face that he brought down to breakfast in the morning, I should imagine it had been but a sleepless one : but I advise no boy to subject himself to such a punishment as had followed Willie's fault at once.

Happily for him, his conscience was a tender one. To a bad boy it might have been but a little thing : he would have asked himself a question or two as to the chance of being found out, and then turned round in his bed, and gone to sleep happily ; but to a true honest boy like Willie, there was something terrible in the thought that his innocence was gone—that he could never say again, ' I have never told a lie nor stolen in my life.'

' Keep innocency, and do the thing which is right,' were words which seemed to haunt him all the night through, with the bitter thought that he had forfeited it for ever.

My father and Frank went across to Sandmouth early. A letter lay on the breakfast-table for him. It was from Uncle Harry. I watched Willie's face look up eagerly as my father read out loud, ' I hope certainly to be with you by 11.30.' I could see that for one moment his face grew brighter, then it grew dark again.

It was something beyond the restoration of the money that could bring peace to him again.

He started as, after a pause, my father said, ' I hope, children, that you were careful with that money yesterday ; it would have been so easy to jolt some of it out of the gig. When I was crossing the ferry this morning, I noticed that old Dick was looking very glum ; and when I asked him what was the matter, he told me the whole story. It seems that it is on account of his wife that he keeps the money there that he takes from the ferry. She, poor old creature, took to drinking about

two years ago, after a very serious illness that she had, and ever since that had spent his money at such a rate, that for two or three quarters he had been behindhand with his rent, and his landlord had threatened him that if he did not pay it all up to-day to a penny he would turn him out of his house, and speak to the Trustees of the Bridge on the subject.'

'What would they have to do with it?' asked Aunt Louisa.

'They let out the ferry as well, and he thinks that his landlord would have influence enough with them to have it taken away from Dick. You see, he is getting an old man, and they might reasonably say that the public would be served better by a younger one.'

'But has he got enough?' asked Regy eagerly.

'He thought he had just enough to pay his rent for to-day, and the back-rent that he owes; but upon looking this morning he found that there is five shillings too little. He could not understand it at all, he said; he was so very sure that there were two half-crowns there.'

'But would his landlord really turn him out?' I asked.

'He seems quite sure that he would keep his word to the letter; for there is someone else that he wants to get both into the ferry and the house.'

'Poor old Dick!' sighed Susie.

'Now, do you think it possible,' my father continued, 'that you could have dropped any of it about the garden?'

'I hardly think it is,' said Regy, 'for I don't think any could have rolled out without a good jerk; and we were very careful after we found it: still we had better have a thorough good hunt all about the garden.'

'Yes, mind you do.'

'I wish,' said one of my aunts, 'that you had never touched the gig at all, then no mischief could have come of it.'

'Well, so do I,' answered my father; 'but as there was no harm in it, there is no use regretting it: and besides, I don't think myself that the money did drop out; I think it more likely that the old man made a mistake in his calculations: however, children, have a good hunt for it.'

'I say, Bill, come and look at once,' said Regy; 'we must go and bathe early this morning if Uncle Harry's coming at half-past eleven.'

'I'm not going to look,' said Willie sulkily.

My father looked up from his paper. 'What's that, Willie?' he said; 'go and look at once.'

But Willie did not go. He ran up-stairs instead, and threw himself down upon his bed.

How could he go and look for those five shillings when he knew well enough where they were! It was all very well of his father to think that they might have dropped out, or that the old man might have miscalculated; he knew better than that. He was a liar and a thief. He wasn't going to look for them, and act another falsehood.

My father did not let his disobedience go unnoticed. After a few minutes, he laid down the newspaper and went up-stairs. Pushing open the door of the boy's room, he looked in. Willie lay on the bed, his face buried in the pillow, as if fast asleep. My father closed the door gently and came down again. I was still in the dining-room, putting fresh flowers into the glasses, which was a pleasant duty that fell to my share.

'I am quite anxious about that boy Willie,' he said to my aunts; 'he looks so wretchedly ill; I have noticed it for several days.'

'So have I,' said Aunt Louisa; 'he has looked so pale and out of spirits—quite sulky indeed, which I'm sure is not his nature.'

'I've been thinking that the sea air was too much for him, or the bathing, and that he'd better have a dose,' said my other aunt.

'No, no!' said my father, smiling; 'you are so fond of dosing, Caroline! I shall try a good glass of port wine every day.'

'Of course, you'll do what you think best, Reginald; but I should be in favour of the dose.'

'We'll see what the port wine does first,' said my father gently.

At eleven o'clock, conveniently ignoring the boy's disobedience, he went and called Willie, and took him across to the station. He thought the walk would do him good; and he did seem to brighten up at the idea of meeting his uncle.

As they crossed in the ferry-boat the old man said, 'Please, Sir, four o'clock be the time that that money must be paid. I don't rightly know what I am to do.'

'Oh, you'll be let off, Dick!'

'No, no, Sir! I know him better than that. He'll never bate a penny of his due.'

'At four o'clock, you say, Dick?'

'Yes, Sir, at four.'

Willie listened breathlessly. He must get the money by four o'clock: his uncle would have come by that time. Perhaps he should have got the money; then he would take it to Dick, and tell him how he had been tempted: at all events, the old man should not suffer for his wickedness, he would go himself to the landlord. He would confess to having stolen it: he would beg him to be merciful both to old Dick and to himself.

Full of these bitter thoughts, he accompanied his father silently to the station.

The train was just due. In five minutes it came with a rush through the last tunnel. It stopped. No cheery welcome face looked out upon them. One minute's breathless hunt from carriage to carriage, and then the poor boy knew that his last chance had gone. No uncle was amongst them. Even if he came by the afternoon train, it would be too late to save old Dick and his own character.

'What can be the reason?' said my father to Willie; 'we seem doomed to be disappointed.'

He looked at the boy's face, it was as white as a sheet.

'Why, Willie my boy, what is the matter? the walk in the sun has quite upset you; we'll go home through the street gently, so as to keep in the shade.'

How Willie longed to tell his father all, and not to have to carry about the weight of his sin alone; but the words of Jim Norton rang in his ears, 'You'll be a regular sneak.' No; he must bear it still. 'I will go,' he said to himself, 'at four o'clock to Dick's landlord, and tell him that I stole it. He will have pity upon Dick and me, and give us a few days longer.—But oh! I wish Papa would not say that I am ill. I do feel like a sneak to let him think so.'

Such were Willie's thoughts as they walked slowly homewards, while his father watched the sad white face with no little anxiety.

They came home to give the melancholy news that Uncle Harry had not even yet arrived.

'Never mind,' said Regy cheerfully, 'we are sure of him at five.'

Notwithstanding Regy's cheering prediction, dinner was but a melancholy meal. We children were very much disappointed about Uncle Harry; and besides, as I have said before, we always suffered more or less with or for Willie. My father was really anxious about him; he could see that something serious, either bodily or mental, was the matter with the boy; and as he did not see that it could be the latter, he put it down to illness.

Willie himself, after a vain attempt to eat his dinner, pushed his plate away. My father took no notice of this; he had seen how the boy fought shy of being pitied or even spoken to; but at the end of dinner he filled a glass with wine, and put it by him. Willie pushed the full glass away crossly, and ran up-stairs.

This was not the only way in which Willie had shown his temper at dinner. My father had said to him,

'Willie, my boy, we'll have a ride this afternoon, it isn't nearly as hot as in the morning; so be ready at three. We can have a short ride, and be back in time for Uncle Harry.'

Willie knew that this would prevent his intended plan, and he muttered, 'I don't want to go, Sir; I'd rather stay at home.'

'I wish you to go,' said my father, in a tone that meant to be obeyed.

When Willie ran up-stairs, Susie followed him.

'Willie,' she said, 'we are going to have one more good look for the five shillings, won't you come and help us?'

'No, I won't,' said Willie shortly. 'So there! you may go.'

But Susie persisted: 'Why, Willie, don't you care whether poor old Dick gets turned out of his house or no?'

Then Willie broke down. 'Indeed! indeed! I do, Sue,' he cried, and fairly burst out into sobs.

Poor Susie was terribly frightened: she crept up to him.

'Oh, Willie! Willie! what is the matter?'

Instead of answering, he took her by the shoulders and turned her out of the room, locking the door after her; then he threw himself once again upon the bed.

Susie came running down to me, crying, 'What is the matter with Willie? he is so cross, and he's crying so, and he is so sorry for old Dick.'

'Come along, girls,' cried Frank from below, 'we will not give it up just yet.'

But I ran up-stairs. 'Willie,' I whispered, 'do let me in;' but he would only say, 'Go away, Polly, and leave me alone.' So I went back to the garden.

At three o'clock the horse and pony came round to the door. There was a call for 'Willie.' No answer came. My father ran up-stairs.

'Now, Willie, are you ready?' he called out.

Willie was in the play-room, leaning with his head on the window-seat. He lifted his white face as my father entered.

'Are you ready, Willie?'

'No, Sir! I am not going.'

'Not going!' said my father; 'what do you mean? when I told you I wished you to do so.'

'Then Willie got up, pale and defiant. 'I'm not going, Sir; I do not choose to go.'

Then my father merely said 'Willie,' in a tone of mingled pain and anger, and then lifting the light riding-whip he held in his hand, he gave the boy two or three sharp cuts across the shoulders; then he said, 'I have passed over your sulkiness and disobedience two or three times to-day; you may stay at home now!' and as he left the room he turned the key in the door, leaving Willie inside—a prisoner, and helpless.

Willie sat down again by the window, feeling for one moment a strange sense of exultation at the stinging pain that reminded him that he had had the thrashing which he deserved; but in a moment more the full force of his misery came upon him. He was a prisoner. He got up and tried the door. It was indeed locked, and he was powerless to save the ferryman, and confess his guilt. He shouted to his father; no answer came back. Then he sat down again on the window-seat, half stupified by this new distress. He began to watch mechanically what was going on outside. He saw the horses led away. Then my aunts went out together. Then Regy and Frank ran off to the ferry; they had determined to go to Sandmouth, and eventually to the railway station.

After a time, he saw my father go out with me, taking the road up the hill behind the houses; and at last, when he thought that it must be nearly four o'clock, he saw old Dick, in his working dress, come up from the ferry, and with slow step and drooping head walk slowly down the street.

He sat watching the retreating figure, half stunned, as I before told you, with this unexpected punishment. Suddenly, as he watched, his eye caught sight of a little piece of stone-work that jutted out beneath

the window; his mind took it all in in a moment. It was but a step from the window to that—another to the edge of the cistern—a ledge that ran round the bottom of the cistern would just give him a foothold—it was but another step to the sill of his father's window, and he was free. He never waited to question the right or the possibility, but throwing off his jacket, and taking a long gulp of cold water from the jug, as the clock struck four he crept out upon the window-sill.

An iron bar ran across the window; clutching hold of that, he reached down one leg to the stone-work: his foot is on it. Happily, there is an old piece of iron that once held back a shutter, and just gives his other hand hold enough to enable him to reach to the edge of the cistern; but what next? It is but a narrow standing-place now that he has reached it; he looks down all that perilous distance into the stone-paved court below; his head swims, and feeling about hopelessly for some firmer foot-hold, he lets himself go at last into the cistern. He felt himself let down easily upon his feet, and before he had half recovered his senses, was standing up to his waist in mud and water.

There was no time to think of it, however; and in one minute more he had let himself down by the edge of the cistern on to the sill of his father's bed-room window. Luckily it was open, and he could just manage to steady himself by the bottom of the sash, and jump into the room—but in what a condition! dripping with black mud from the waist downwards, for the cistern had not been cleaned out for years.

Meanwhile, my father had come down after his interview with Willie, quite disconcerted by the boy's rebellion; he could not help putting it down to illness, and yet it could not be passed over.

So the horses were sent away; and after some time he called to me to go out with him.

'Will Sue like to go?'

'She has been on the beach a long time,' I said, 'and is most likely covered with sand.'

'Oh, very well! I dare say that she is happier there; and she would be some time getting ready.'

So he and I went out together, turning up the hill behind the house, a favourite walk of my father's.

We were both very silent—our thoughts turning to the same subject, I think.

At last he said, 'Let us go, Polly, and see how old Dick is getting on. I am not quite easy in my mind about that money: it is just possible that you children may have let the money drop out of the gig; so we will go and set the matter straight.'

'I am so glad, Papa,' I said, with a sob of relief in my voice, 'for I felt as if it was our fault, and I had no money of my own, so I couldn't help.'

'Help?' said my father inquiringly; 'was there any talk of your making it good?'

‘I think Willie wished it very much,’ I answered; ‘he asked me this morning whether I had any money, and then whether Susie had any.’

‘And you had none?’

‘No; I had spent all mine.’

My father looked very grieved; but he said quietly, ‘And you could not ask your father for such a little thing as this—not one of you? Oh, Polly! this is not what ought to be.’

‘Susie had the money,’ I said through my tears, ‘and would have lent it, I am sure; but Willie was so vexed and angry with me about it, that I could not ask him anything more.’

‘And you think that this has been troubling Willie all the day?’

‘Yes, Papa.’

A smile came over his grave face as he turned and said, ‘My little Polly will learn to trust her father entirely; you do not know, dear child, how much evil may not be prevented by such trust.’

I could not answer him in my broken voice, so I only pressed his arm for an answer: but that walk was the beginning of much happy confidence between us.

‘Now, let us be quick, Polly!’ he said.

So we turned down the hill again into the village street, which ran parallel to the river bank, and after a very short walk, came to the house of Mr. Smith, Dick’s landlord.

During that short walk, both my father and I thought over the events of the last few days, and Willie’s looks and conduct, and were a little prepared, I think, for all we had yet to learn.

Mr. Smith lived in a small old-fashioned house, whose back turned towards the river. You entered it from the street, and through a dusty little garden, adorned by two or three stunted rose trees, and a few patches of sweet-williams. Over the porch grew a tea-plant, as I believe it is called. The door opened into a room, which Mr. Smith, who was a coal merchant, had converted into an office: a door opposite to it led out upon his yard, which ran along the river side, having several landing-stages in it. Sue and I had often played amongst these when the tide was out, and knew the river side well.

We went in by the front door; the back door-way was filled with black faces, grinning from ear to ear.

Mr. Smith sat at his office-table; before him meekly stood poor old Dick, with his heap of different coins before him. Near him stood his wife, a coarse red-faced woman, with a loud voice, which she was making good use of when we came in.

My father put his hand on my arm, and drew me back: the party inside were much too busy to notice us.

‘And this is the way,’ she was saying, while she almost shook her fist in poor Dick’s face, ‘this is the way he treats a poor woman like me; I’ve been well-nigh starved for the last two or three months, because that pitiful old man never brought home enough to keep body and soul

together; and when I asked him the reason why, and if there were no more people came over in the ferry nor that, the only answer I could get was, "Perhaps there didn't; leastways, that was all he'd got to bring." All he'd got to bring, indeed! And then he goes and hides all that heap there away in a dirty old convaynience, where it was no wonder if people went and stole it. He'd been encouraging of thieves, he had; he'd a decent wife to keep it for him, and he'd left it there to be stolen.'

'But I don't think it was stolen,' said old Dick meekly.

'And I know it was!' shrieked his wife. 'I know it was, you old pitiful temptationizing old man! and I wish I could have the law of you, I do! But you sha'n't forget it!'

I thought it was not likely that he would.

Then, in a very whining voice, she went on, to Mr. Smith,

'But you won't turn us out into the street, Sir; you ain't going to behave so cruel to a poor lone woman—worse than lone, Sir; for ain't I encumbranced with that old—'

What affectionate epithet she would have applied to old Dick we unluckily never knew, nor did we know whether Mr. Smith's hard heart would have melted before her appeal, for it was suddenly interrupted.

The black men at the door drew aside deferentially; and in her old brown pinafore and faded garden-hat, little Susie came up from the shore, where she had been digging for the last two hours, with her spade and basket of shells in her hand. She walked straight up to old Dick, and taking two half-crowns out of a large cockle-shell in her basket, she put them into his outstretched hand.

'Did ye find it, Miss?' said Dick, his eyes sparkling.

'No, Dick,' she said simply, 'we couldn't; and so, because Willie was so sorry about it, I have brought it you.' Seeing the old man hesitate, she went on eagerly, 'It's quite mine, Dick; you need not mind taking it. Willie will be so glad, and I shall be very glad too; for now, Dick, you won't be turned out of your house.'

Before Dick had time to answer, our miser, our little Susan, had turned away quietly, as if she had done nothing that required thanks, at least from anyone there; and in another minute she would, I think, have been back on the shore digging castles in the sand, if she had not been suddenly stopped by a fresh arrival, at sight of which my father made a sudden step forward, but instantly checked himself.

It was Willie, covered with mud, and shoeless. (I forget whether I told you that he had lost one shoe in the cistern.)

He walked up to Dick and Mr. Smith, and panted out, 'I stole the money, I am a thief and a liar.' Then Sue turned, and running up to him, tried to put her arms round his neck, but Willie would not let her: he shrank away, crying, 'Don't touch me, Sue, I am a thief.'

There had been for one moment a faint titter among the men and boys in the door-way at Willie's forlorn appearance, but it was hushed in an instant when our little Sue put her arms closer round him, and spoke out

defiantly: 'Don't believe him, Sir,' she said. 'Don't believe him, Dick. He doesn't know what he says. Papa said that he was ill. Our Willie never told a story in his life. Our Willie never stole.'

Oh fatal difference between the past and present! He never had till now; but now—that last wound was too much for poor Willie, and vainly clutching at the table, he fell into his father's arms.

And now my story may come to an end: those who cannot feel what Willie's punishment was, at once, will feel no more for any words of mine.

It was several minutes before he came to himself. Was it wrong of me that when Dick's wife made a rush at him, saying, in a whining tone, 'Poor young gentleman! if I'd only a known,' I pushed her gently away and said, 'Don't touch him, only please go away.' Was it wrong, I say, that in that moment of Willie's greatest humility, I felt that I could not bear that that coarse angry woman should touch him? I did not feel the same when one of those black begrimed men came forward from the door-way, and drawing his sleeve across his eyes, said—'Please, Sir, let me carry him home for you.' My father assented, and the man lifted him up as tenderly as if he had been a baby.

In the meantime Mr. Smith had given old Dick a receipt for his money, and, after raking his heap of coins into a drawer, had dismissed him with some gruff words of satisfaction.

When the man had carried Willie home, and laid him down upon his own bed, he said to my father, 'Please, Sir, I've got a boy about young Master's age in the reformatory. Please, Sir, he stole a loaf. 'Twas a winter long ago, when work was very scanty, and the young uns were half starved, Sir. They say he's been a good lad ever since; but his mother's never been the same. Please God, Sir, it will do them no harm; they'll both be as honest men for it by-and-by.'

'Please God they will,' said my father solemnly, as he wrung the coal-heaver's hand.

Those were very quiet summer holidays to us all. As we had always felt keenly what concerned Willie, so we did now, thinking that everybody must know the whole story of his sin.

We shrank away from all the people about us, avoiding the ferry-man, and shrinking away from those kind sympathizing coal-men and fishermen, whose very kindness was an additional stab to our sensitive feelings.

I believe every one of us felt it more, far more, for Willie than for ourselves. If it was hard for us to bear, what must it be to him? we thought. But we were mistaken. Willie's very humility was a safeguard to him.

As soon as he had fairly recovered that night he had a long talk with my father, telling him the full story of his faults and his suffering. He found then—what he would have found before—that my father would have been as punctilious as Willie himself about the other boys.

What passed besides this I never knew; neither Willie nor my father ever cared to talk about it. I know that he came down amongst us a humbler and a better boy, and bore both the few taunts and the great

kindness that we met with during the rest of our stay at Shelstone better than any of us. Some deep feeling that left no room for trifling annoyances was at work in the boy's heart.

My uncle did arrive by the five o'clock train.

A few days afterwards he gave us all the long expected tip. Willie flushed crimson for a moment as he said, 'Oh, please, Uncle, don't!'

But my uncle persisted.

I never knew till the next time we were at Shelstone what became of that half-sovereign; then Mr. Smith told my father that Willie had brought it to him, asking him to keep it for old Dick, in case he should ever be behindhand with his rent, or otherwise want it.

It had been very useful to the old man that very winter, during an illness that his wife had.

Ten weeks after that, when we had long returned home, Willie brought the five shillings to Sue, his long hoarded pocket-money.

'Thank you, Sue,' he said, simply stooping down and kissing her with trembling lips.

Susan started up. 'Oh please, Willie, take it back. Oh, please do!'

'I could not use it myself, Sue.'

'Nor could I, Willie: oh, what shall we do?'

Sue's mind was the first to solve the difficulty. She drew Willie's ear down to her, and the matter was soon settled between them.

That afternoon they went out together; and the next morning a neat parcel went down to Shelstone to the friendly coal-heaver—to be forwarded to his son at the reformatory. It contained a Bible and Prayer-book: on the fly-leaf of the former Willie had written—'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

And this was how that five shillings had been spent.

M. E. B.

WORD STUDIES.

II.

SKILL, SKILFUL, SKILLESS.

'Ay, we's hard chaps to skill, ar'n't us?'

Perhaps you stare—or if not, smile—at the grammar. Perhaps you think, as I did, there's the ring of good metal in the words. You would not have thought so the less if you had heard them as I did. Picture to yourself the brown moor, swelling and rising, and then sinking out of sight, only to rise again rounder and softer and browner and higher beyond the dip; and so swelling and rising for miles upon miles in every direction, save only to the east and north-east, where, over a plain three or four hundred feet lower than where I stood, islanded with a strange-

looking, regularly conical, isolated hill of a hundred and fifty feet high, gleamed and smiled and sighed the summer's day sea. And the speaker, one of a group of four or five canny, shrewd, intelligent Yorkshiremen, bare-armed, each with his spade or pick, resting for a moment on his tool, and deserving the rest, as the great excavation in the side of a huge tumulus nine or ten feet high and eighty or ninety in diameter amply testified; the speaker, with a broad smile on his genuine Yorkshire face, replying so to the staring query of a couple of migratory navvies—'What are ye doing there? Making a railway?' 'Ay, we's hard chaps to skill.'

The sentence had a good ring in it, I thought. It sounded full of interest. There was 'a find' in it; of another sort from that we hoped to make (and did make—ten separate interments, and nine urns in all—eventually) in the barrow we were at work upon; but still 'a find' full of interest. Before I took up 'Word-studying' I would have said there is hardly a stiffer, sturdier, more independent, straightforward, single-minded word in the language than *skill* or its daughter *skilful*. You can hardly get it apart from the notion, expressed or implied, of dexterity, almost, manual cleverness or adaptability. The 'skilful surgeon,' nay the 'skilful practitioner,' and the 'skilful lawyer,'—why, in each case there is the implied or understood meaning, that he is able to 'handle' that which comes under his eye, or within his scope, in the way of his profession, cleverly, ably, scientifically; while as to 'skilled workman,' the 'skilful musician,' the 'skill' of the artist, the painter, or sculptor, nay, even of the poet—who does not understand that the word deals mainly, indeed only, with the external and practical?

And yet, 'hard chaps to skill.' Nothing external, or of the practical there, surely; an operation of the mind, pure and simple, if anything. Chaps whose work was hard to understand, as to its reason or object. Chaps hard to judge of—yes, and more—to decide about, by what was to be seen of their doings. Ah! but if so, what if our—seemingly—straight-forward, single-minded word *skill* should prove to have become simply a word of one idea, and, singly, as uninteresting as the class it belongs to, or, as men of one idea; as tiresome as some puny degenerate inheritor of some grand old heroic or poetic name. Still, however, capable of one use, besides its standard one; that of sign-post to point back to the pages or ages where real hearty interest may still linger. Indeed, I think, that is just the case with *skill*. One of an ancient and noble family, whose members filled sundry and worthy offices in old times, and many of whose off-shoots, unnoticed by the word of one idea which claims to be the sole modern representative of the family, still live, and do worthy work, and are well-spoken of, in the provinces, its present place in the realm of language is that of a Baron Bradwardine of words, with his punctilio and his one ruling idea, but without his wit, reading, or high-bred polish. One of the provincial branches is *scale*. Time was when Shakespeare counted it good English, and spite of all the tiresome endeavours of commentators and editors to disguise or

ignore its extraction, ending if not beginning in their own entire mystification, a good sturdy expressive word it still remains.

'I shall tell you a pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it: but since it serves my purpose, I will venture to *scale* 't a little more.'

In plain words, to spread it a little further. In Yorkshire, when the 'manner' is 'teemed' from the 'coup-cart,' the 'farm-servant' or the 'daytal-man' *scales* it over the land; disperses, spreads it. When a limb swells, and there is danger of suppuration, the efforts of the doctor are directed to *scale* the swelling away; to disperse or dissipate it. When the mother loses or weans her infant, to prevent congestion and abscess of the breast, the 'practice' is by the application of warm fomentation and so forth to *scale* away the milk; that is, to dissipate or remove it, through other channels than the wonted one. Peas are *shilled* not shelled—we should say 'hulled' if we meant that—and the scum which rises on paint, or the like, set aside and suffered to stand, is the *shill*. The wooden bar, or other means of division in the cow-house, or 'beast'us,' is the *skel-beast*. The skimming-dish is the *scale-dish*: and in all these words (and many another I could specify, if need were,*) the idea of separation, either implicit or direct, will be seen to be conveyed. It would perhaps be presumptuous to say, as if *ex-cathedrà*, whether the original idea of the word is to separate with a view to distinguish, or to distinguish with a view to separate. Perhaps it was one, perhaps the other. Perhaps the sequence was to distinguish, then to separate, then to know apart, to know simply or understand; and thence (not to notice at present divergences on either side) to 'can,' to be able, that is to be *skilfully* able, or to have *skill*. I see that one careful and learned compiler of the dialect-words of his tongue, (the Swedish,) and who numbers up no less than forty-two words, simple and compound together, as dependent on the verb *skilja*, takes the sequence as (1) to sunder, to separate, (2) to know apart, to distinguish.

But let us see if we can, in any sort, trace the stem of our English *skill*, from its Anglo-Saxon (or Early English, as some prefer to term it) origin to its present-day form and meaning. Here is a passage, which I have partly modernized, that gives a good idea of the early descent.

'The gateward—that is Wittes *skile*—that ought to winnow the wheat and shed the ails (awns of barley, &c.) and the chaff from the clean corn.'—*Ancren Riwe*, p. 270.

'Wittes *skile*,' that is the discriminating power of our wit, or reason.

* *Scale*, of a fish, &c.; *shell*, of a nut or the like; *scalderings*, the flakes which peel off the inner and imperfectly-burnt lumps of limestone through exposure to the atmosphere; *scald-head*; *shale*, the flakes or plates that so-called *shale-rock* disintegrates or separates into; *shill-corn*, a blotch or mattery pimple which becomes eventually removeable in scales or scurf; as well as *skeely*, wise, skilful, and other words yet, standard or provincial, all involve the ideas of distinctness and separation.

Again, Tranio, (*Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2.) says—

‘ But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father’s liking : * which to bring to pass,
I am to get a man—whate’er he be,
It *skills* not much, we’ll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa.’

‘ It *skills* not much :’ that is, it makes no great difference.

‘ The whilk sacrament (anointing with oil, Extreme Unction) ought only to be given to them that he wots are *skillwyse* elde ;’

of the age of discretion, that is, old enough to discriminate, to understand, or know the differences of things. In all these instances, the original or nearly original idea of discrimination is clearly involved. From discrimination it is an easy step to what is according to or consistent with reason, or to reason itself. The last quotation shews that. You might almost say the age of discretion was the age at which one attains to the capacity of judging and acting reasonably. But the transition will be yet more easily seen in this passage next following :—

‘ Some, as grass and trees that men see spring
Have being and living, but no feeling ;
Some, as beasts that creeps and runs, †
And as fowls with feathers, and fish with fins,
Have both being, living, and feeling,
But no wit nor *skill* of deeming.
Some, as men and angels, has through thee,
And through thy might, being and living free,
And feeling both of good and ill,
And discretion of wit and *skill*.’

—where the first *skill* might be replaced by discriminating power, the second by reasoning power or reason. ‡ Next, by a step—rather to one side, as it were—*skill* takes the sense of reason, or nearly so, with the meaning, ground or principle of action. Thus :—

‘ And all other creatures, as was thy will,
In sere (several) kinds then made for certain *skill*.’

An earlier passage in the same collection, reading thus :—‘ Those (creatures) that are meek are made for three *skills* ;’ while Chaucer brings the two words *reason* and *skill* together, thus :—‘ When Melibe had heard the grete *skilles* and resons of Dame Prudence.’

* Pleasure, will.

† This is not really bad grammar or false rhyme. The extract (modernized) is from a book in the Northumbrian dialect, in which nouns plural are correctly placed with verbs apparently in the singular ; and the word is *rynnys* to rhyme with *fynnes*.

‡ On the following page, ten lines below the last extract, is this :—

‘ For thou mad hym [man] aftire thyne owene liknesse,
And gafe hym lordechipe and powere
Abowene all other *unskillwys* creatures scre ;
And to rule hym with witte and *skyll*,
And for to know bathe gud and ill.’

But *skill* not only involves the idea of what is according to reason, or reasonable, but—as is almost necessary, indeed—also that of what is right.

So, again—

‘The fourth virtue or thewe* is righteousness; that is, to yield to all men their due, to worship them that are worthy, to help the poor that are needy, to do no guile nor wronge unto any man, but to do that *skill* is until ilke man.’

One more extract, from *Merlin; or, The Early History of King Arthur*, (p. 27.)

‘And he tolde them the merveyle of his toure, and axed theyre counseile. And thei seide ther myght noon knowe the cause why, but (except) it were notable clerkes; ffor thei can knowe many thinges be force of clergie that we ne can no *skyle* on.’

Remembering the ‘can but small grammar’ of our last ‘study,’ and the gradations of sense in *skill* noted above, viz., discrimination, judgment, reason, principle or ground of action, what is right or proper, we can join ‘can no *skyle* on’ with the opening sentence of this study, and make a good stalworth meaning out of either; while besides that, and looking to the standard acceptance of our word, we can see a plain connection between it and ‘we can no *skill* on,’ which at least does not become less plain as we hear Miranda say—

‘I do not know
One of my sex; no woman’s face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own: nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am *skillless* of.’

J. C. ATKINSON.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

THE philosophic Seneca has remarked, that to enclose a whole within a very small space, displays the genius of a great master: on this score alone, apart from the difficulty of working their usual materials, antique gems have always been of great interest to the artist whose cultivated eye sees in these exquisite specimens of ancient art, the same genius which produced the statues of Apollo Belvidere, and Venus de Medici, or built up in their faultless proportions, the Parthenon of Athens, and the Colosseum of Rome.

But while every person of refined taste must admire the variety and elegance of the designs engraved on the best class of genuine ancient gems, as well as the extreme beauty and minute finish of the workmanship itself; and while even the least* artistic are delighted by their splendour and intrinsic value, there is yet another class who study these

* Of this word we may have a thing or two to say some day.

relics of a by-gone age, with an interest which time, opportunity, and other advantages only serve to increase. Engraved stones, almost indestructible, easily concealed from those hordes of barbarians who at various times have ravaged the whole of Europe and Asia, and when actually obtained by them, secure from the fatal melting-pot which engulfed the fabulously splendid gold and silver plate of ancient Greece and Rome, have come down to us in sufficient numbers to elucidate, and in many cases almost to supply the place of, written history. The early civilization of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, India, and those far eastern nations on whose annals the kindred art of coinage only brought them by their Greek conquerors sheds no light, is preserved to us by that art of gem-engraving which those Greek victors found flourishing amongst them, and introduced into Europe. A first-rate cabinet of well-selected and authentic gems, sets before us the most accurate pictures of domestic life, the ceremonies attending birth, marriage, death, and burial; the management of ancient theatres; the games, gladiatorial combats, and other amusements of the people; the technicalities of war either by sea or by land; the banquets and social gatherings of the ancients; every kind of royal, imperial, military, and national costume; and even the mysteriously luxurious toilette tables, baths, and dressing-rooms of Athenian and Roman beauty are not secure from our critical eyes. To all who study the different phases of civilization, at different eras—for to say its progress, would be an assumption hardly borne out by a glance at modern monuments and modern houses—these morsels of graven stone, often tiny in themselves, always so when compared with such mighty works as the Colossus of Rhodes, and other wonders of the earth which have likewise faded from it, are in truth priceless. Although Greece was eventually unrivalled for the beauty of her gem engravings, it is not to her genius that we must ascribe the invention of this most exquisite art. Until first by friendly treaty, after the victories of Marathon and Salamis, and then by conquest during the Macedonian campaigns, Persia became familiar to Greece, the Asiatic mines from which the ancients obtained their precious stones were almost unknown to her. Homer, the great record of ancient civilization, although he praises, with a keen perception of artistic skill, the famous golden brooch of Ulysses, chased with 'a sorely-panting fawn' pursued by hounds in full cry, and alludes elsewhere to the *τριγλῆνα*, or triple-eyed ear-rings of Juno, which King considers to mean pearls, does not allude in any one instance to the use of engraved stones. The Homeric chieftains have no other method of securing their dispatches than a subtle knot, which, like the famous Gordian, he only who knew the secret could untie.

Lessing, indeed, the German archæologist, does not admit that the Greeks used signet rings of any description, until the first Peloponnesian war. (B.C. 431.) But in Asia the use of engraved signets is of the most remote antiquity; Judah, the son of Jacob, gives his as a pledge to Tamar; his other son, Joseph, is invested by Pharaoh with his royal signet,

a badge of the vice-royalty thereby conferred upon him; Rhampsinitus (Herodotus, ii. 121.) secures his treasure chamber by the impression of a seal; even the poorest Assyrians had their cylinders of soft stone or baked clay, or of the still ruder reed or worm-eaten wood, which they rolled over the clay that fastened their scanty larders.

Aristophanes indeed recommends these 'nature signets' of half-rotten wood, to the jealous husbands of his day, as being far more secure from imitation by designing wives and cunning jewellers, than the most elaborately engraven gems, with which they could seal up their private coffers.

Even genius must walk before it can attempt to run; therefore the earliest known signets, the scarabæi, or sacred beetles of the Egyptians, of which including the Assyrian and early Etruscan varieties there are more than two thousand in the British Museum, are made of a soft material called 'steachist.' This insect, sacred to the imaginative dweller on the banks of the mystic Nile, from an idea that in forming a hole for the deposition of its eggs, it typified the formation of the world, and became a symbol of the sun god, was, as the art progressed, carved out of almost every possible material, and in every degree of magnitude. To the men of Nineveh, before the time of Sargon, (B.C. 729.) is due the invention of diamond drills, splinters of that hardest of all gems, mounted on iron and leaden handles, something after the fashion of the modern glazier's diamond; and with this most effective weapon they coldly attacked onyx, agate, crystal, and other intensely hard materials, of which 'cylinders,' the archaic form of signets, many specimens may be examined in the British Museum. It is curious in these days to see in that universal store-house, the actual seal of the impious Sennacherib 'who defied the armies of the living God,' and the signet with which King Darius closed the den of lions upon the Prophet Daniel.

The former of these invaluable relics is a very beautiful and complicated intaglio, cut in an Amazon stone, one of the hardest substances known; the other is a green chalcedony, with for device a king seated in a triumphal car, and the legend 'I Darius the King,' thrice repeated in the chief dialects of the Empire. Of all the eastern nations Phœnicia was the most industrious in this work, making them wholesale, but with so much less regard to artistic merit than to rapidity of execution, that 'Brummagem' jewellery finds itself most clearly forestalled in the workshops of Tyre and Sidon. Greece, and then Etruria, caught the infection, but the art flourished most in Sicily, Cyprus, and Cyrene, which, for a long time, produced the best engravers, as well as the best coiners of Europe. To such a degree did the inhabitants of the Mediterranean carry their luxury in this respect, that Ælian declares even the poor of Cyrene wore gems of such exquisite workmanship, that they would readily fetch ten minæ (£30) in Athens.

Passing onwards in what must perforce be but a hasty sketch of the 'Glyptic Art,' we come to the age of Alexander the Great. This monarch, himself a most enthusiastic admirer of engraved gems, would

never permit his portrait, which he was flattered into believing little short of a divine image, to be produced by any other artist than Pyrgoteles, the first gem engraver of the day. Had Alexander lived in these days, I leave it to the photographers who have so marvellously caricatured every royal personage now on the face of the earth, and even some who ought to have been safe by reason of their decease before the invention of sun-painting, to imagine what his feelings would have been. From this date the art made rapid progress, perfecting itself in every minute detail, until the Augustan age of Rome, when under the patronage of the Emperor himself, and his friend Macenas, those great artists, Dioscorides, Solon, Aulus, Gnacus, and their pupils, brought it to the highest perfection; and the golden age of Roman literature is also the golden age of gem engraving.

The most practical proof of the high estimation in which the hard-won skill of the engraver was now held, is that from this time forth he was always permitted to place his name on the works he produced, even for the greatest personages, a 'concession,' as the French would have said at their late exhibition, never before accorded to them. It is curious to observe how nothing in this world appears to remain long at perfection. One age may perfect sculpture, another painting, and its immediate successor will be unable to excel, and succeeding ages totally unable even to approach, the standard by it created. What king, prince, millionaire, or joint stock company, that great undertaker of modern enterprises, would dare to assert that they could build another Great Pyramid, which, like the one on the plains of Jizch, should never flinch for forty centuries? can we now build like the Greeks or the Romans of old, or like the mediæval founders of abbeys, cathedrals, and churches innumerable? I think not. And thus came it to pass with the 'Glyptic Art' after the time of Severus, or perhaps in the days of Hadrian, the downward path, that '*facilis descensus Avernî*,' began to be trodden, all through the long category of Byzantine misrulers, the coins, gems, medals, and other works of art, grew worse and worse, following therein but too truly the ruined fortunes of a divided empire.

Four centuries of the revived Persian monarchy under the Sassanian kings, cherished the flickering light of the engraver's art; and at the time of Chosroes II., many works both in the form of gems and coins were produced, worthy of a better period, and far superior to anything Roman or Byzantine. But when this dynasty yielded to the impetuous rush of the Mohammedans in the seventh century, the only subjects which the conqueror's religion permitted to the engraver, were the elegant cyphers of proper names in the Cuphic dialect, cut with the utmost neatness, and on the hardest gems procurable. Though this was but a sorry substitute for the gorgeous mythology of ancient Greece and Rome, with its gods, goddesses, demigods, Nymphs, Fauns, and Graces, still the demand for these personal signets was brisk enough to keep all the mechanical processes of the art in full use, until the great revival of art in Italy and Europe generally, at the period usually called the 'Renaissance.'

The same cause which led to the almost total extinction of gem engraving in those countries which had been most famous for it, namely, an entire change in the whole tendency of natural and acquired taste amongst the mass of mankind, operated in a still more complete and sudden manner, to restore it almost to its original splendour. Never has the world experienced such a revulsion of feeling, and such a glorious expansion of intellect, as the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the deliverance of the Italian States from the bondage of their German tyrants, and other events too weighty and too numerous to be here enlarged upon, produced under the guidance of Divine Wisdom. The newly aroused taste for ancient literature, architecture, and classical art in all its forms and phases, did not neglect the study of those treasures in the shape of ancient gems, which former ages, sometimes through avarice or vanity, and even more frequently from incredible superstition, and wonderful ignorance of the actual subjects engraved upon them, had accumulated.

Indeed, to arrive at a clear idea of many most interesting passages in classical history, they were obliged to consult these relics; then to imitate and reproduce them, or to design similar memorials of contemporary events, was an almost immediate step. Therefore the quare-cento and cinque-cento jewellers poured forth an innumerable quantity of engraved gems, in every kind of material, some indeed more than a little tinged with mediæval Gothicism, the 'Maniere Tedesca' which had installed kings and bishops in wondrously pinnacled thrones, or mounted them on hideously distorted horses, with neither good work, nor individuality of expression, to redeem their ugliness. But the relics of mediævalism soon died out, and the Italian school, as represented by such men as Anchini, Gio, Maria de Mantua, and Tagliacarne, were worthy successors of Pyrgoteles, Dioscorides, and Solon.

The next century, the 'cinque-cento,' produced Il Vincentino, Alessandro Cesati, Maria de Pescia, and nearly one hundred others, whose works, especially cameos, constitute at present (passing for antiques) the choicest portions of many a celebrated cabinet—at least, so says that zealous gem archæologist, Mr. King. Mechanical aids unknown to the ancients, such as the wheel, and the magnifying glass, enabled the Italians to work with ten times the rapidity of their masters in the art, although they at the same time prevented their attaining that rare beauty, which was reserved for the more laborious use of the diamond drill alone. Still, as these gems were chiefly wanted for ornamental and showy purposes, and as camei were far more in request than intagli, and as moreover few of their patrons could have appreciated the higher value of the true classic gem, the wheel was almost always the tool employed. Church plate, bishops' croziers, dresses of state, dinner services, and the hilts of weapons, were now profusely studded with cameos of more than classical elaboration and ingenuity; large works in rock crystal, some of the choicest of which are due to that extraordinary character, Benvenuto Cellini, whose life is more amusing than many a modern sensation novel,

also commanded large sums of money. Art, however, is a sensitive plant, and thence the ceaseless wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth century caused a decline in gem engraving as in the other branches of her peaceful work, engravers mostly only copying heads of Roman deities, in deep-cut but rude intagli on the cheaper stones. The artists of the eighteenth century, lacking the exquisite taste, and keen perception of the beautiful in art, which enabled the earlier Italian school to catch the very spirit of the best classic gems and adopt them to modern history, and multiply variations of ancient design, devoted their talents simply and solely to forgery. There were one or two exceptions to this rule; but Dr. King believes that John Pichler, whose name ought always to be respected, was the only artist of the eighteenth century, who was too proud ever to pass off his own works as veritable antiques. 'This ignoble trade was so brisk, and so paying, the ignorance of even 'cognoscenti' so complete, and the skill of these rascals so great, that in half the collections of Europe, it is the student's most difficult task to distinguish the genuine from the false. 'It may with truth be asserted,' says Mr. King, 'that for every gem of note full a dozen copies are in existence, some of them so good as to cast a doubt upon the original itself.' The best English engravers, though even they were inferior to the best of their Italian contemporaries, were Wray of Salisbury, (A.D. 1770.) who obtained £20 apiece for some of his works; Marchant, who being established at Rome, came, like the sculptor Gibson of our own day, more immediately in the way of wealthy amateurs, and realized from one to two hundred guineas for each of his best specimens at about the same date; Burch, (A.D. 1814.) whose head of Hercules is very highly praised; and Brown, about the same date, who confined himself almost entirely to Cupids and graceful portraits.

With the deaths of Pistrucci and Girometti at Rome, within the last fifteen years, the art which has for so many centuries delighted the man of taste, seems to have begun another period of abeyance; let us hope that it may revive once more with renewed splendour, and that our own country, so famous for many branches of art, may shine in this choice one also.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS TREE AT A COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

In the latter part of last year, I was compelled by a business engagement to take up my residence for a time in the town of Middlesbro'-on-Tees. Some thirty years ago or thereabouts, a single farm-house stood where there is now a very considerable town—a town with nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, and a place in Mr. Disraeli's New Reform Bill. And the

origin of this rapid and wonderful growth is, as I have heard it, somewhat romantic. It is said that a gentleman, who was walking about the beautiful Cleveland Hills a few miles away, picked up a stone that was lying at his feet and examined it; and the result of this examination was that it was found that these hills, if they had fair and beautiful faces, had also, literally, hearts of iron. And from that time, bit by bit, Middlesbro' has been clasping these iron hills to her bosom, and then has sent them away all over the world, so that the lichen-covered rock about which for so many long years the heather has bloomed and the grouse has reared its young, is now perhaps helping to bear up the express train between Petersburg and Moscow, or ploughing up the backwoods of Canada, or, maybe, carrying off the drainage of the great metropolis. It is not, however, my intention to speak in this paper of iron and its workers, except very indirectly, but to give the readers of *The Monthly Packet* a short account of a Christmas entertainment at which I was a guest, and of the house in which it took place and which gave it its interest.

My lodgings happened to be very near the considerable suburb of North Ormesby, and from my window I had frequently seen passing at all times and in all weathers, women in that plain and unpretending dress which belongs to Sisters of Charity. I found from inquiry that ten minutes walk from my door was an Institution somewhat famous from its being the first of its kind established in this country. I hear that two other similar Institutions came into existence about the same time, but, curiously enough, without either of them knowing anything of the others. The Cottage Hospital at North Ormesby is a representative house of charity, governed upon very different principles to those in vogue in other hospitals and infirmaries, and under the care and supervision of a Sisterhood of the Church of England. Necessity, it is well said, is the mother of invention, and it was a dire necessity which led to the establishment of this Cottage Hospital. In the year 1859 a fearful accident at one of the great iron-works injured a number of workmen in a frightful manner. The nearest hospital at that time was that at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, some fifty miles away, and its distance rendered it quite unavailable in severe cases. The unfortunate sufferers were therefore taken to any place where accommodation could be afforded. Two of them were nursed in a stable until they died; and the evident fact that they, with the other sufferers, could not be properly attended to, created a very painful sensation in the town. The absolute necessity for some provision for severe cases of accident, in a neighbourhood where they must be necessarily not unfrequent, took up the attention of a lady residing in the vicinity, who had, happily, received a proper training as a 'nursing sister' at the Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserswerth. Three cottages in Middlesbro' were taken, and at a cost of about one hundred and eighty pounds a small hospital for accidents was established, and the good work was launched; others joined the pioneer of this charitable campaign; and from March, 1859, when it was begun, until the end of that year, fifty-five in-door and four hundred and ninety

out-door patients, received all the care and attention that skilful surgery and tender nursing can bestow. After a time the crowding of the neighbouring houses rendered the locality unhealthy, and led to the building of the Cottage Hospital at North Ormesby; and in July, 1861, it was opened, and has up to the present time continued its work with a success far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its supporters. It can receive thirty patients, and has beds for twenty-eight, and the nursing is done entirely by the Sisters of the Christ Church Home at Coatham, which Sisterhood took its present form on St. Philip's and St. James's Day, 1867. The hospital was built mostly by subscription, a large portion being given by one private hand. It is also supported by subscriptions, mostly from working men, who have formed a committee and meet once a month.

I have thus given a very brief and scanty description of the origin and objects of this little hospital. I will now describe the entertainment at which it was my pleasure to assist.

A kind message from the Mother Superior, to the effect that there was to be a Christmas Tree for the amusement of past and present patients, took me up to the Cottage Hospital, one evening at the beginning of this year. I found a crowd of boys at the door, numbers of people passing in, carriages driving up now and then with the families of the iron-masters, and other people, who, like myself, had come to witness a pleasant scene, but who had not the claim of having been the fortunate patients of the good Sisters. The entrance hall of the hospital was crowded with the past patients and their wives and children, among whom mixed in friendly intercourse the Sisters, medical officers, and tradesmen who supply the hospital, and other invited guests, all of whom were waiting for the time when the enchanted trees, for there were two of them, should be ready for inspection. The almost painfully white walls of the entrance lobby were very prettily relieved by texts in red letters, which ran all round the cornices, and had a very pretty effect. The pleasure which lighted up the hard faces of the men, and in many cases, the care-worn countenances of the women, when a Sister happened to come up and speak to them, was very pleasant to see, and the universal manner in which they were addressed as 'Sister,' showed that almost all present had been either directly as patients, or indirectly as their friends, indebted to the care of these kind 'relations.' While we were waiting for the trees, tea and cakes were consumed, and hymns and carols were very nicely sung by a choir who had learnt them while they were patients in the hospital. At last the doors of the rooms were opened, and the long looked-for and wonderful denizens of the forest, masses of glittering blossoms and amazing fruits, were opened to view. One of these trees, with the articles upon it, which were for sale, was given entirely by a tradesman in the town. The other, with its gifts, was also a present to the hospital; and I may mention here that all the refreshments were also the gifts of various tradesmen.

The past patients and guests crowded in in batches to gaze at the trees; and then occurred what brought back to my remembrance the fact that I was within the walls of a hospital, which, in the bright and happy scene around me, I had nearly forgotten. For those of the present inmates who could bear the removal and the excitement, were brought down, one by one, in the sturdy arms of the nurses, and carefully placed in chairs, from which they could see the beautiful sight. Soon there was a semi-circle of maimed and halt and sick looking on, and one could see eyes dulled with pain and suffering, gleam with satisfaction, and crutches raised in trembling hands to point out particular beauties. I hardly knew whether to be sorry or glad at the sight; but I could not forget what would have been the fate some years ago, not only of these present patients, but also of a large number of the strong and hardy past patients who were looking on, when such an Institution as this Cottage Hospital was not in existence. After all had gazed to their full satisfaction at the trees, the work of demolition began, and everyone received some little remembrance of the occasion, and great was the general satisfaction. I was amused at the numberless little confidences that took place in corners over the gifts, comparisons being by no means odious. There were numbers of children and even babies present, and one of the long passages was soon turned into a race-course, along which a shouting competition was held. The babies very wisely went off to sleep after they had seen all that was worth seeing, and slept on quite regardless of the noise around them. Being fond of these little human buds, I cross-examined the parents about them; and in one case, I found a man with a baby asleep in his lap, who, as far as I could see, belonged in no way to his charge, having merely taken it for a time as a friend of the father, who after a while returned and took his child again; and I observed that it seemed quite a matter of course for one man to give a young baby into the charge of another. I wondered which among my own male friends would hold my baby for an hour as a matter of course.

By ten o'clock, and with many kind words from their hostesses, the whole of the visitors had gone away to their homes, and the Cottage Hospital was left to ordinary work again. The readers of this Magazine will see that this was, except for the circumstance of where it was spent, a very uneventful evening, and that I have very little indeed to tell about it. I may mention, I hope with propriety, the extreme energy and activity of the Sisters generally, and especially of one, who really seemed to contradict the assertion that a person cannot be in two places at once. May they long have the mental vigour and physical strength so necessary for their great labours of charity and love.

Among the special features of this Cottage Hospital may be mentioned a ward for incurables, for whom no provision is made in ordinary hospitals. When funds can be raised, a ward for consumptive patients will be instituted; but this, and numerous other necessary additions and conveniences, must wait for funds.

There are various other Institutions in connection with the Cottage Hospital. The Christ Church Home at Coatham on the sea-coast is a temporary Mother House for the Sisterhood. Here ten Industrial Girls live under the care of one of the Sisters. The Nursing Institution trains and sends out nurses, and their services are in great request throughout an extended district. At the Mission House, Middlesbro', live the Sisters, who, under the parochial clergy, visit the sick and poor in the district.

Classes are held here four evenings in the week, at which there is an average attendance of thirty boys and thirty girls.

I am sorry to have to finish this most imperfect account of this admirable charity by saying that it is—like most charities, I fear—greatly in want of funds. There is a debt on the building fund, which should not be allowed to exist; and, as I have said before, there are numerous improvements, which cannot be undertaken for want of money. The Sisterhood have given all they have—money, time, and labour; and it would be well if the great brotherhood around would take care that the one thing—money—which the Sisters cannot continue to supply, should be its special care; and I do trust that when the full sun-light of prosperity has returned to the Cleveland iron-trade, the first glimmerings of the dawn of which are now visible, the Cottage Hospital at North Ormesby and its branches will not be kept back in their excellent work by the want of what is even now pretty plentiful, and will be then in great abundance.

W. E. WILCOX.

EGOTISM.

‘THIS does not concern me, at any rate,’ I hear you say, young girl with the shadowy eyes, young girl of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—feeling thoughts, aspirations, opinions, stirring within you, which you take for your character, but which are only the raw materials out of which every day your character is being moulded.

‘But no one could say I was selfish; I would willingly sacrifice myself for another. How often I do so without being understood—how often my—’

How do you know all this about yourself? The egotism of which I would speak is the egotism of *self-thinking*, if I may be allowed the expression, not of *self-seeking*; of that I acquit the sort of mind I mean. Young girls who are at all above the common-place run, young girls who take the trouble of thinking at all, who have any imagination, are too apt to become *self-conscious*. They analyse their feelings and their thoughts too closely. There is an old and vulgar, but for all that very true, saying, that ‘the healthy man does not know he has a stomach:’ well, in the same way, the healthy mind is not aware of all its processes, of all the steps by which it arrives at any given result either of action or opinion. Yet this is a common form of egotism. Or else a girl makes to herself some ideal—some shadowy type of what she imagines herself to be, or wishes to be—and then leads an existence as if in a dream, often more or less *acting* the part she has assigned to herself. Now, the thought of how this and that would look in a book may occasionally be of use to us in helping to cure some minor bad habit, such as untidiness, unrefined language, or personal trick, (though even then it is seldom some higher motive—to please a parent or other relative, for instance—cannot be found;) but habitually persisted in, this is a frame of mind apt to lead to affectation, insincerity, and even worse results. For in these ideal characters faults are too often allowed, and even tolerated. Pride is a very favourite one, forgetting the humility so especially inculcated all through the Bible.

I have seen girls pride themselves on their pride; or impetuosity, coldness, despondency, are the failings elected to predominance; and if

they do admit that their favourite short-coming is wrong, they too often make the confession of it stand for its correction. They forget that true penitence is to

‘ Bewail the sin we do commit,
Not to commit the sin we do bewail.’

‘I could not help it,’ they say; ‘it was my pride, my impetuosity.’ ‘I know I am proud;’ or, ‘I know I am impetuous;’ or, ‘I know I was wrong, but I could not do otherwise: I have naturally a quick temper; I may be led, but will *not* be driven.’ Then comes, perhaps, the flashing eye, the drawing up to the full height, that sound well in a book, that look well in a picture, but which in real life only make one sorry for the exhibition of such undisciplined passions; whose indulgence only render their owner unfit both for earth and Heaven, and which too often God has to tame by chastening and trials. ‘He resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.’

Perhaps you will say we have wandered a long way from egotism; but have we not proved that all this comes from too much self-thinking? as the French have it, ‘*Elle se l’écoute trop* ;’ and of how many is this true, resulting in other cases in a sort of morbid feeling that ‘no one understands you?’ Would it not be better if, instead of dwelling on your self-isolation, you were to try to understand *others* better, to help them more, and to see whether after all they are not perhaps better daughters, sisters, or wives, than you are, standing apart on your own pedestal?

There are many feelings that grow in intensity by being openly dwelt upon; perhaps that may be one reason why finely strung organizations seldom find the

‘ heart in perfect sympathy’

to beat with theirs; but how beautifully Keble has reminded us of Him who

‘ knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.’

Yes, the Christian should never feel that loneliness of heart which looks round in vain for one to answer.

‘ Alone, no, not alone while One is nigh
Who knows each thought ere it becomes a sigh,
Who feels the weights that on thy spirit fall,
Who has felt all, that He may comfort *all*.’

Oh, sad, perhaps bitter, heart! ‘cast all your care upon Him who careth for you,’ who will not leave you comfortless; ask Him, not for ecstasies or peculiar bliss, but for strength and peace, for grace to serve Him with a quiet mind, for that moderation so often impressed upon us by St. Paul as a most necessary grace. Let us not seek to

‘ wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky ;’

but let us come down from our pedestal, and cultivate every-day common usefulness and forbearance; remembering the day of small things, remembering that life is not made up of great emotions, intense sensations of either grief or joy, but—a woman’s life especially—of small annoyances and of little pleasures; and happy is she to whom God has given the gift of being pleased with small things.

HINTS ON READING.

The Spinsters of Sandham, (Newby,) is a quiet story, inculcating the peaceful life of usefulness and submission that may grow up after a lovingly and meekly borne disappointment.

Fellowship, (Macmillan,) a series of gently, sensibly written letters from a mourner to other mourners, pointing to the true comforts, and wisely distinguishing between mere spirits and the sense of submission. We should think it specially useful in teaching the young and inexperienced who watch a sufferer—such as daughters or sisters of a widow—not to expect too much, or to confound want of elasticity with want of resignation.

Simple Rules for Nursing the Sick, by a Lady, (Bishop and Son,) is an excellent collection of short hints in a cheap form, which would be most useful to give to any suddenly called in their inexperience to become sick nurses.

Mr. Masters has put forth a book called *A Life's Search*, on which much thought and labour have evidently been expended. It is the history of a young man and his sister who have made shipwreck of their faith, and of the effect they produce on a family with whom they are brought in contact. We should regard it as likely to be a beneficial warning to young people how they lightly entangle themselves in the speculations now unhappily so much the fashion, often in mere vanity and desire to enter into what other people are talking of. There is real argument, which may help to forearm as well as forewarn them. The girl who wilfully runs into danger, and then finds her power of prayer gone in the hour of need, is to our mind the best part of the story.

We wish we had received in time to notice Mr. Orby Shipley's beautiful edition of Guevara's *Mysteries of Mount Calvary*, a time-honoured mystical book of exceeding sweetness and grandeur.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

D. M. wishes to know if there be any Institution in England to train girls for Teachers free of expense.

O. would be very glad if anyone could tell her of a small book of daily texts, with a few words of explanation to each text, for girls who have just been confirmed; or if anyone could tell her of any nice book of Daily Meditations which are easy and short. She knows Morning Light.—The Brook in the Way (Grant and Sons, Edinburgh) is such an arrangement of texts and thoughts. Would the Rev. P. Young's Daily Readings from the Gospels, or the Rev. J. Wilkinson's Daily Meditations, be too long?

L. would be glad to be informed where valuable autographs and old coins may be disposed of to greatest advantage, with a view to obtaining money for Church purposes.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the following further donations to the Portsea Nursery:—Miss Sullivan, £5; One Who Loves Little Children, 2s. 6d.; A. H. C., 2s. 6d.; A. A., 1s. The Misses Gilbard, £2 10s., and a Hamper of Groceries, Toys, and Picture-books, and a Large Tin of Biscuits.

The Committee of Ladies who appoint Parochial Women for the assistance of different districts, would gladly grant one to the St. Luke's Mission, Stepney, if £20 per annum could be guaranteed for her support. Our readers have taken so warm an interest in this Mission, that we cannot but hope that some of them may be kindly willing to promise an annual sum, however small, on the good old principle, that 'many a little makes a mickle;' and that now that wealth and poverty so often draw apart into their own exclusive neighbourhoods, it is the bounden duty of the prosperous to send aid to the poor. Our next number shall give a picture of the work of these home missionaries.

Ulrica.—St. Julia's Day is the 2nd of May. She was a maiden of Carthage, who, when it was taken by the Vandals, in 439, was sold to a Syrian merchant—a pagan. On the way from Africa, the ship that carried her was wrecked on the Corsican coast. The people were still idolators, and were celebrating a heathen sacrifice: her testimony against this so enraged them, that they martyred her.

The universal rule of the Church is against celebrating the Holy Eucharist later than noon, except at mid-night at Christmas. The chief reason is, that so great a solemnity requires hearts in their morning freshness—and, if possible, fasting.

V., Rugby, has sent a stamp, but no more explicit address than the above; therefore we cannot return the M.S., which is declined with thanks.

A Hamper of School and Story Books, from Rochester, for The Hospital for Sick Children, is thankfully acknowledged.

N. C. asks when *Adeste Fideles* first came into use in the Anglican Church—whether the music be as old as the words—and whether it were ever used except for the Christmas hymn.

M. R. may procure Mr. A. G. Jackson's 'Penny Pocket Book of Prayers and Hymns' from F. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

B. C.—Apply to the Reformatory and Refuge Union, 24, New Street, Spring Gardens.

The Fourteenth Day of the Month is the last on which a communication is sure of being inserted.

Many more kind offers of M.S. copies of The Mother's Lament over Her Idiot Boy have been received; but as S. W. has already been answered direct, we only insert F. H.'s reply, that it is to be found in a collection of poems called The Pilgrim's Hand-book, published by Wertheim.

A. L. H. G. begs to know whence the character of The Gay Lothario is taken.—We believe it to have been in a play of Congreve's.

H. M. will be much obliged to the Editor of The Monthly Packet if he can tell her by whom the lines are written, beginning—

'What though I trace each herb and flower.'

M. G. will thank one of our Correspondents if they can tell her the meaning and origin of Runic Crosses in old churchyards.

K. A. E. would be glad if any of the Correspondents of The Monthly Packet can tell her where she can get the hymns *Endless Alleluias* and *Pilgrims of the Night*, with the music.—Also, of a good book on the organ for a beginner, and some easy voluntaries suitable for Church Services. She has got Rimbault's.

K. begs for the names of books suited to a night-school library for young people, aged from twelve to twenty.—The following are a few suggestions:—

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Eldad the Pilgrim. (S. P. C. K.) | 8. Readings for Evening Schools. (Mozley.) |
| 2. Copsely Annals. (Nisbet.) | 9. Ben Sylvester's Word. (Mozley.) |
| 3. Ballantyne Series. (Groombridge.) | 10. Friarswood Post-office. (Mozley.) |
| 4. Narratives of Shipwrecks. (S. P. C. K.) | 11. Marryat's Masterman Ready. |
| 5. Hans Egede. (Mozley.) | 12. The Exiles of the Cebenna. (Parker.) |
| 6. Life of Mrs. Robertson. (Bell and Daldy.) | 13. Kenneth. (Parker.) |
| 7. Miss Sewell's Church History. (Longman.) | 14. The Blue Ribbons. |
| 15. Sally Rainbow's Stories. (S. P. C. K.) | |

Accepted with thanks.—Felicité.

Declined with thanks.—B. R.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 30.

JUNE, 1868.

PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. VI.—FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

(Amor Patris et Filii.)

O LOVE of God from God proceeding,
The Brightness of true hope and trust,
The Comforter of all,
Unfailing Light the faithful leading,
Reward long wished for of the just,
Raiser of them that fall.
O Author of all fortitude,
O Fountain of all sanctity,
Giver of all beatitude,
Lover of all integrity.
Almighty, all-encompassing,
All-sinless, ever pitying,
Whose strength and purity and worth
Transcend the loftiest thoughts of earth.
Hail! holiest, most beloved, best,
Illuminator of the breast;
The way to Father and to Son
Through Thee alone by man is won.
Spirit of might and love,
In whom we live and move,
Of sweetest influences
Unknown to carnal senses,
The medicine of every sin,
In whom all health and joy begin.

Spirit of counsel pure, Spirit of wisdom sure, truth loving ever,
Finger of Hand divine, Bond of the Eternal Trine, Lord and Life-giver.
Who with His virtue fills, when, where, and how He wills, by His good
pleasure;

Informs with breath of life, strengthens to win the strife, gives lasting treasure.

Sublime beyond all thought, bounteous when humbly sought, kind to deliver,

Comes He to-day to greet the Church with comfort sweet, comes without measure,

Through whom from God on high descendeth plenteously Wisdom's true river.

Alleluia. Amen.

PSALM CXXXVI.

(Confitemini.)

GIVE thanks to Him, for He is good and kind,
His mercy changes not, time out of mind.

Though God of gods and Lord of lords He be,
Give thanks—His mercy is as great as He.

If all the wonders of His works were known,
His wondrous mercy yet would stand alone.

He stretched the heavens, and filled the billowy sea,
His mercy might not spanned nor meted be.

He bade His sunrise flash from hill to hill,
The light upon His face was brighter still.

He sent His silent moon, a pilgrim pale,
To witness that His love should never fail.

He hung His heaven with light from star to star,
And still His boundless love was greater far.

He saw His children toiling here like slaves,
And said, 'My hand is strongest when it saves.'

His arms of mercy then He opened wide,
And bade them gather to the Crucified.

He breasted first the Red and ruthless sea,
So tender and so merciful was He.

And when He saw them trembling and afraid,
He pointed to the path His feet had made.

They could not choose but follow boldly then,
Or else they surely had been less than men.

They passed into a desert, it is true,
But He was with them in the desert too.

He told them, as they wandered, that their foes
Might vex, but could not hinder their repose ;

That far beyond that reach of barren sand,
Serene and fruitful lay the promised land ;

That He, Who thought upon them in their woe,
Would never let His ransomed people go ;

That they should find His manna daily strewed
About the camp, to make them sure of food ;

That when this dying life of theirs was past,
His deathless mercy still should hold them fast.

M. C.

CAEDMON, THE SAXON POET.

A LEGEND FROM BEDE.

Forth from the hall came Caedmon : on his brow
Dark gloom had settled. Must it ever be,
That while his soul is full of melody
The power to sing shall fail him ? Even as now,
When at the Feast he shunned the offered lute,
And rose and left his place, confused and mute.

But Caedmon tarried not to talk with grief :
While other men were busied at the Feast,
He fed and foddered each forgotten beast,
And in such homely duties found relief.
Then, in due time, he laid him down to rest,
A prayer upon his lip, a good thought in his breast.

And in his sleep a glorious dream he dreamed,
Of a Bright Form, that came to him and said :—
'Caedmon, arise and sing.' He answer made,
'I cannot ;' but again to him it seemed
Was the command repeated : 'Rise, and sing
Of that first time when God made everything.'

Obediently he strove his voice to raise,
 And with a glad astonishment he found
 The chain was broken, and his tongue unbound ;
 Whilst from his soul welled up a song of praise !
 Right joyously that glorious strain he sang,
 And in his waking ears, those words, that music, rang.

With a glad heart, he hasted to proclaim
 How wonderfully God in him had wrought.
 To Abbess Hilda were the tidings brought—
 The princess, saint, and Royal nun, whose fame
 Still marks the ruined pile on Whitby's shore,
 Where, against rugged cliff, the ocean billows roar.

Caedmon was called. In order grave and grand,
 Bishop, and priest, and monk, assembled were,
 And Hilda and her nuns were present there.
 When Caedmon came, the Bishop gave command,
 'My son, arise ! Uplift thy voice, and sing
 Of that first time when God made everything.'

And then, before them all, did Caedmon raise
 To God the Lord, a glorious song of praise.

CAEDMON'S SONG.

'O Father, praise to Thee !
 Who from eternity
 Hast been, and art, and shalt be evermore ;
 Thou God, at Whose command
 All things in being stand ;
 Thou God, Whom men and angels do adore !

Thou Who the heavens didst spread,
 As a roof overhead,
 And then didst fashion out this lower earth ;
 All praise to Thee be given,
 By all in earth and Heaven,
 All praise to Thee, the Author of their birth !

Sun, at thine hour of noon,
 And thou, pale evening moon,
 Join in His praise with all the stars of heaven.
 Praise Him, O earth and sky ;
 And His Name magnify,
 Thou Man, to whom a living soul is given !

O all things living, raise
To Him your songs of praise,
With men and angels, now and evermore!
Prepare with heart and voice,
In God's Name to rejoice,
And in His Works our Maker to adore.'

He ceased. 'Amen!' from all th' assembly broke;
And God they magnified, Who had made choice
Of Caedmon, thus to praise Him with his voice.
Then forth stood Lady Hilda, and thus spoke:—
'Caedmon, the talent God hath given thee
Should to His service consecrated be.

Retire from the world, and spend thy days
In prayer, and study of God's holy lore;
So wilt thou learn Him better to adore,
And tune both heart and voice to sing His praise.
That hymn alone is rightly tuned, that springs
From a pure heart, that worships whilst it sings.'

Then Caedmon's heart leaped up to meet the Call;
His former herdsman's life he left with joy,
To be God's poet, and his gift employ
Unto the use and benefit of all,
In praise of Him Who gave it. Day by day
He sang God's works and ways, along life's common way.

Not those the days, when knowledge o'er the earth
Goes spreading, as the waters o'er the sea;
God's book in village children's hands may be;
Love, once hard-won, theirs by mere right of birth,
And problems that were once deep mysteries,
Solved, and laid open to ten thousand eyes.

Those were the days when books were rare and few;
The very sound of the Belovéd Name
Of Him Who out of Heaven to save us came,
But lately to the Saxons strange and new.
And Caedmon learnt the Gospel tale to tell,
In songs the simple people loved right well.

How all God's works at first were very good;
How Paradise was lost, and may be won,
Since God the Father gave His only Son,
Who died for our sakes, on the Holy Rood. . . .

Thus in this wilderness of care and sin,
God's poet strove, hearts for his Lord to win.

In camp or highway, festival or mart,
He sang to all who lent a willing ear;
And old and young would throng around to hear,
And children learnt the words he sang by heart.
Long after he was gathered to his rest,
The Saxons loved his songs, and called the singer blest.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

XII.

GENERAL HYMNS.—CONCLUSION.

THE limits within which we had intended to keep our remarks have been already exceeded, and still the subject matter of them is far from being exhausted. There is one class of hymns somewhat connected with those which we dwelt upon in our last Article, though sufficiently distinct to be considered separately. 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage,' wrote the Psalmist; yet we have ventured to separate the hymns on the Holy Scriptures from those which have for their theme the heavenward pilgrimage itself.

The first point we have to notice is the marvellous and lamentable dearth of ancient hymns on the Scriptures. This may be partially accounted for by taking into consideration that the relationship of writers in those times to the books they used was widely different from what is commonly the case now. The Bible of those days was not a portable and compact volume; moreover, it was from the earliest ages supplemented by a traditional teaching, which, as corruption spread, usurped its functions more and more, until *MSS.* of the Word of God took their place, as things unused but superstitiously venerated, among reliques and images.¹ Men had scarcely come to regard God's Revelation as a completed Work, before this misuse of it began. We may also remember that the ideas of the middle ages tended to merge the light of God's revealed Word in the Glory of the Incarnate Word. It is less easy to explain the fact that Germany contributes comparatively few originals of hymns on the Scriptures which have become well known in an English translation. Miss Winkworth's rendering of a hymn of unknown authorship,² beginning, 'Thy Word, O LORD, like gentle dews,'

¹ Nor had they the highest place, as may be seen from the well-known instance of Harold's oath to William of Normandy, when the latter had procured reliques and concealed them beneath the altar to add to the solemnity of the obligation.

² Dein Wort, O HERR, ist milder Thau.

deserves mention. There is a beautiful hymn by Spenser, conscious that the following translation very imperfectly

Word of Life, thou fountain bright,
Flowing forth from Heaven's height,
Sprinkling powers of Life on those
Who to thee their hearts disclose,
Who, like flowers that fade away
In the bright sun's parching ray,
From the dry and barren waste
Thirsting, stoop thy spring to taste.

Earth, without thy light, appears
But a gloomy vale of tears :—
Heaven's best joys without thy key
Barred from all mankind would be :—
Life, without thy quickening breath,
But the shadow seems of death :—
Death, without thy cheering beams,
Night without a morning seems.

Word of Life ! Not light alone,—
Warmth by thee is on us thrown :
Thou dost shew the depths of hell,
And of God's Own Kingdom tell :
Chasing sloth and sleep, thy call
Doth the sinner's soul appal ;
Yet, when hapless footsteps slide,
Thou in Love the fall wouldst hide.

From thy page we learn to fear
Justice from a Judge severe,
Yet therein a Father find,
Strong and patient, good and kind,—
God, Who, for our sin to atone,
Gives His dear, His Only Son
Guilt upon Himself to take,
Loves the sinner for His sake.

Word of Life, Salvation free
Offering him who heareth thee,
Only he who keeps thee fast,
Shall thy treasure share at last.
May I keep thee, then, thou Sword
Of the SPIRIT, God's Own Word !
Help me here on earth to strive,
Crowned through thee in Heaven to live.

Anne Steele's hymn, beginning, 'FATHER of Mercies, in Thy Word,' is well known, as is also Benjamin Beddome's 'God, in the Gospel of His Son.' 'Holy Bible, Book Divine,' is by John Burton, 1799. 'How precious is the Book Divine,' by Dr. John Fawcett, was first published in 1782, in a collection of original hymns which their author intended as a supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. 'The SPIRIT breathes

¹ Wort des Lebens, laute Quelle.

upon the Word,' is by William Cowper. 'I love the Sacred Book of GOD,' is due to Thomas Kelly. One of our best hymns on the Bible is 'Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace,' written by the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton. 'Pour down Thy SPIRIT, gracious LORD,' is a prayer for a blessing on GOD's Word, by John Newton. Dr. Watts's 'My dear Redeemer and my LORD,' is somewhat weak in rhyme, and wants clearness of idea. It contrasts the Word of GOD with the Life of our LORD on earth, as if the record of the latter were not an integral part of the former. A much more satisfactory hymn by the same author begins, 'Great GOD, with wonder and with praise,' and compares very successfully the lessons taught by Nature and by Inspiration. In his hymn, 'Let every mortal ear attend,' the language is too vehement, and the rhythm too much neglected; yet even this is a better hymn than the miserably prosaic lines, beginning, 'The Law commands, and makes us know,' in which he attempts to set forth the difference between the Law and the Gospel. The hymn on the Word of GOD, 'The table of my heart prepare,' by Charles Wesley, is rather adapted for the private use of the ministry, than for singing in church. In the Wesleyan Hymn-books, the two first stanzas are omitted, and it begins, 'When quiet in my house I sit.' 'Inspirer of the ancient seers,' is more suitable for public use, but is not quite equal to its author's average excellence. 'Precious Bible! what a treasure!' by John Newton, cannot be very highly commended. Of James Montgomery's hymns on the Word of GOD, the following is perhaps the best, in spite of the weak stanza with which it begins:—

'The Word of GOD, the Word of truth,
Instruct our childhood, guide our youth,
Uphold us through life's middle stage,
And be our comfort in old age!

'Twas by that Word the heavens were made,
By it the earth's foundations laid;
All things that are on it depend,
Their source and stay, their rule and end.

By it JEHOVAH gave His Law,
Midst sights of terror, sounds of awe;
By it the holy men of old
A better covenant foretold.

CHRIST JESUS came, Himself "The Word,"
His Voice the powers of nature heard,
In servant's form, they knew His Call,
The SON of GOD, the LORD of all.

The Word of Mercy which He brought,
The Word of Wisdom which He taught,
His Word of Grace, so full, so free,
Our hope, our joy, our portion be.

That Word, if early doomed to death,
Revive us at our latest breath,
And when our souls in judgment stand,
Decree our place at God's Right Hand!

'Words of Eternal Life to me,' 'Thy Word, Almighty Lord,' and 'Behold the Book whose leaves display,' are other hymns by the same author upon the Word of God. 'LORD, Thy Word abideth,' is by Sir H. W. Baker. 'His Light my Guide! His Law my Rule!' and 'The broken contrite heart oppressed,' are by Dr. Monsell.

It remains to notice some of the hymns for various occasions which have accidentally been unnoticed hitherto. 'Now that the daylight fills the sky,' is Dr. Neale's translation from a Roman and Sarum Breviary Hymn.¹ The compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have considerably altered his version. A similar account may be given of the hymns for the sixth and ninth hours, beginning, 'O God of Truth, O LORD of Might,'² and 'O God, of all the Strength and Power,'³ though Dr. Neale's share in the translation of these is much smaller. A correspondent has pointed out that Archbishop Whately's additional verse to Heber's Evening Hymn, 'God, Who madest earth and heaven,' must have been suggested by the Compline Antiphon:—

'Salva nos, DOMINE, vigilantes, custodi nos dormientes, ut vigilemus in CHRISTO et requiescamus in pace.'

'Again the LORD's Own Day is here,' is altered from 'The Sunday Morn again is here,' Dr. Neale's translation from a rhymed mediæval hymn of singularly rugged and uncouth structure.⁴ 'Creator of the starry height,'⁵ and 'O Heavenly WORD, Eternal Light,'⁶ are translations by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern of two Sarum and Roman Breviary hymns for Advent. The following translation from one of the hymns in the Paris Breviary for the week after Epiphany⁷ is by Dr. Neale, and is now printed for the first time:—

'Lo! crowds of mourners press
To shew their evil deeds,
Where in Judæa's wilderness
The LORD's Forerunner pleads.

The LAMB of GOD draws nigh;
The Holy 'midst the impure;

¹ 'Jam lucis orto sidere,' written by S. Ambrose.

² Rector potens, verax DEUS.

³ Rerum DEUS tenax Vigor.

⁴ En Dies est Dominica.

⁵ Conditor alme siderum.

⁶ 'VERBUM Supernum prodiens
A PATRE olim exiens.'

It must not be confounded with S. Thomas Aquinas's Eucharistic Hymn, which borrows its first line.

⁷ Clamantis ecce vox sonans.

The LAMB of GOD, so soon to die
Our pardon to assure.

Beneath that fleshly veil
The Baptist knows his Sun:
How can he dare, or what avail
To cleanse the Holy One?

O Baptist, 'tis thy part
To cleanse alone the flesh;
He sends His SPIRIT on the heart
To hallow it afresh.'

The Doxology has been left untranslated in Dr. Neale's *MS.* The original hymn is by Nicholas Tournay. 'What star is this with beams so bright,' is John Chandler's translation from a hymn by Charles Coffin in the same Breviary.¹ The Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have dealt somewhat freely with his version, as they have also in the case of 'How blest were they who walked in Love,'² and 'Angels, lament; behold, your God,'³ both written by Coffin. Mr. Sedgwick believes that he has traced the hymn imitated from 'Victimæ Paschali laudes,' in 'CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,' to a Miss Jane E. Leeson, concerning whom he cannot discover anything further. 'Come, see the place where JESUS lay,' (the first line of a hymn by the Rev. A. T. Russell,) has been given in Hymns Ancient and Modern instead of 'He's gone; see where His Body lay,' the line with which Thomas Kelly's hymn there inserted originally began. Perhaps the only hymn of Sir H. Baker that can be regarded as in any sense a failure is that which he has adapted to the tune of a German Litany,⁴ from which indeed the words of its first verse are imitated. It begins, 'GOD the FATHER, from Thy Throne.' One of the most spirited renderings by Sir H. Baker and his co-compilers, 'Ruler of the hosts of light,' borrows its first six lines from Chandler. It is from the Paris Breviary, but the authorship of the original⁵ is unknown. Among the hymns for the Circumcision (also appropriate for the Name of JESUS) should have been mentioned 'Conquering kings their titles take,' altered from 'Tis for conquering kings to gain,' J. Chandler's translation from an anonymous hymn⁶ in the Paris Breviary. A favourite hymn in Germany for these festivals,⁷ is that which Dr. Neale has translated 'To the Name that brings Salvation,' and which the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have adapted in 'To the Name of our Salvation.' 'Let every heart exulting beat,' is a translation from a Sarum Breviary Hymn⁸ for the Name of JESUS, by J. D. Chambers, the Recorder of Salisbury. Bishop Heber's hymn, 'Hosanna to the Living LORD,'

¹ Quæ stella sole pulchrior.

² Lugete, Pacis angeli.

³ Supreme Rector cœlitum.

⁴ Gloriosi Salvatoris.

⁵ Vos ante CHRISTI tempora.

⁶ VATER, von dem Höchsten Thron.

⁷ Victis sibi cognomina.

⁸ Exsultet cor præcordiis.

appointed for Advent Sunday by its author, might be used with equal appropriateness on Palm-Sunday. The original,¹ from which Sir H. Baker's hymn, 'JESU, grant me this, I pray,' is translated, will be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, with nothing to indicate its date, source, or authorship, nor can the learned compiler of that valuable work furnish any further particulars respecting this hymn. 'O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see,' from a Paris Breviary hymn by Coffin,² is one of Chandler's best translations, and might well be mistaken for an English original hymn. 'O let him whose sorrow' is Miss Cox's rendering from H. S. Oswald.³

'O praise our GOD to-day,' was written by Sir H. Baker for the use of Friendly Societies. 'Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures,' is taken from *two* sequences of Adam of S. Victor by Mr. Robert Campbell, the chief compiler of the St. Andrews' Hymnal.⁴ His third stanza runs as follows:—

' Here our hearts inebriated,
More and more shall be translated
Earth's temptations far above :
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on angelic pinion,
They shall reach the Source of Love.'

The mention of the S. Andrews' Hymnal suggests the few remarks with which I must bring to an end the pleasant work of dwelling on our English Hymns. That book may be instanced as one out of several hundreds which have had their influence on, and done their work in, the improvement of English Church-song. If these articles may claim any sort of share in that great and blessed work, it would be—with all reverence be it said—that of gathering up 'the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.' For the materials of our hymnology cannot be transferred wholesale from the pages of one or two writers, they must be searched for through many volumes; and sometimes the very best are found where least expected. Often many of the authors from whom our best hymns come must have regarded their works as failures: their books have lain by forgotten and neglected for years; and doubtless, if we thought of their writings as a commercial speculation, we must confess that they had been unsuccessful. But if the true poetry and true devotion, which are the great requisites in all hymns, be there, sooner or later they will find their way into the utterances of the

¹ Dignare me, O JESU, rogo Te.

² O Quam jusat fratres, DEUS.

³ Wem in Leidenstagen.

⁴ His first stanza is from—

' Psallat chorus corde mundo
Hos attollat per quos mundo
Sonant Evangella:
Voce quorum Salus fluxit,
Nox præcessit, et illuxit
Sol illustrans omnia.'

Church. In many cases, the hymn-writer has temporarily failed through attempting the too-ambitious task of *composing* a hymnal for the Church, a work which is just as much impossible now for such writers as Dr. Neale or Dr. Wordsworth, as it was a hundred and twenty years ago to Dr. Watts or to Charles Wesley. In some few instances hymn-writers have been unnoticed because they made no sufficient effort to adapt the form of their compositions to the actual requirements of our services. Often mere fashion has for a time kept in the background hymns of the highest merit, and crowned with the highest popularity the most worthless doggrel. But in the end the practical needs of true Christian souls must be heard and satisfied, and the merely fashionable hymn-book, whether it bears for its device a Mitre or a Crucifix, is sure to be discarded.

On the compilation of hymn-books much might be said; but we must content ourselves with one brief counsel to such of our readers as may be directly or indirectly concerned therein. Let them never imagine that their work is finally done, or that any revision can fit it for more than a few years' use. I have now before me a hymn-book published in 1859, of which the editor, having with great reluctance admitted the necessity of revising his previous edition, did so, as he says in his preface, 'with a fixed resolution that this shall be final.' Yet at least one freshly-revised edition of his book has since appeared; and no book can maintain its position for any great length of time without undergoing a similar process. And the cause of this is one which should rather be a matter of thankfulness than of regret: it is that our hymnological treasures are daily increasing, with a rapidity unknown in any previous age; and that, although most of its brightest jewels have come to us from our fathers, and were contributed by hands that are now but dust, the average value of the hymns written seems steadily progressive. There is much consolation in this thought, if it can be accepted as a true indication that the Religion of our LORD and the Faith of His Church is becoming more firmly rooted and grounded in this land.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M. A.

(*Concluded.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXVIII.

THE REIGN OF THE ECORCHEURS.

1435-1440.

THE death of the Duke of Bedford left the affairs of the nation to drift without their wisest pilot. Cardinal Beaufort and the Duke of Gloucester were wasting their powers in domestic jealousies; and the young King, now sixteen years old, was tranquilly busy with his books and devotions,

a child still in gentleness and indifference to all the greater cares of state.

The Council of Regency had to find a successor for John of Bedford as Regent of France, and their choice fell upon Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, the first prince of the blood after the House of Lancaster.

The Beauforts, favoured by their uncle, the great Cardinal, pushed boldly, but John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, demanded the government of France. Apparently, his uncle assisted him, while Gloucester maintained the cause of York; and the dispute was protracted for many months, while the troops in France were left to their fate.

The Duke of Burgundy intended to be neutral, but no sooner was the Treaty of Arras signed, than the French gentlemen in his service, though not his vassals, began to fight openly in the French cause. The English Lords, Talbot, Willoughby, and Scales, in council at Paris, agreed that the Burgundian *Sieur de Lisle Adam*, the same who had gazed so insolently at Henry V., ought no longer to be entrusted with the government of Paris. They accordingly put Willoughby in his place, and dismissed him; upon which, he made his peace with Charles VII., before even returning to the Duke of Burgundy; and he was soon summoned by the inhabitants of Pontoise, who had risen against the English, and wanted him to take the command. All over Normandy the country was revolting and the towns rising on behalf of Charles; but the men-at-arms who came to occupy the country, proved as dreadful as the enemy. *Ecorcheurs*—flayers—was their popular name; they took whatever they desired, and pillaged mercilessly, torturing to death the miserable peasants whom they suspected of concealing property, and shewing all the horrible brutality that marks the later years of a long war, till at last they actually starved themselves out of the country, and when it had become a mere desert, left it to be re-occupied by the English.

Meanwhile, Gloucester had added to his foolish provocations to the Duke of Burgundy. It was at least ten years since his ill-starred marriage to Jaqueline of Hainault had been treated as null by the parties themselves; and though in 1428, a strong-minded London lady, named Stokes, had headed an indignant troop of citizens' wives, who actually went to the House of Lords, and presented a petition against the Duke for deserting his wife for the sake of the worthless Eleanor, daughter of Lord Cobham, the Lords seem to have paid no attention to them. But Gloucester had soon after declared Eleanor to be his wife; and Jaqueline, at Ghent, had married a German gentleman, called Frank of Burslem. In 1436 she died, and Gloucester had the audacity to claim her inheritance; he caused his nephew to create him Earl of Flanders, which Henry could no more do than make him Emperor of Constantinople, and began to assemble his forces to assert his claim.

Of course this outrageous conduct put an end to the neutrality of Philippe of Burgundy: he assembled his forces, and laid siege to Calais;

and about the same time the Constable de Richemont laid a plot for the recovery of Paris. Lord Willoughby occupied the city with two thousand English, but he was in great difficulties; the devastation of Normandy had cut off the supply of provisions, no money came from home, bread was dear, work was not to be had, and the people could only be ruled by terror. By the advice of his council, the Bishops of Paris, Thérouenne, and Lisieux, the citizens had been forced to take a fresh oath of fidelity to Henry VI., and to wear the red cross of England; and bands of soldiers patrolled the city, hanging or drowning whoever showed any inclination to join the French party. But these soldiers were unpaid, and half starving; and on Maundy Thursday, the 4th of April, four hundred gathered together, and went out to plunder for themselves in the country; and a few nights later, from six to eight hundred more followed them, but were met by Lisle Adam, routed and dispersed, except two hundred, who shut themselves up in the Tower of Venin, which had been left when St. Denis was destroyed. The Constable de Richemont, John of Orleans, and all the most notable champions of the French cause, joined Lisle Adam, not for the sake of these miserable plunderers, but in the hope of recovering the capital.

It had been Burgundy, not England, that the Parisians had loved and followed; and the defection of Philippe had broken the only link that held them to the foreigner. They began to meet in the markets, and say among themselves that it was ill to perish with famine, or suffer the horrors of an assault, as rebels to their rightful king; and that since they had followed Burgundy in his rebellion, they would also follow him in his return to loyalty.

Lord Willoughby was unable to send troops to disperse these meetings, and they waxed so much bolder as to listen to emissaries from Richemont, and their old governor, Lisle Adam, who promised them security from the violence of the soldiery if they would open the gates of the city.

This promise was no easy matter to keep for the leader of an army composed of the horrible ruffians called *Ecorcheurs*, who had come together almost for the purpose of slaking every evil passion in human nature on the unhappy cities they hoped to gain. Richemont was therefore obliged to keep his negotiations a profound secret, and to dispose of the worst of his followers; he appointed the next morning, the 13th of April, for the assault of the Tour du Venin, and in the night moved secretly, with Lisle Adam, and the small proportion who might be depended on, towards the Porte St. Michel; and he took care that the foremost should wear the Burgundian cross of St. Andrew, which had so long been dear to Paris.

Lord Willoughby was not ignorant that there was a conspiracy against him, but desertion had left him only fifteen hundred men, whom he kept collected at the Bastille and the Porte St. Antoine, whence he sent parties forth to patrol the streets. One of these had just begun to secure Porte St. Michel, when a citizen called out to them that the

danger lay at Porte St. Jacques. They turned back, but presently were stopped by chains drawn across the streets; and in the meantime the French had appeared, and one of the burghers had asked if the Constable were there.

He rode up, spoke courteously, and on the faith of a knight promised them general immunity; then, as the gate was locked and the English had the keys, a ladder was placed against the wall, and Lisle Adam mounting it first of all, set up the fleur-de-lys, which he had torn down seventeen years before.

The locks and bars of the gates were then broken, and the Constable, the Bastard of Orleans, and the other lords, rode in, crying, 'Peace, peace! *Vive le Roi et le Duc de Bourgogne!*' while the burghers hurried out, some with the straight cross of France, others with the saltire of Burgundy; and the Constable addressed them. 'My good friends, good King Charles thanks you, and so do I, for that you have so mildly surrendered to him the mistress-city of his realm; and if any man of any degree, present or absent, hath offended against the King, it is forgiven him.' Then without dismounting, he published with sound of trumpet, that all soldiers guilty of any violence, or even of lodging in a citizen's house against his will, should be hung.

The English sallied bravely out, but it was too late, they could only fall back again upon the Bastille, where the Constable shut them in; while on the other hand, the outer gates of the city were closed, and carefully guarded against the *écorcheurs*, who on the sound of the bells at Paris, had abandoned Venin, and rushed up to the city doors, where they were prowling round like wolves shut out of the sheepfold.

Lord Willoughby felt that it was impossible to hold out the Bastille any longer, and that all he could do was to secure a retreat to Rouen. He therefore requested the mediation of some of the Burgundian captains with whom he had served, and thus treated with De Richemont. The Constable wished to have besieged the Bastille, and made the garrison prisoners, computing that their ransom would amount to at least two hundred thousand francs, but his niggardly or necessitous master had only advanced one thousand francs for the recovery of his capital, and the speculation was too dangerous, so that he could only accept Lord Willoughby's proposal of yielding him the Bastille, on condition of departing freely with all his troops, all their property, and all who chose to follow them. The only exception was that the Bishop of Thérouenne was forced to leave the plate and vestments of his chapel to the victors. The English then marched out of Paris by Porte St. Antoine, made the circuit of the walls outside, hissed and hooted by the people, and embarked on the Seine for Rouen; and for three hundred and seventy eight years, Paris remained untrodden by the foot of an invading Englishman.

In fact, the cause of England in France was desperate. Henry the Fifth's hope of pacifying and renewing the country had failed with his

death; and with that of John of Bedford, skill, discipline, and principle, passed away; with Philippe of Burgundy, support, resources, and safety were lost; and death was fast cutting off the ablest of the generals trained in the school of Henry V. It was only the dogged pride of England that continued the vain contest. Peace could hardly have been made while the King was in his minority, but long truces might have healed the wounds of both countries, and would no doubt have been made, had any real statesman swayed our councils, or not been hampered by the dissensions between the kinsmen of Henry VI. Beaufort probably felt the hopelessness of the struggle, but Gloucester remained bent upon it, and he was as much worshipped by the populace, as the Cardinal was detested.

When they found that by their dissensions they had absolutely lost the 'mistress-city,' they bestirred themselves. The Duke of York, with the eight thousand men he had got together, hastened to cross the Channel; and the Duke of Gloucester brought an army to the relief of Calais, and sent another challenge to the Duke of Burgundy, declaring that he would either fight him there, or pursue him into Flanders. Philippe replied that he would stay where he was; but the Flemings, who had driven him into the war, were seized with a panic, broke up their camp, and fled, dragging him away, as well as the Constable de Richemont, who had come to share in the expected fight. Gloucester followed them into Flanders, but without producing any effect.

Powers were even sent to the Duke of York to make a peace with France, and offer the young King's hand in marriage to a daughter of Charles VII.; but just at that time affairs began to look brighter for England. That bold partizan of Charles, Etienne de Vignolles, called La Hire, made an attack upon Rouen in the autumn, but was driven back by the Duke of York, who recovered Fescamp, and several other revolted places.

In the Lent of the next year, 1437, Lord Talbot likewise took advantage of the severe frost and snow, to retake Pontoise. He dressed his men in white, stealthily crept over the snow by night, crossed the ditch upon the ice, and at daybreak set ladders to the wall and entered successfully, the garrison being so entirely taken by surprise, that they attempted no resistance. Gallant Talbot likewise saved Crotoy, which the Duke of Burgundy was besieging. Taking four thousand picked men with him, Talbot hurried to the rescue; crossed the Somme at Blanchetaque through water breast high, and so amazed the Burgundians, that they fled precipitately. These successes made a great difference in the face of matters; Pontoise was a centre of operations, whence the English could ravage up to the gates of Paris, and cut off all the supplies; so that when, in November, Charles VII. was persuaded to enter Paris, it was in a terrible state of destitution. Charles had never seen Paris, since as a young boy he had been saved from a Burgundian sedition by Tanneguy Duchatel; and though he was welcomed with tears

of joy, shouts of 'Noel,' pageants and mysteries at every turn, he never ceased to dislike and dread the city; and he remained there as short a time as possible, returning to Tours as soon as his keeper, the Constable, would allow him.

Never had a man so hard a task as Arthur de Richemont. He was reconquering the country, not only in spite of the English, but in spite of the King, in spite of the nobility, in spite of the army. Everybody hated the hard harsh man of iron, who had not a gracious word for anyone; but as all felt his public spirit and honourableness, everyone submitted to his dictation as preferable to that of others with more selfish ends. The Parisians found him a more terrible master than the English lords had been. Ill paid as they were, they had at least the hopes of subsidies from home; whereas Richemont had absolutely no maintenance for his men, save what he could wring out of their purses. They appealed to the King, but Charles did not care for them, and if he had cared, could have done nothing. The captains of the army, La Hire, Xaintrilles, Luxembourg, and the rest, had deadly hatreds, seldom acted in concert, and generally were at war among themselves; and the troops lived on absolute pillage of French quite as much as English. 'We must live,' they said to the unhappy burghers and farmers, whom they stripped of their last morsel; 'if we were the English, you would not make such an outcry.' In some of the cities the inhabitants killed their dogs and cats, and all other animals that could consume their scanty store, and then absolutely drove out all their poor, to beg, or perish homeless in the country; wolves roamed about openly, and even came into the streets of Paris, and carried off little children; and a dreadful pestilence was sweeping down those whom famine spared; whole households died, the young and the strong most usually, the soldiery suffered terribly, the Constable and his captains left the city, and the guard of the gates was forced to be trusted to the citizens.

The English might have retaken the city with ease, but they themselves were infected with the disease, and they had again lost their head. Richard of York had been recalled, probably by the Beaufort influence, and there was as usual a delay in sending out Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, a highly renowned and most excellent knight, a friend of Henry V., and who had been chosen by him as personal guardian to the young King. But Beauchamp was aged, and probably disheartened, and he found the pestilence making such inroads on his men, that he could attempt nothing. He died at Rouen in 1439, whether from the prevailing disease does not appear, leaving a young son and daughter.

York was after an interval sent out again; but in the meantime, an earnest attempt at pacification was made by Cardinal Beaufort, the only statesman in England, and by Isabel of Portugal, Duchess of Burgundy, one of the most discreet and highly respected ladies of France. As daughter of Philippa of Lancaster, she was niece to Beaufort; and meeting him at Gravelines, she and he arranged to obtain authority from

their several governments to hold a conference on the frontier of the English territories at Calais, and to be there joined by that twenty-five years prisoner, the Duke of Orleans, to arrange conditions of peace, which the King was now old enough to desire.

The time was fixed for the 28th of June, 1439, the Bastard of Orleans having pledged his honour that his half-brother would not try to escape if he were trusted on the Continent; and thus the gentle poet, Charles of Orleans, once more trod his native soil. Tents of great magnificence were set up on the plain between Calais and Gravelines, and thither came the stately and prudent Isabel, attended by ten great Burgundian ladies, the Bishop of Cambrai, and the Lords of Crêvecœur and Santes. The French interests were represented by Dunois, and the Lord de Beaujeu, a younger son of the Duke of Bourbon, with other nobles and prelates; and on the English side came the Cardinal of Winchester, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Essex.

There was a most affectionate meeting. The brothers of Orleans had not seen one another since the elder was a stunned broken-hearted mourner for his wife, the younger a mere boy, cherished in spite of his illegitimate birth, for his murdered father's sake, by good Duchess Valentine. Now the Duke was a grave, crushed, dreamy man of middle age; and the younger, to whom his brother now gave the county of Dunois, almost the highest among the patriotic chivalry of France. The whole of the French negociators were a younger generation, not come into public life at the time that the Duke's captivity had commenced.

Chroniclers have not said much of the conference, only the instructions on either side are extant, by which it appears that the negociations were to be conducted on the principles of hard bargaining, each side demanding a great deal more than it had any chance of obtaining, and the other side beating it down. This went on day after day till the 23rd of July, when the terms were drawn up, by which Henry VI. was to keep Calais, Guienne, and all Normandy except Mont St. Michel, and was in return to renounce the title of King of France, pay homage for these French possessions, and release his prisoners. These were no unreasonable conditions, and Beaufort agreed to them: but his absence had left the field open to Humfrey of Gloucester, whose insane pride was taken for honour by the English people; and he persuaded the King to give orders that the conference should be broken up, thus putting an end to the last chance of an honourable conclusion to the war. All the good duchess could do, was to make a truce between the Flemings and English, such as should allow the trade in wool to proceed as usual; the poor Duke of Orleans went back to his captivity, and the reign of the *Ecorcheurs* began again. The whole of northern France was the continual prey of these savages, brutalized by twenty-seven years of war, robbing from absolute want, and with neither pity nor honour. The French churches between the Seine and the Loire seldom shew architecture older than the fifteenth century. They tell the tale of the devastation caused by Henry

the Fifth's presumptuous endeavour to act the angel of wrath, and redress the ills of the world.

But these evil days were drawing to a close, and a new influence was commencing; one which has been well said to be among the phenomena of history and of human nature.

It would have seemed probable that when a man had spent thirty-six years of his life, and reigned seventeen, in the most reckless of indolent lethargies, he would have remained the same for the other moiety of life, more especially as this indifference had not been caused by the lack of stirring events, affecting him personally. Raised to the heirship of a half conquered kingdom overrun by a foreign foe, Charles VII. had seen his mightiest relative murdered before his eyes, had been disinherited as an accomplice, proclaimed king by a mere faction, crowned by the exertions of the most wonderful heroine France ever produced, coaxed by wife, mother-in-law, and mistress, bullied by the Constable, supported by an ever increasing party of patriots, all without rousing himself from his placid amusements; he seemed contented to be a puppet to be tossed about among opposite factions, and to be absolutely diverted at their rage, as if in some manner he sat outside the King of France, and laughed at him.

But in the year 1439, a new spirit seemed to awaken in him. He ceased to be heedless of his own welfare, and made real exertions with an energy no one had expected of him. Jaques Cœur, a rich merchant of Bourges, where his beautiful house has survived to be the wonder and study of antiquaries, assisted him in raising money, which instead of squandering as usual, he used in paying and freshly equipping and organizing the men-at-arms, *ecorcheurs* and *routiers* though they were, who had in the stress of famine sold their horses and their arms; he formed them into an army, and sent them to join the Constable de Richemont, together with his new master of artillery, Jean Bureau.

Meaux, the city whose weary siege had cost the life of Henry V., was in the hands of the English as dangerous to the French possessors of Paris as in French hands it had been to the English in the capital; and as the place had formerly been defended by a freebooting Bastard of Vaurus, so now a Bastard of Thian was the governor.

Henry V. had begun his siege by taking the Market of Meaux, or lower city, first; but Bureau, neglecting this, directed all his cannon upon the main citadel. The Duke of Somerset, and Lords Talbot, Scales, and Falconbridge, were collecting seven thousand men for the relief; but Bureau's cannon did their work more promptly than they had expected, the breach was stormed and the city taken, Thian made prisoner within it. The garrison of the Market offered to surrender on condition that the prisoners as well as themselves should be allowed their liberty; but by way of answer, Richemont hung De Thian, after the example of his predecessor Vaurus. The garrison on this broke off negotiations, and thus gave time to the Duke of Somerset to come up.

He threw relief into the Market, and offered battle to the French, but this Richemont was too wary to accept; and at three days end, want of supplies forced the English army back into Normandy, and the place was taken by assault on the 13th of September, 1439, having cost the French army half the time Henry V. had spent on it.

Already Charles VII. had made a second entry into Paris, where he was met by lamentable complaints from the soldiery against the Constable, who, they said, had them hung and drowned upon the slightest provocation. For the first time the King gave his mind to examine into the state of the case, and appeared to feel for the condition of the country. The common saying hitherto had been, 'that he cared no more for the war nor for his people than if he had been captive among the Saracens, and that he had so many robbers about with him, that he was called the fountain head of all the thieves in Christendom.' In truth, he had been hitherto so much in their hands, that he durst not shut his door against the meanest captain among them; but no one detested these rude insolent beings more than he did, and when he perceived that the peasantry and burghers were suffering more from them than from the English, and that the real gentry and nobility of France regarded them as a horrible scourge, which could not be kept in check even by the cruel severities of the Constable, he decided on energetic measures.

He convoked the States General, or council of the nation, to meet at Orleans in the October of 1439. It was a memorable occasion. Such assemblies had been hitherto throughout the reign rendered impossible, first by the English, and next by the *Ecorcheurs*, who so infested the roads that no one could leave home; but the English now only held a few fortresses beyond Normandy and Anjou, and as to the *Ecorcheurs*, everyone felt that it was time to make an effort against them.

The assembly was therefore very considerable, though the three princely Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Brittany, were only represented by their proxies; however, the nobles and prelates thronged thither, and the towns sent commissaries. All sat in the same great hall in their degrees, without the separation of houses, already prevailing in England, the King on his throne presiding over them.

The Chancellor of France, the Archbishop of Rheims, set before them the subjects to be deliberated on. The first was the question of peace or war; and the proposals made on either part at Gravelines were read aloud, after which, advocates were selected to argue the matter before the assembly. The Count de Vendome and the lawyer Juvenal des Ursins spoke for peace; Dunois, La Fayette, and Rabatteau for war. The decision of the assembly was in favour of peace, and it was determined to send ambassadors in the following May to endeavour to come to terms with the English.

Next came the question of the deliverance of the kingdom from the *Ecorcheurs*. Richemont reasonably represented that no army could be kept in order without pay, and it was finally decreed that there should be

a tax raised, such as should be sufficient to pay nine thousand soldiers at the rate of ten livres tournois per month. The pay was to pass through the hands of the captains, who held their authority direct from the King, and were responsible to him for the conduct of their men, whom they themselves selected, and might rule with an absolute power of life or death. In fact, this was the commencement of the whole modern system of the paid standing army, of which the officers hold commissions direct from the crown. These captains were in fact colonels of regiments, though these terms did not come into use till the Thirty Years War, two centuries later. The feudal force of the realm, consisting of the higher and lesser noblesse, was a thing apart, only called out for a limited time at their own expense by the royal summons, although many of the greater nobles would raise their vassals and come like volunteers to serve the King; and the greater number of the mercenary captains were younger sons of the lesser nobility.

The men-at-arms were strictly forbidden to plunder the peasants or burghers, the judges had authority to punish them, and in case their captains were not strong enough to put down their excesses, the country and townspeople might rise on them and give them up to justice.

These rules seem very reasonable, but they caused a vehement outcry, not merely among the *écorcheurs* themselves, but among the nobles. Dislike to the Constable, and party spirit, no doubt actuated some of the opposition, but even the honourable names of Bourbon and Alençon, Vendôme and Dunois, were found among those who haughtily declared that the King had yielded to the meaner sort, and by making soldiers and gentlemen amenable to the ignominy of being tried by law, and depriving them of their gains, he would alienate all his defenders, and lay the kingdom open to the English!

For these barbarous privileges they actually broke into open war, the War of the Praguerie it was called, because it resembled the revolt of the Hussites at Prague. That Trimouille joined them was no wonder, and they began to gather round them the most abandoned men in France, and to sack and pillage the villages. Moreover, the Dauphin Louis, now seventeen years of age, an exceedingly acute personage, very devout after the strangest fashion of devotion, and with the most crooked conscience ever owned by human creature, was flattered by their believing his father incapable of government, and hurrying from his residence at Loches, expected to be raised to the throne by them.

Their success, however, was not what they expected. The Duke of Burgundy was entreated by his cousin of Bourbon to join in this supposed maintenance of the privileges of the army and nobility; but he made sensible answer that nothing but this insurrection was wanting to complete the ruin of France, and of course no burgher or farmer had the least disposition to defend the privilege of robbery.

The King took the field, according to Richemont's advice, 'Remember King Richard of England, and beware of getting shut up in a fortress.'

Richemont and Xaintrilles, with a well disciplined army, pressed hard on them; Dunois repented and made his peace; and at last, at Moulins, they were reduced to such straits, that as the Duke of Burgundy would not let them into his dominions, they were forced to offer to submit.

Their friends who had stood faithful, exerted themselves on their behalf; Alençon first submitted, and was pardoned; and then the Dauphin and the Duke of Bourbon were coming with La Trimouille and some other lords to ask the King's pardon, when a message came to them that the two princes would be welcome, but the King gave no guarantee for the safety of the rest.

Louis at once exclaimed that he would have nothing to do with a peace that was only with the chiefs and not with their party, and the Duke of Bourbon had some difficulty in bringing him on, but his scruples yielded, and the two arriving in the King's presence, knelt down three times and asked his forgiveness.

'You are welcome, Louis,' said the King satirically; 'you have stayed away long, go and rest in your hôtel to-day, we will speak to you.'

To the Duke he spoke of having five times overlooked his rebellions, adding, 'But for our honour, and love to some whom we will not name, we should have shewn you the displeasure we feel.'

The next day, the Dauphin and the Duke interceded for La Trimouille and the rest, but Charles would only consent to let them go home unmolested without seeing them.

'Then, Monseigneur,' cried Louis, 'I must go with them, for so I promised.'

'Louis,' said the King, as quietly as ever, 'the gates are open, and if they are not wide enough for you, I will have sixteen or twenty toises of wall knocked down if you please.'

Such an answer took away all desire of vapouring—Louis stayed quietly; and the *Ecorcheurs*, being deprived of the foolish support of the gentry, were vigorously encountered wherever they began to plunder, and were given up to justice.

One of the worst and most presumptuous of all, Alexandre, Bastard of Bourbon, was caught in the fact, brought before the provost marshal, tied up in a sack and thrown into the Aube, an example that at last struck terror into the plunderers; and from that time a spirit began to arise in the French army which made many of its members in the latter part of the century models of chivalry.

From this year, 1440, though the war was not over, the reign of the *Ecorcheurs* was at an end; and the dry bones of the French monarchy ceased from its mere convulsive struggles, and really lived and grew, in proportion to the decay of the English sovereignty.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XXII.

GUEFFÈS GOES TO WAR.

MÉLOIR stopped his horse and looked at Vincent Gueffès, who did not look ashamed. Méloir was pale; the drops coursed down his forehead. 'It is as if I sold my soul to Satan!' he murmured; 'but what signifies? You shall have the hundred golden crowns, the head of the little Jeannin, and the pretty Simonette.'

'What is my pledge?'

'My faith as a knight, which I give you.'

Vincent Gueffès would perhaps have preferred something else, but he did not dare to say so.

'The honour of such an illustrious knight as you are is worth all the securities in the world.' He whipped his horse to bring him on a line with Méloir's, and went on. 'The traitor Maurever has company with him now. The people of the village joined him after your soldiers—for it really was your soldiers, Messire, I did all I could to hinder them.'

'I trust to you, Master Vincent.'

'I am a man of peace, Messire, and that made my heart bleed. I was saying, we shall find with the traitor Maurever the inhabitants of the village of St. Jean, and also his daughter Reine, who made a fool of you so cleverly the other night, when she cut the strings of your purse.'

'It was Reine?' cried Méloir.

'If she had put your own dagger to your throat, Messire, the laugh would have been on her side. I go on to tell you that we shall probably find there that slip of chivalry, Messire Aubry de Kergariou.'

'Confound him!'

'Amen, my dear Lord; therefore it is not a pack that we require, but an army.'

'An army!' said Méloir, shrugging his shoulders; 'an army to reduce two dozen peasants and some women! Are they in a fortress?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Gueffès.

'I do not think they are in the Convent of Mount St. Michael,' cried Méloir.

Gueffès shook his head sneering. 'Truly,' he said, 'if they are not there it is their own fault, for your Duke Francis is held in small esteem by the good monks. However, they are not there, only from the convent walls that overlook the town, you may see them very well.'

'They are at Tombelaine.'

'As you say, Messire; they may be seen removing the stones, and

closing the breaches. There are good arms amongst them, and good heads, my dear Lord, for their little fortress is taking form.'

'Men-at-arms,' cried Méloir, 'gallop.'

The heavy horse made a measured tread upon the sands. They thus passed the village of St. George. Gueffès, though somewhat of a jockey, was not a very first-rate rider, so he seized his horse's mane, and thus galloped by the side of Méloir. He often tried to continue the conversation, but the motion of the horse and the wind on the sands took away his breath. When the cavalcade passed the place where the poor village of St. Jean once raised its six or eight chimneys, Méloir turned his head away. Vincent Gueffès thought, All these good folks laughed at me, the children mocked; the Norman jaw-bone had teeth, and has bitten, that is all; and he looked at the spots blackened by the fire. He was a rogue without weakness, possessing no more nerves than heart. The proper place for this Master Gueffès was some way further off. Méloir's troop was now encamped in the court of the Manor of St. Jean. The men-at-arms occupied the hall in which we assisted at the triumphant supper of the first night. Things had greatly changed, although scarcely forty-eight hours had passed since that famous supper. The soldiers and the archers in the court looked dismal. Bellissan, the huntsman, rated the great hounds of Rieux for nothing. Seven or eight lances from St. Briene had arrived during the day with their attendants.

'Hola! prepare to set off,' cried Méloir, entering the court. This order would usually have made the soldiers joyous and alert; this evening they moved slowly and unwillingly. Was it the consciousness of their misdeeds of the former night? We do not dare to affirm it. Soldiers will always forgive themselves many things; but the newly arrived men-at-arms had brought news.

The hand of Heaven was upon Duke Francis of Bretagne; he was abandoned by everyone, and all were waiting with a strange sort of impatience the fatal moment fixed by the citation, for no one doubted that before forty days had expired Duke Francis would be called to appear at that dreadful tribunal, to which his brother had summoned him.

History, which often varies, had never contradicted these facts. Princes, against whom religious sentiment has declared war, are lost. Whether excommunication falling on their rebellious heads from the heights of the Vatican, or popular conscience putting itself in the place of the thunders of the Church.

On this occasion it was a voice from the tomb which had been raised, and the voice of the dead is the voice of Heaven, as the voice of the Pope is the voice of the people.

A very hot and hasty discussion had been going on in the hall where the men-at-arms were assembled, and when Méloir reached the door it ceased suddenly. Méloir had only heard a few words, but what followed was sufficient explanation. Keravel and Fontevrault got up at the same moment, as he approached.

‘Messire,’ said Keravel, ‘I am going to return to my house at Honleduc near Henbonne, with your good will.’

‘And why?’ said the knight, frowning.

‘Because my harvest is ready,’ said the brave man-at-arms, with embarrassment.

‘To the devil with your cares and your harvest, Keravel; but go where you will, you are free.’

‘Thank you, Messire.’ And Keravel bowed and turned on his heel.

‘And you, Fontevrault,’ said Méloir, ‘have you also taken a fancy to go and see your crops upon—?’

‘Messire,’ Fontevrault replied with gravity, ‘I have had an account of my wife’s illness.’

Méloir cried, ‘Well, my friend, that is the affair of the doctor.’

‘With your good leave, Messire, I am going home to my abode near Lamballe.’ He made his bow and exit.

Méloir looked askance at the remaining men-at-arms. He saw Rochemesnil rising.

‘You who have neither wife nor harvest, Rochemesnil,’ he cried, ‘I warn you that there will be a battle to-night; shame on you if you go after hearing that.’

‘If there is a battle, I stay. After the battle I go,’ answered Rochemesnil.

‘Where?’

‘Towards Guerand, where my cousin Foucher has left me some salt-works under his fine Castle of Carpèel.’

Méloir sank into the only great chair in the hall, muttering and swearing, which was a proof of great embarrassment.

‘Is it come to this already?’ he continued; ‘I thought we had still at least twenty days before us.’

It was only a question of weeks between him and the others: he thought for a minute; then he recovered himself and said, ‘Come, Rochemesnil, go to your salt-works left you by your cousin, Foucher de Carpèel, and the devil go with you.’

Rochemesnil did not take twice telling.

Méloir looked round at those who remained. ‘The sheep are gone,’ he cried, ‘now there are only the wolves here. Here, my sons, one last dance, and let it be a good one; afterwards we shall have a whole fortnight, if we want it, to make our peace with the new Duke, whom Heaven protect,’ he added, touching the cap which replaced the helmet conquered by Aubry de Kergariou. This part of the speech had a good effect. Pean, Corson, Coetendon, Kerbehel, Hercoat, and others, got up and said they were ready.

‘Let us begin the ball then.’

They took their arms, and did not leave one soldier at the house of St. Jean.

Bellissan was to conduct the hounds to Mount St. Michael, and keep

them under the Chapel of St. Aubert to cut off the retreat of the outlaws, if they tried to escape by flight across the sands. At night-fall the cavalcade left the house, followed by the archers and soldiers in good order. Master Gueffès was of the party, he had gained his wish, and was bringing an army to all appearance three times as strong as was needed to reduce the poor people who had taken refuge at Tombelaine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PURSUIT.—BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THEY had dined cheerfully at Tombelaine, for mirth will thrust in everywhere, even amongst outlaws, only there were so many large mouths in direct communication with so many excellent stomachs, that one repast was enough to consume almost all the provisions they had brought. The four Gothons devoured; the Mathurins were bottomless pits; as to the Josons, none but the Catiches could gormandize more than they did. The Catiches were all born in June; and Matthew Laensberg says, 'A woman born in June will have red hair, and complexion will be robust, loving good cheer, but not loving work between her repasts.' Now, who will say that Matthew Laensberg was ever in error? When the large family, formed by all the households of the village, saw the relics of the feast, they began to consider, and the result of each reflection was, There is nothing to make another. Brother Bruno, replying to the general feeling, said, 'I have known the time when fine mullet, the mullets of Plassy, were caught to the north of Tombelaine; the Abbot of Goutran, a dear lover of fish, called them surmullet; and I know a story about that, but—' stopping suddenly, 'Monsieur Hugh has forbidden my stories.'

'Tell us rather how to catch the mullet,' cried Jeannin.

'With nets, my son, it is very simple.'

'But where shall we get nets?'

'That, my son, was what I was just going to say; we have no nets, therefore we cannot take the mullet, or surmullet, in Latin, mulus, according to Abbot Goutran.'

'It is worth while to make our mouths water,' cried three Gothons; the fourth had gone to sleep, as many Gothons of our day do directly after soup.

'Ah ha,' said Brother Bruno, 'we are greedy on the Breton coast, I know that, and the history of Toinon Basselet the net-maker proves that.'

'Tell us the story of Toinon the net-maker,' cried a chorus of boys and girls.

For the first time in his life he found the value that is given by being entreated, that quality which is the only merit of many serious men, and many light songsters. Usually, when he wanted to narrate, his words were

cut short; now that he was dumb he was entreated to open his mouth. We are never too old to learn. Brother Bruno, who was a prudent man, perhaps profited by this lesson, but we cannot speak decidedly on this point.

‘I will tell you the history of Toinon the net-maker in the evenings of mid August,’ he replied. ‘And as to the mullet or surmullet, for the name does not matter, I know something that will do as well.’

‘What? What?’

‘Fried in fresh butter, with onions, parsley, and herbs, the Tombelaine rabbits make a dish for a knight.’

‘Let us hunt the rabbits,’ cried Jeannin.

Each of the four Gothons thought from the bottom of her heart, ‘I should like to eat rabbit.’ Scolastique, since she had been old enough to herd geese, had had a desire to taste rabbit. Little Jeannin had risen up, proud as Artabanus, and had placed himself astride upon the redoubt, with his cross-bow in his hand.

‘Wait, my son, wait,’ said Brother Bruno; ‘the rabbits of Tombelaine no doubt are excellent, but there have never been any on the island since the English had a garrison there.’

‘Oh, the rogues of English!’ grumbled the chorus.

‘They love game, as if they were Christians,’ replied Bruno. ‘If we wish to sup this evening, the best thing we can do is to hunt in the sand for shell-fish.’

‘It does not signify for us,’ said Jeannin, and this speech did not obtain the approbation of the Gothons; ‘but Monsieur Hugh, Mademoiselle Reine, and Simonette, must not be in want of anything.—Come, Mathurins all! cockles, cockles!’

‘Well,’ said the lay brother to himself, ‘I shall certainly tell this story. The little Jeannin, of the village of St. Jean, near the town of Dol, who wore a sheep-skin like St. John Baptist, in the year ’50—’

These details were registered in one of the thousand cabinets of his amazing memory. It was provision for the future.

The Mathurins, Bruno, and Jeannin, went out cockle-picking, and Aubry was alone with old Maurever in the dismantled tower, and close by, in a salient angle of the ancient line of the walls, Jeannin, with stones and boards washed up by the sea, had built a little hut, where Reine and Simonette were seated close together. Simon le Prioul, Fanchon, and the other emigrants, sheltered themselves as well as they could, and prepared for the night.

‘My son,’ said old Maurever to Aubry, ‘it was very distressing to me, when I saw you throw down your sword at the feet of Duke Francis—it was for the love of Reine my daughter; and I thought, Here am I, Hughes de Maurever, a Breton knight, depriving the Duke of Brittany of a good sword.’

‘My father,’ replied Aubry, ‘what I did that day will be done tomorrow by all the nobles of the duchy.’

Maurever bent his white head. 'Then may I be spared the chastisement that perhaps I have deserved.'

And as Aubry looked surprised, he continued—

'I thought I was doing my duty, but a man's crime is between himself and his Maker; it does not alter the rights of our Suzerain the Duke, to whom our lives belong. I did wrong, my son, Aubry, I did wrong,' and he smote his breast. 'I should have remained upon my knees on the flag-stones of the choir, and held out my hand for the fetters. Instead of that, traitor that I was, I took flight because I guessed at the sweet face of my daughter beneath her mourning veil, and I wished to embrace her once more.'

'You a traitor!' cried Aubry; 'you, the loyal—'

'Hush, my son, hush! do not blaspheme. Yes, I am a traitor, and Heaven has punished me by giving up to the flames the dwellings of my vassals at St. Jean's. Did I not hear in my solitude, like a fatal echo—Crotroy died before Cherbourg, our great warrior; so depart the valiant Bretons, leaving their remains in the fields of Normandy. I tell you, Aubry—I tell you, the death agony of Bretagne begins in victory, like that of the Duke himself; an east wind begins to blow, it will become a tempest. France will stretch out her iron arm, and it will be said, Brittany was once a noble nation!'

Aubry did not understand; Maurever continued in increasing excitement, raising his eyes to heaven—'Cursed be the day that thou diest, O Bretagne; cursed be the hand that shall touch the gold of thy ducal crown; cursed be the Breton, who would not shed the last drop of his blood rather than say, The King of France is my king.'

'Where is this Breton?' cried Aubry.

Maurever looked at him with a melancholy expression. 'You are young, you will see it,' said he. 'A malediction came from the tomb where sleeps Monsieur Gilles; you will see it. Nantes the rich, Rennes the renowned, and Breste and Vannes, and old Pontivy, and Fougères and Vitré, will be cities of France.'

'Never!'

'Soon!' He placed his head between his hands and said no more. Aubry did not dare to question him. After some time he placed himself on his knees before the cross. When he had finished his prayer, he turned to Aubry and said, 'My son, if we two were alone I would take you by the hand, and we would go together to our Duke and offer our lives; but we are not alone, and perhaps it is better that it should be so, for blood does not wash out blood, and the spirit of revolt would increase around our severed heads. We shall certainly be attacked; do as your conscience directs. I, for my part, shall leave my sword in its sheath.'

'I shall defend Reine,' cried Aubry, 'though I should destroy Méloir and all his men-at-arms.'

Maurever crossed his arms upon his breast. 'So it is,' he said;

‘everyone for himself; and who knows whether it is not the condition of humanity?’

The night had now closed in, the sky was not clear as on the previous night; the high tide approached, bringing with it squalls on land and clouds in the sky. The wind was fitful, blowing up in sharp storms; the firmament was of a deep blue, scattered with stars of unusual brilliancy, but frequently concealed by black clouds, which travelled like enormous ships with all their sails spread, as they say in Brittany, they ate the stars.

Towards the east, when the horizon was visible, the great red disk of the moon was seen rising from the sea. The sea was dark and much agitated, when the moonlight was strong enough to silver the edges of the clouds. The sky too presented the appearance of a moving chaos.

Reine and Simonette were alone in their little chamber. Simonette seated at the feet of Reine, for whom a couch had been made of grass and sea-weed.

‘You love him then, my poor Simonette,’ said Reine, smiling.

‘Oh, my dear young lady, yesterday I did not know it; but when I heard he was to be hanged, my heart was broken. I used to laugh, when I looked out of my window at night and saw him always under the great apple tree at the other side of the road, and think him a queer little fellow; would you believe it? But yesterday, how I cried!’ and again her eyes filled with tears.

Reine drew her closer to her and kissed her.

‘Ah, how I cried,’ continued Simonette, laughing amid her tears. ‘I cried so that I could not see at all. I did not cry much more, noble lady, when they told us you were dead;—she raised the hand of Reine to her lips;—‘and yet I would give my life a thousand times for the love of my dear lady. You believe me, do you not?’

‘I believe it, my good Simonette.’

‘But when one does not know that one loves, and it comes all on a sudden, it seems stronger. Only think; it was to a branch of that great apple tree that they tried to hang my poor Jeannin; and if you had not come! I was saying just now to Jeannin, who has become a man since he was half hanged—I was saying to him, “If you would not let yourself be cut in pieces for our young lady, you may seek another lover.” And do you know what he answered?’

‘What did he answer?’

‘He said, “If you did not speak like that where our young lady is concerned, you might seek another lover.”’

‘Really?’

‘True, as I tell you; a young man is wonderfully changed by having a rope round his neck. And don’t you think it must give me great pleasure to see you as much in love as I am, Mademoiselle Reine?’ Reine looked abstracted; Simonette held her tongue, and looked at her with a

sort of intelligent air. Suddenly she went on, as if a new idea had struck her, 'When he came, the men and maids all said, "Oh, the handsome young lord, the fine young lord."'

Reine, slightly blushing, asked, 'Of whom are you speaking, Simonette?'

We beg to observe that she knew perfectly well of whom Simonette spoke.

'Why, of Messire Aubry,' she answered, 'with his plumed helmet and his brilliant armour; the men and maids said too, he is our young lady's betrothed—is it true?'

'It is true.'

'Oh, so much the better,' cried Simonette. 'I do so much wish to see you happy; and how much the young gentleman must love you; and what a fine sight it will be to see you at the chapel! Well, evil times will pass away, and joy will come again. Will you grant me a favour, Mademoiselle Reine?'

'A favour, my poor child,' said Reine, shaking her fair locks, 'I am not in a position to grant favours.'

'Not to-day, but to-morrow; this favour I ask is for to-morrow.'

Reine could not help smiling, there was such caressing confidence in Simonette's voice. 'Well,' she replied, with some gaiety, 'my child, we grant the favour you ask.'

Simonette covered her hands with kisses, and was as much pleased as if these gracious words had been uttered by Isabel, Duchess of Brittany.

'Thanks, dear lady, a thousand thanks; the favour I ask is not for myself, it is for my friend Jeannin, who will not gain much by becoming my husband since our house is burnt. Alas! (in another parenthesis,) who knows in all these troubles what are become of the red and the black!'

'What can I do for Jeannin, my poor Simonette?'

The young girl answered, 'When the noble Aubry is a knight, he will want followers. I know what you are going to answer. They say that Jeannin has a chicken heart. It is a lie, my noble lady; if you had but seen Jeannin when he was going to die; he thought of his old mother and of me; he prayed, as if he had been saying his daily prayer. Oh, my friend Jeannin is brave. I never shall forget the hour I passed with him. It was I who cried, he comforted me.'

'When Aubry de Kergariou is a knight,' said Reine, 'we will make little Jeannin a fine squire.'

Simonette, for all her tongue was so ready, had now no words in which to express her thanks; she was too happy.

Reine stooped and kissed her forehead; her light curls, mixed with the abundant black tresses of her vassal, made a graceful picture.

'Listen,' said Simonette, who trembled violently and rose up. She jumped upon a stone outside their chamber, and could see over the redoubt.

Reine was with her. Their cheeks, which just before had the bright

fresh colour of youth, were now equally pale; they shuddered as they saw some black objects creeping on the white sands. The moon came out between the clouds; a dark figure slowly raised itself at the foot of the redoubt.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SIEGE.

REINE and Simonette were horrified. Reine was the first to recover, and as she opened her mouth to give the alarm, an iron hand seized her shoulder. A tall man was standing by her side.

‘My father,’ said Reine.

‘Silence,’ he murmured.

The black figures continued to advance on the sands. Reine inquired where Aubry was, though she could scarcely breathe.

‘He sleeps.’

‘And the village people?’

‘They sleep.’

The man outside began to scale the wall of the redoubt; they heard him stick his dagger between the stones and mount.

‘Maiden,’ said old Maurever to Simonette, ‘go and wake your people, but make no noise.’

Simonette slipped along the wall and disappeared; she thought of poor Jeannin outside.

‘You,’ said Maurever to his daughter, ‘go and wake Aubry in the tower.’

‘You will stay alone, my Father?’

‘I shall be alone.’

‘At least draw your sword.’

‘I have vowed that I will not draw my sword.’

‘But that man outside, he comes up—up.’

‘He will descend; go, my daughter.’

Reine obeyed.

At this moment the head of the assailant appeared above the wall; he looked round within the redoubt. Dark clouds obscured the rising moon, the man-at-arms saw nothing.

He turned towards the sands, and said in a low voice, ‘Advance!’ The black objects who crept upon the sands began to move more quickly. Hugh de Maurever had long been watching them. While he had been praying, Aubry, yielding to the fatigue of three nights work, had gone to sleep. The old man on his knees before his wooden cross prolonged his prayer, for painful doubt and cruel remorse possessed him. As he prayed, he watched; his eye, accustomed to vigilance, surveyed the sands through one of the loop-holes.

For a long time he saw nothing but undefined shadow, from amongst

which arose like a giant the massive Monastery of St. Michaels. The lights had been put out one after another, at the windows and loop-holes, and the west wind had brought the sound of the curfew, like an echo. Then, for the first time, Hugh de Maurever saw at a distance by a gleam of moonlight the menacing approach of the enemy; being an old soldier, he could not mistake. Each age has its predominant fault; that of our time is certainly not an excess of chivalrous courage, but in 1450 this spirit was not quite extinct. Each warrior, in spite of the advance in the art of war, retained still that proud confidence in his individual prowess, which was the basis of ancient chivalry. Age did not allay it; it well became grey hairs. Monsieur Hugh had put his hand on his sword, but had withdrawn it because of his vow. He left the tower without waking Aubry; there were ten minutes to spare, Aubry might rest. Monsieur Hugh went round the redoubt and looked with satisfaction upon the hasty defences. He thought, This story-telling monk is a capital soldier, the blood-hounds will break their teeth against these stones.

He had come behind Reine and Simonette at the moment when they, overcome by terror, were trying to find strength to give the alarm. He was now alone, leaning close to the wall of the chamber. The man-at-arms got over the wall, and tried to find his way, while his companions mounted as he came near. Hugh de Maurever suddenly put his hand on his mouth. He would have cried out, but the hand of old Hugh was a fearful gag, and his words died in his throat. With the other hand Hugh seized him by his belt, and lifted him up like a bale of goods.

‘Now,’ said he, showing himself on the wall with his burthen, and addressing those who were climbing, ‘do you think you have to do with only sleepy old women? I have sworn not to draw my sword against my Lord Francis of Bretagne; but with such rogues as you, one does not want swords. Rubbish serves to beat you off.’

So saying, he threw the poor man-at-arms upon the heads of the assailants, who fell pell-mell at the foot of the rock.

‘Oh, the brave and worthy lord,’ cried Brother Bruno, who had just come in with a bag full of cockles. ‘Oh, the noble soldier! I shall tell this story often!’ And he went on between his teeth—‘In the year ’50, at Tombelaine, Hugh de Maurever sustained a siege with rubbish against ragamuffins, which rubbish was the ragamuffins themselves, whom Monsieur Hugh took in his fists and threw some at the heads of the others.’

The alarm had been given; all the emigrants were on the walls. The besiegers fired a few shots, and fled in disorder.

The man-at-arms, who had been used as a projectile, was carried off by his companions. Aubry knew Méloir’s voice as he said, ‘The night is long; between this and sunrise we shall be able to give them change for their money more than once.’

‘In the meantime, my good lords,’ cried Bruno, standing on the top of the wall, ‘we are going to the refectory.’

‘I know that voice,’ said Méloir, stopping. ‘Conan, a musket shot for this prater.’

A spark shone out, and there was a report from Conan’s arquebus.

‘Oh, the villain,’ cried Bruno in a rage; ‘he has made a hole in my new frock.—You, Conan,’ he went on in a loud voice, ‘do you belong to Lesnevan near Landeran?’

‘The same,’ said Conan, reloading his piece.

‘Well, we are old friends, Conan; if you come back I shall break your head.’

Second shot. Brother Bruno came down falling into the redoubt.

‘This Conan of Lesnevan was always a good shot,’ said Bruno, wiping the blood from his cheek; ‘a little more, and my ear would have been off. Here, you women, boil the shell-fish; and you men, stand sentry.’

Hugh de Maurever had gone back to his tower, refusing to take the command of the garrison, so it devolved upon Aubry. Brother Bruno constituted himself second in command, and made Jeannin his aide-de-camp—Jeannin, who had supplied the cockles for supper, and who was armed with a long fisherman’s stick, with a cow’s horn at the end. They arranged their stations. Men and women had their work appointed in case of attack, and truly all were ready. The Gothons were transformed into heroines; the Catiches burnt with ardour. Scolastique proposed a sally. About one o’clock in the morning the besiegers reappeared. This time they did not come by the sands, which were now covered by the sea, but by the interior of the island, on the side where Bruno had hastily constructed the new redoubt.

In the little fort there were but four or five cross-bow men, directed by Julian le Prioul, and Simon fought in this section. Reine, Simonette, and Fanchon, alone were not required to work; but Simonette was oftener on the walls than in the hut, for she liked to watch Jeannin at work. Jeannin kept close to Brother Bruno, just in the face of the enemy.

He had his lance, pointed with the cow’s horn, and never once dropped his glance.

Méloir, being now certain that he could not surprise the place, approached openly. His archers and arquebusiers began to fire when they were advanced to fifty paces from the walls.

‘Bend down your heads,’ cried Brother Bruno; ‘the bolts and balls will not hurt the stones.’ But this was no time for joking.

Méloir and his men rushed furiously at the walls; they were good soldiers, used to knocks, and risking their lives willingly.

There was a dreadful *melée*. Aubry de Kergariou and Bruno alone, fighting like devils, prevented the place from being taken at the first assault. According to Simonette, indeed, who afterwards often told the story of this memorable battle, Jeannin also contributed much to the safety of the citadel.

But, O Muse, how will you relate the surprising exploits of the four Mathurins, who that night covered themselves with immortal glory.

Gothon Lecerf, the eldest of the Gothons, she who was the most sandy haired, and had the greatest number of warts upon her hands, dishonoured her sex, and the place of her birth, from the commencement of the action, for she deserted her post, seized with alarm on seeing by moonlight, Master Vincent Gueffès' yellow face trying to introduce itself into the citadel by the rear.

There was no one on that side, and Gueffès was accompanied by four or five soldiers, whom he had enlisted for the enterprise. Gothon Lecerf, pale and trembling, came for refuge to the place where Reine de Maurever, Fanchon, and Simonette were. The two last went bravely to meet the enemy. The kettle in which the shell-fish had been boiled was still on the fire. Fanchon and her daughter each took a handle of it, and Master Vincent Gueffès was well warmed. This man, so clever and crafty, received the contents of the kettle upon his skull just as he was rejoicing in the success of his stratagem; he ran away howling, and never came back. Simonette and Fanchon returned to their place in the hut, with the conscious pride of having done a spirited action.

But the Mathurins, O Muse! the four Mathurins! let us not forget the intrepid Mathurins any more than the two Josons, Pels, the Catiches, Scolastique, and the other Gothons, for no other Gothon imitated the fatal example of Gothon Lecerf, whose name, covered with infamy, shall never again be pronounced by us.

Brother Bruno had made himself a pretty club, with the spar of a fishing-boat which he had found on the sands. Every time that his club touched a man-at-arms or an archer, that archer or that man-at-arms fell.

When the assault relaxed, and the besiegers stood at the foot of the walls, Brother Bruno put down his club, and threw down large pieces of rock with Homeric vigour. By this time there were several soldiers *hors-de-combat*; but not one Mathurin, on the contrary, had yet received the smallest wound, neither had Jeannin had even a scratch, though he fully exposed himself as he wielded his lance.

'Hola, Pean, Kerbehel, Hercoat, Cöetaudon, Corson, and the rest, to the rescue, to the rescue!' Méloir was incessantly crying.

'Hola! Corson, Cöetaudon, and the rest, come and make acquaintance with Josephine.'

After the example of the most noted Paladins, he had named his weapon, and Josephine was the famous club, which he managed with wonderful ease, bare head, sleeves turned up, a smile on his lips—he was collecting materials for many a history, dating from the year '50. He struck, he talked; you never saw a man so earnest.

'Well done, little Sheepskin,' he said to Jeannin; 'we shall make something of you. It is I who say so. Ha, Mathurin, you by Mathurin, look to your left, there is a rogue climbing as a man should—on my word Mathurin has given him his due. Ah, Mathurin, the other Mathurin, Mathurin le Roux. One is bewildered by these Mathurina.

St. Michael the Archangel! They are nothing but dry figs that they throw from their cross-bows. Here is a bolt that has flattened itself against Josephine, and Josephine said not so much as halloo! Heigh ho! Conan de Lesnevin, do you remember Jaqueline Trefau, who made us an omelette at Farn, in the year '22 on Candlemas Eve?' Conan, who was mounting to the assault, struck at him with his short sword. Brother Bruno parried, seized Conan by the hair, and drew him close up to him. 'Alas! my poor Conan, how you are altered! You that used to be such a good fellow.'

'Don't kill me, Bruno,' muttered Conan.

'Kill you, my dear son? Not I. My heart is too tender; and as to Jaqueline Trefau's omelette, it wanted nothing but butter.'

He had put down Josephine, and was holding poor Conan by the arm-pits.

'Hold, hold!' he cried; 'here's Kervoz, here's Merry, all our dear companions. Merry, my friend!' and he struck him a blow with Conan, using him instead of his club.

Merry fell to the foot of the wall, three parts killed. Conan cried out lamentably.

'Here, Kervoz,' cried Bruno, again using Conan to strike him down. 'Oh, the nice fellows, how pleasant it is to meet again after long absence, for it is long since we met, my friends.' He set down Conan, who staggered like a drunken man. 'Faith,' he cried, 'you staggered like that at Jaqueline Trefau's, my poor Conan, but that was with the wine you had stolen. Jaqueline died of the ague in the year '35, and her daughter is the wife of the town trumpeter of St. Pol. Kind regards to our friends! I let you go in remembrance of the merry feats of former times.'

He turned him round like a top and threw him out.

Méloir's men said, 'It is the devil dressed like a monk.'

'Conan, are you ill?' asked Brother Bruno. His answer was a bullet in the left arm, which fell by his side.

'Well answered, my friend; but it will be your last.' So saying, he seized a great stone with his right hand; it whistled through the night air and crushed the head of the archer in his helmet.

'It is the devil, it is the devil!' repeated the frightened soldiers.

'In the year '29,' said Bruno, 'I was struck by the long sword of an English rogue who squinted. All the world knows that if you shed the blood of a squinter you become blind of an eye. Remember that, Jeannin, and give that black rogue who is mounting a prick with your lance. Well done, my child. I wanted to kill the Englishman, but not to lose an eye.—Mind yourself, Mathurin, third Mathurin.—Where was I? I would not be blind. What could I do? What would you have done, Jeannin?' Jeannin was fighting with Kerbehel, who had him round the body. Bruno gave Kerbehel a blow on the head with Josephine; he fell down stunned. Then Bruno went on, 'What would you have done, Jeannin?'

‘Do you think I wanted your help?’ cried Jeannin; ‘that black rogue was mine.’

‘I will give you another, my son. But what would you have done? I knew of a well, a quarter of a mile off. I took my man there and drowned him; he was heavy, but I saved my eyes.—Mind, mind, Mathurin, fourth Mathurin,’ he called out hastily; ‘the lazy man, he has let himself be knocked down.’ He rushed to the angle of the redoubt, where one of the peasants had been killed; eight or nine soldiers had already scaled the wall.

CHAPTER XXV.

JEANNIN HAS AN IDEA.

THE battle now became fearful; the place was forced; Brother Bruno did not speak for ten minutes, but Josephine spoke for him.

‘I salute you, Cousin Aubry,’ said Méloir, who had got into the redoubt; ‘here we are again met.’

‘Traitor and coward that you are, I challenge you to single combat.’

‘Provoke me as you will, Cousin Aubry,’ said Méloir, laughing; ‘but I have something else to do. I must see if my beautiful Reine is thinking a little of her knight.’

‘You her knight!’ cried Aubry, in a fury. ‘You lie in your throat. Defend yourself.’

And he struck at his face with his sword. But Méloir’s vizor was half closed; the sword, striking untruly against the steel, was broken by the violence of the blow.

Méloir raised his sword. ‘I must then pay my debt directly, Cousin Aubry,’ said he; but at the moment when his sword was falling upon the defenceless Aubry a white form came between the combatants. Méloir’s sword was stained with blood, but it was not Aubry’s.

‘Reine!’ cried both the adversaries. Reine sank upon her knees.

‘Aubry,’ she cried in a feeble voice, ‘I bring you my father’s sword.’

‘Reine, Reine, you are wounded!’

‘Heaven be praised if I die for you, my friend and my lord,’ she murmured.

Her head bent; she became pale and sank down. Aubry, mad with sorrow, rushed upon Méloir; at the same time Jeannin, Bruno, Julian, Simon le Prioul, and all the rest, men and women, making a great effort, rushed upon the invaders. In the darkness nothing could be distinguished but a confused compact mass, a sort of monster agitating a hundred arms.

Then came shrieks, then dying groans.

‘Steady, steady,’ cried Bruno, whose head and right arm rose two or three times above the mass. Two or three times the steel rang, broken with the weight of his blows.

He had cleared a circle round Aubry, whose good sword streamed with blood. Aubry, now disengaged, rushed upon the mass of men, who gave way, and retired towards the angle of the redoubt where they had entered.

'They are ours, they are ours!' shouted Bruno, mad with joy. 'Kill, kill!' and the people of the burnt village did not need to be excited. But at the moment when the men-at-arms and the soldiers who had entered the enclosure found themselves driven against the wall, the tall form of Monsieur Hugh de Maurever arose between them and the defenders of the place.

'Enough!' said the old knight, extending his defenceless arm.

'They have killed Mademoiselle Reine,' cried Julian, Jeannin, and the others.

'Enough!' repeated the old man, whose stern voice did not tremble.

They all stopped unwillingly; the assailants jumped over the wall, and fled with threats.

Bruno grumbled. 'In the year '50 the old Hugh de Maurever opened the trap and the wolf escaped—sad story. Jeannin, my little Sheepskin, the wolf that has been let out is gone to sharpen his teeth, and will come back to bite.'

But Jeannin and Simonette were with the fainting Reine. They carried her to the tower. Méloir's sword had pierced the skin of her shoulder, and the blood flowed down her white arm. Aubry was on his knees before her, crying like a woman. When she opened her blue eyes she gave one hand to her father, the other to her betrothed. Her smile was sweet and happy.

'May Heaven's name be blessed. He has saved all those I love.'

Her eyes closed again, and she slept while her wound was dressed.

'Come here, Sheepskin,' said Brother Bruno, 'it is my turn to have some care taken of me; my arm is slightly hurt.' And he showed an enormous wound upon his left arm. 'I have a bolt in my right thigh, and a sword-cut in my side. I pray my holy patron to have mercy on the souls of those that gave me these presents, for they are all dead. Tell the Gothons to bring me some water; they are good girls, and strike well, better than many men. As to simples and medicinal herbs, as they call them, there is not one upon the rock. Do you know the story of King Arthur, of the beautiful Helen and the giant, Sheepskin?'

'Don't talk so much, Brother Bruno,' replied Jeannin, who was cutting a shirt into strips to make bandages.

'Not talk!' cried Bruno angrily. 'Would you see me in a fever, then? Now that these rogues are gone, and that I have four or five holes in my carcase, I hope old Maurever will take off the interdict that presses upon me. Leave those rags, my friend Sheepskin, and go quickly to Monsieur Hugh, and beg him to give me leave to tell a story.'

'You will tire yourself, Brother Bruno.'

‘Hold your tongue, you young rogue. You know nothing of surgery. Talking always does good. Bring me that stone down there, that I ought to have thrown at their heads.’

Jeannin went to the stone and tried to obey, but he could not move it. Brother Bruno got up, with a tottering step he walked to the stone, and with his only free hand he threw it to the place where he meant to make a seat of it.

‘You are a fine man,’ said Jeannin in admiration.

‘Oh,’ replied Bruno, in a plaintive voice, ‘to-morrow, when I return to the convent, I shall have double punishment; but it must be owned that I have earned it,’ he added, with an inward laugh. ‘Hola, you Gothons,’ he cried suddenly, ‘will you let me die from loss of blood? Water, and a bandage, my good Christians—quick, quick.’

He turned pale, and lost his strength; the Gothons, the Mathurins, the Catiches, Scolastique, and the rest, hastened to help him, for he was decidedly the king of the plebeian part of the garrison. His wounds were washed and dressed after a fashion.

‘Now that is well,’ said he; ‘now I shall begin bravely. Oh, oh! my true friends. I have seen other kinds. Do you know the history of Eel’s head, the miller of the island of Yon, on the river Vilaine? Eel’s head was the father of nineteen children, eight sons and eleven daughters; his wife’s name was Monica, of the village of Acquá. One night he could not sleep, and he heard his mill speak. It said, rumble, rumble, rumble, as all mills do, you know, while the boulder says cluck, cluck, cluck. Eel’s head thought his mill said “go up there, go up there.” He waked his wife, and told her to listen. She listened. “What does it say?” She thought rumble, rumble, rumble, sounded like “go down there, go down there.” Now Eel’s head had had a dream that announced a great treasure, and Eel’s head owed two years rent to his landlord, who was Jean de Kerbray the stammerer, and I will tell you his history after this.’

One of the Gothons let a slight snore escape; Scolastique answered with a louder note. Three Mathurins sounded the nasal trumpet in chorus. The Josons, the Catiches, and the two other Gothons, (for of Gothon Lecerf we will never speak, she is doomed to eternal disgrace,) joined the concert.

Brother Bruno looked round with amazement at his sleeping audience; even Jeannin, with his pretty fair head on his shoulder, slept peacefully.

‘Good!’ cried Bruno angrily. ‘They will never know the end of the history of Eel’s head, that is all.’ He made a pillow of his piece of rock, and joined his bass notes to the general sleeping concert.

Of all the people assembled in the little fortress of Tombelaine, there was only one who kept his eyes open. It was Monsieur Hugh, who, for the rest of the night, acted sentinel round the redoubt, unarmed, head bare, prayer on his lips. Twilight came; Mount St. Michael came first out of the darkness, offering the golden wings of the archangel to the

reflection of the coming dawn ; then the coasts of Normandy and Brittany caught the light in turn.

Then a slight vapour seemed to come up from the sea, which was retiring, and all was veiled from sight save the statue of St. Michael, which overlooked this great ocean of fog.

Hugh de Maurever was standing upright and immovable on that side of the redoubt where the wall had been scaled in the night ; there were three corpses within the walls and five outside. Hugh de Maurever thought, 'Eight Christians, eight Bretons, have met death on my account !'

When the sleepers in the fortress awakened, Monsieur Hugh said, 'I shall not pass another night here, there has been too much blood shed already. When the fog comes on, I shall go to the coast of Normandy ; who will follow me ?'

Hugh de Maurever was one of those men who is never contradicted. However, Aubry made an objection. 'If Reine is too weak for the journey ?'

'She shall be carried.'

'Good, my Lord,' said Bruno, with respect. 'You have regard to my arm and my thigh, it is charitable of you ; my arm and my thigh are of a good hard sort of stuff, in a week's time there will be no mark in them. I was just wanting to lose some blood to save me from the apoplexy that threatens me. As to going into Normandy, we are there already ; and those rogues, in drawing their swords in King Charles's territories, have given *casus belli*, as Messire Jean Couvrault our Prior would say, for he is a great politician ; but they do not care for that. Am I permitted to give a humble opinion ?'

'Speak, friend,' replied Monsieur Hugh, 'though I had rather see a warlike spirit under another garb than yours.'

'Ha ! Monseigneur, 'we must do the best we can,' murmured Brother Bruno. 'When Jean of Arc anointed the King at Reims they did not reproach her with her gown, that ever I heard. But this is my advice. The sands, in the third quarter of the moon of June, are as light as the day, and often more so. In this season, the fogs are diurnal, which means by day ; and if I were to fly, I certainly should not choose the night.'

'What time should you choose ?'

'This very hour.'

'Where do you think the enemy are ?'

'The enemy will not have left one single straggler at Tombelaine. They are either at their den at St. Jean, on the other side of the sands, or hid among the rocks round the chapel of St. Aubert, at the point of St. Michael's Mount. With my noble Lord's permission, I would add another consideration.'

'Speak, but speak quickly.'

'I can truly say that I have not the fault of chattering ; this is the consideration that I would add. They have a pack of blood-hounds,

which will do wonders after you in a light night, while everyone knows that hounds and other dogs lose three quarters of their scent in the fog.'

'I never heard of this pack,' said Monsieur Hugh.

Aubry advanced.

'My father,' he said, 'all that the brave Bruno has said is truth itself; he knows the sands better than we do, and I think we can, by favour of the fog—'

'Should the fog clear off?' objected Maurever.

Bruno got upon the wall to examine the state of the atmosphere. 'The wind is gone down, the tide is going out, the fog will remain till the flood.'

'Be it as you advise,' said Maurever; 'let us go and see my daughter.'

Aubry had not waited so long for that; before he had spoken to second the monk's advice, he had visited her. Reine was pale, but her slight wound was really no obstacle to their departure. Her father found her smiling gaily, and making preparations which did not take long.

Monsieur Hugh placed his wooden cross upon the highest point of the rock of Tombelaine; we will not say that it is there now, but the little point on the west side of the Mount is called Maurever's Cross to this day. Brother Bruno thought a little about breakfast, but it was trouble wasted, the fog thickened, and no time was to be lost.

As they were going to set out, Simonette came into the tower holding Jeannin by the hand, and her father and mother with her.

'What do you want, my good people?' asked Monsieur Hugh.

'My Lord,' answered Simon, 'you know us well, we are your faithful vassals, the Le Priouls of St. Jean; our daughter Simonette is betrothed to this youth Jeannin.'

'This is no time—' began Maurever.

'It is wonderful,' thought Brother Bruno, 'how some folks love talking.'

'I am not going to speak of the wedding, my Lord,' answered Simon; 'but young Jeannin came to tell us of a good idea he had for the safety of Mademoiselle Reine our mistress, and we have brought him, though he is not your vassal.—Speak, son Jeannin.'

Jeannin was as red as an apple.

'I assure you, my Lord,' said he, twisting his cap in his hands, 'that it is for the sake of the young lady that Méloir makes all this uproar. In the fog, who knows what may happen? I thought to myself, my hair is the colour of the young lady's, and my beard is not yet grown. I might put on the young lady's dress, and then in case of misfortune, they might take me for her.'

'And if they should kill you, my child?' said Maurever.

'Oh,' said Jeannin, smiling, 'that is very likely to happen, for it would make them very angry to be deceived, but that is nothing.'

'I tell you this Sheepskin is a jewel,' cried Bruno, with enthusiasm.

‘The young lady would be saved, that is the principal thing,’ said Jeannin.

Reine de Maurever was going to object, but a sign from Aubry stopped her.

The girls, headed by Simonette, with a tear in her eye, seized upon Reine. Jeannin went behind the wall. The next instant Reine appeared arrayed in the sheep-skin.

Jeannin had the dress of the Fairy of the Sands, and looked beautiful, said all the Gothons. He arranged the lace veil over his light hair, sent a kiss to Simonette, who laughed and cried, and was the first to leave the redoubt and enter upon the sands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FOG.

It was about seven in the morning when the sea allowed them to begin their march.

These sea-fogs are often very shallow, perhaps no more than twice the height of a man. But in general, the less it extends upward the more dense it is, and more impervious to the sight. We have shown in the beginning of this history, the Monastery of St. Michael looming like a great ship in the midst of this sea of vapour.

We have shown the fog with its round cottony waves balancing its misty ridges, and leaving the radiant sun of June gilding the summit of the Mount in all its dazzling fervour. In spring and autumn this appearance is often presented to the eyes of the amazed traveller. The country people, accustomed to the scene, give to the wonderful landscape nothing but a passing glance. They are right in giving their attention to the lower part of this ocean of fog, for this is the most terrible of all the dangers of the sands. The sea-fog is so compact as to form a sort of moving barrier round a man who walks along the sands, scarcely so transparent as ground glass. Imagine an unhappy man wandering on these pathless sands with a bandage over his eyes, and all the rays of light that pass dispersed, confused as through a triple veil of thick muslin. You can see, for the light is generally so great as to be painful to the eye, reflected by the white atoms of the fog; but this sense is useless; it is a brilliant void—a nothing, lighted up—objects escape the view, all forms vanish in this damp and misty medium. We have tried, but no comparison can give the exact truth; place your eye close to a pane of ground glass and look out in mid-day, you will be dazzled and see nothing. In the night, the little light that comes down from the skies is always enough to guide our steps; but in the fog nothing guides, and the dizzy swimming in the white down vexes and tires the eyelids. In the night, sounds are heard distinctly, and the hearing can often assist the sight.

In the fog, sound goes astray, is stifled and dumb. There is something inert and heavy, which destroys the elasticity of the air; it has something of a supernatural terror. Even courage has a feeling of being powerless, the blood congeals, strength fails. You are fascinated while you are submerged.

Those who have escaped this terrible death tell strange things. They say that the bell of the Mount gives a token of distress, strikes the ear on a sudden, and makes the dying start. It vibrates plaintively, and seems to sound from the depths of the sands. Then the bell stops; a heavy silence succeeds its mournful vibrations, then the sands become sonorous as if by enchantment, and bring the noise of the approaching sea. Oh, how fast it comes! death, death invisible is approaching—from whence? no one knows; far or near? none can tell; but it runs, it slides, it comes. Hid behind the unknown in this veiled and mysterious space, we hear it come, and come in wrath; how fast it comes! Is it not here already, this cold which freezes your feet? We know not, for the blood has mounted to the head; the fever first shivers, then burns.

And that dreary solitude, that doleful fog, is now peopled with idle visions. Hark! that is not the sea. It is Vespers sung in the beloved parish—all are there, friends, relations; there, behind that pillar, is the beloved, praying. May she be happy! has she not turned her brown head, with its dress of Normandy lace, to cast one look at her betrothed? only one, for two acts of inattention destroy one prayer. But these are not Vespers. Matheline has orange flowers on her head; are orange flowers ever worn save on the marriage-day? It is the marriage ceremony; the father with his white hair, the mother with tears of joy in her eyes, and the little saucy sister Rose with her merry eyes—you will marry one day, little sister. ‘Thanks, my friends. Yes, I am very happy; my bride is very beautiful; thanks, Pierre—thanks, René. Now to the feast! drink the health of Matheline, she blushes and hides her head in her mother’s breast. It is only once in one’s life that all these pleasant miseries are felt; only once that orange flowers are worn. Blush, young girl, blush and smile amid your tears. Oh, but the table totters and falls. Where are the joyous company, where the bride? Pierre, René, the white-haired father, the crying and laughing mother, Rose, the sister with the merry eyes? the grey silent livid fog. Help, help!’ Alas, the voice falls unheard, unheeded—it is the last hour. In the fog there are distant peals of laughter, groans answer them. The swelling sand gives out idle sighs, which seem the call of the victims of yesterday to the victims of to-day; and do you not see those pale dancers begin their mad race around you? arms entwined, hair streaming in the wind, floating corpse garments, deep and empty eye-sockets.—‘Help, help!’ No one comes. The sea rises, or rather the feet sink slowly in the quicksand.

It is seldom that anyone comes back to tell the dream of the wretches lost in the fog. Few have come back to tell what fever has invented in the awful moment.

The fugitives from St. Jean, who had passed the night at Tombelaine, should not have hesitated to fly, for it was most probable that Méloir and his soldiers would take advantage of the fog to renew the attack. The part of the rock so nobly defended by Bruno and his little army stood out above the fog, which made a belt around it. The assailants would have attacked it with every advantage, for they would have remained invisible. On the contrary, resolving to try the sands, knowing, as they did, the course of the water, and all the secrets of the shore, they had nothing to dread but the fog, and it seemed in all probability that the fog would protect them from the pursuit of their enemies. The safest route with regard to the dangers of pursuit would have been that which leads directly to Avranches and the village of Genest; but that part of the sands, furrowed by innumerable streams, tributaries of the rivers See and Hordee, has so many difficulties that persons do not willingly go that way by day-light, in the fog it would have been folly.

Jeannin, who acted as guide, conducted them towards the east of Mount St. Michael, in the direction of Ardevon, the extreme limit of Normandy.

We are obliged to confess that little Jeannin's legs were much too long for Reine's robe, and that his bold free movements did not agree with the veil that covered his light hair. But in spite of these details, he made a very respectable Fairy of the Sands, and a fairy may be allowed to have something eccentric about her person. It would not be worth while to have a charm in one's little finger, and ride upon a moon-beam, if one exactly resembled a young lady of good family.

Jeannin had beautiful curling hair, great blue eyes, and an arch smile—that was more than enough. If he had had none of these, the fog alone would have been sufficient to cover the deceit.

It was a real fog, such a fog that a man could not see his own nose, (as they say between Avranches and Cherrueix.)

Scarcely had the people who composed the caravan quitted the heights of Tombelaine to enter this immense cloud, than they lost sight of each other. They walked side by side, and each could hear his neighbour's tread and feel his breath, but from this time the eye was a useless organ. You could distinguish nothing; if you wished to see the ground you were treading on, you must kneel down, and then it was as if there was a gauze between you and it.

Brother Bruno extended his right hand, and it was lost in the fog. 'Come,' said he, 'this is good; it reminds me of an adventure of the Bailly de Carolles and his ass. They looked for each other in the fog round the stone of Bebray near Champeaux. The ass and the Bailly went seventy-eight times round the stone, till the Bailly thought of saying Hi Han!'

'Silence!' ordered Maurever.

'I hold my tongue, I hold my tongue,' replied the lay brother, 'but I am no chatterer.' Then he added, leaning towards the ear of one or other of the Mathurins, 'Guess what the ass answered.' But Mathurin was in no laughing humour.

'We are approaching the river,' said Jeannin at this moment. 'Take each other by the hand, and do not let go.'

The hands sought each other and joined as chance directed. They had only quitted the rock about ten minutes, and already the ranks were broken. They were obliged to speak in order to recognize each other.

The caravan was arranged in this manner. After Jeannin, who marched in front with his lance, headed with the cow's horn, came Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, and Aubry de Kergariou escorting Reine. Behind this party were the Le Priouls, Simon, Fanchon, Simonette, and Julian, who had the cross-bow on his shoulder. Then followed the Gothons, three of whom had conducted themselves admirably, while the weakness of the fourth must be eternally deplored. The Gothons were accompanied by Scolastique, the Charlottes, and the Catiches. The Mathurins, the Josons, &c., formed the rear guard, with Brother Bruno, who had taken that place in the hope of having an opportunity of relating some fine history. But he was disappointed; the silence was to be strictly observed.

They marched in this order for about a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time each felt water at his feet.

At the same time a dull sound was heard on the sands.

'Halt,' said Jeannin in a low voice. 'The men-at-arms!'

They stopped, and there was one moment of terrible anxiety; it was a mere chance whether they passed to the right or left of the caravan or came full upon it, without being aware. The troop remained silent and motionless. The horse came near. Soon they heard Méloir's voice saying, 'Spur on, my children, spur on; this fog is a fine chance for us, we shall take our revenge this time.'

'Excepting Reine, your lady, and the traitor Maurever, who shall be taken to Nantes with his hands and feet tied,' answered one of the men-at-arms, 'not one must remain alive at mid-day.'

Reine trembled. The women of St. Jean pressed close together; Brother Bruno snapped the fingers of his right hand and grumbled, 'This reminds me of more stories than one—but hush, there is a time for all things; when they have gone by, one may untie one's tongue.'

'Come, Bellissan,' cried Méloir, 'uncouple your hounds and send them to hunt in the fog; who knows what they may find?'

Aubry pressed the hand of Maurever, and drew his sword. Everyone thought that his last hour was come.

Bellissan answered, 'I will do as you desire, Sir Knight, but there is no scent in such weather as this, the dogs might be within ten paces of a man or a fox and never find it out.'

The cavalcade passed, and passed so near, that the little party thought

they felt the wind of their course. Bruno even affirmed that he saw the form of a cavalier slip by in the haze, but then Bruno loved talking.

They all held their breath. 'Hola,' cried Méloir, 'this is the river; we shall be at Tombelaine in ten minutes; but—' breaking off, 'I heard something.'

The cavalcade stopped suddenly at twenty paces from the fugitives. Brother Bruno caressed Josephine, his trusty club, which he had been careful not to leave at the fort.

'It is one of my hounds,' said Bellissan. 'I have only eleven in couples—ho ho, Noirot!' He was answered by a kind of groan. 'Ho, ho, ho, Noirot!' cried the huntsman again. This time there was no answer.

'If we stay here,' said Méloir, 'we shall sink in the sand; my horse's feet are already three inches below the surface. Forward!' They galloped off.

Our little party were in the same predicament as Méloir's horse. All along the sands, and especially near the course of the streams, are quicksands and moving sands, where it is dangerous to stand still. The sand sinks under the feet. The water below oozes up, from the effect of the pressure, and one sinks slowly. Nothing can give an idea of that trembling and soft substance which the Normans call *tangue*. The surface presents a considerable resistance, provided the pressure is rapid. Our mud on land, our fuller's earth, and everything that we know which holds a middle place between solid and liquid, has one character in common. The foot sinks as soon as it is placed on them.

It is not so here; the first moment the foot scarcely makes a mark, a sort of dry border of sand rises, while, where the pressure has been made, water rises and takes the place of the sand.

If the foot treads lightly, as in a swift walk, the trace is marked by a little pool, which is soon effaced, as the sand rises to its level; but if the foot remains, it sinks deeper and deeper, and faster and faster, as the immersion takes place. It is said that it takes a quarter of an hour to disappear altogether in these quicksands.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MASTER GUEFFES IS OBLIGED TO OWN THE EXISTENCE OF THE
FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

A QUARTER of an hour to disappear! It is difficult to imagine a more dreadful death struggle, for when once the legs are sunk to a certain height, the efforts of the strongest man are vain, and only serve to hasten his complete immersion. The body makes its hole slowly, slowly; the sand rises, imprisons the limbs, taking a cast of each fold of the body; the legs, the back, the head. It is said—for many things are said on this coast—that if you spread out your arms like a cross, you will stop the

submersion at the height of your arm-pits. But, the tide comes in, half a foot of sea will drown that poor head still breathing above the sands.

The noise that had stopped Méloir in his march had been also heard by the fugitives. When the cavalcade had gone some distance, Jeannin began to speak with precaution.

‘I never saw such an animal,’ said he.

‘What animal?’ Aubry asked.

‘See!’ replied Jeannin. But it was not easy to see; Aubry approached, feeling with his hands, and he placed one hand upon the still warm body of a large black and white blood-hound, which was stretched upon the sand.

‘Maitre Loys was larger and handsomer than this one,’ he said.

‘When Méloir told his huntsman to uncouple the hounds,’ replied Jeannin, ‘this one had wind of me; he made a bound and took me by the throat, growling, but I suspected something. I had my hand upon my knife, and I plunged it into his side.’

‘And you made no cry, little man,’ said Aubry, putting his hand on his shoulder. ‘It is well, you will be a fine soldier.’

Jeannin blushed with pleasure; somewhere in the fog was Simonette, and she managed to hear that.

‘Yes, yes,’ said Brother Bruno. ‘Sheepskin will make a brave soldier, no doubt, as I understand he has killed one dog; but there are eleven left, and if Monsieur Hugh will allow me to speak I am going to give some good advice.’

‘Speak,’ replied old Maurever, who did not seem to have paid much attention to these several events.

‘Speak!’ grumbled Bruno; ‘the old lord is in meditation up to his throat, and thoughts are like quicksands, one gets drowned in them—but it is not for me to judge a great lord.’

‘Well,’ said Monsieur Hugh.

‘There; now he is impatient, because I do not speak fast enough. Well, Messire,’ he replied, ‘I declare that I regard you as our chief, as much for your venerable age as for the title of knight bannaret which you bear.’

‘Incorrigible prater!’ interrupted Maurever.

‘Ah,’ cried the angry Bruno, ‘I have lived fifty-two years, and I may almost say fifty-three, come St. Matthew’s Day, for I was born three years before the century, and my teeth are sound yet, and this is the first time I ever was called prater. But never mind, I am not angry; my advice, which I give gratis, as Quentin de la Villegille, lance-bearer to the Constable, said. Méloir’s horse and foot are now at Tombelaine or near it. Well, when they find the birds have flown they will be cross, will they not? They have dogs and horses that travel faster than men. The dogs have not much scent in the fog, as the huntsman himself said; but they will put them upon our fresh track, and then—’

‘True,’ said Aubry.

‘Well, well,’ said Bruno, ‘now everyone interrupts me. I expected it.’

‘What shall we do?’ asked Maurever.

‘There, I have seen more than one hunt upon the sands. Oliver de Plugastal, Knight, Lord of Plougay, escaped from the English when they were in garrison at Tombelaine no later than the year ’42, by following the course of this river, the water running on the sand effaced the trace of his footsteps.’

‘Let us go by the river,’ said Aubry.

‘As you go down the river it is full of quicksands,’ Jeannin observed. ‘As you go up you get into the most dangerous part of the sands. If we do not hasten to the shore, the tide will rise, and we shall be exposed in the middle of the sands.’ This was so evident, that no one found an answer; even Brother Bruno scratched his ear and said nothing.

‘Let us walk backwards as fast as we can,’ said Jeannin. ‘The huntsman will put his eye close to the ground to find our track; they always do that; when the huntsman has found it, he will put his reason before the dog’s instinct, and we shall be saved.’

‘Oh, Sheepskin, Sheepskin! you will not live, you are too clever. Come, let us walk backwards.’

They followed the advice of the cockle-picker, and ten or twelve minutes passed. Maurever had again enjoined silence. At the end of this time Bruno quitted his post of rear guard, and without saying a word this time, passed all the troop to join Jeannin. If it had not been for the fog, you might have seen a troubled and grave look on the face of the lay brother, and it took a good deal to produce that.

‘Where are you, little one?’ he said, when he thought he was near Jeannin.

‘Here,’ Jeannin replied. Bruno advanced till he could take his hand.

‘Are you quite sure where we are?’

‘No,’ replied Jeannin, whose hand was cold, and he panted for breath, ‘for the last two or three minutes I have been going by chance. Where do you think we are?’

‘At the east of the Mount.’

‘I think we are at the west; the sand gets softer, the wind is west, and if we were at the other side we should scarcely feel it.’

‘True; let us turn to the left. Warn them before we turn.’

‘Turn to the left,’ Jeannin repeated in a loud voice. No answer. Jeannin trembled and grew pale. ‘Monsieur Hugh,’ he said softly at first, then repeated with all his strength. ‘Monsieur Hugh!’ Silence. His voice fell as if it had met with some inert and heavy obstacle. As they spoke they had stopped without thinking of it, and so the fugitives had passed to the right and left, and were already far away. Jeannin’s arms fell by his side.

‘Simonette and the young lady!’ he said.

‘Courage, young one,’ replied Bruno. ‘If they have one of us, it is

enough; go to the left, I will go to the right; hasten.' They rushed in the directions indicated; two minutes after it would have been impossible for them to find each other.

Just about this time Méloir and his people arrived at Tombelaine, which they had missed several times in the fog. Bruno had guessed rightly. As soon as Méloir had discovered that the fugitives had quitted their retreat, he put his blood-hounds on their track and began to hunt eagerly. 'By my patron,' he said, 'I like it better so; we shall catch them like hares in the plain. Pean, Kerbehel, Hercoat, Corson, Cöetandon, followed by the archers and soldiers on foot, threw themselves on the track. Bellissan, the huntsman, holding his best hound in leash, led the way. The fog continued as intense as ever. The men-at-arms on their horses could not see the soil, but each held a blood-hound by its leash, and they went in a straight line as if it had been fine sunshine.

The dogs stopped on the bank of the river that runs between Mount St. Michael and Tombelaine. Bellissan was not a man to be baffled by such a trifle; he passed the water and found the traces again, as if he was hunting a stag or a boar; then he patted his hound gently, and said, 'Go, Merlin.' The dog threw off with a low sound, and the chase was renewed; but a new kind of obstacle soon presented itself; we do not speak of the backward steps that would have perhaps deceived man, but dogs trust to the scent without reasoning, and so, happy creatures, they make no mistakes.

The obstacle which now occurred was the divergence of the tracks, first by Jeannin, then by Bruno, and afterwards by the whole caravan.

The dogs sought, snuffing the wind, sneezing, scenting, expecting the indication, true or false, that man gives where their instinct is at fault. But here, the men were more puzzled than the dogs; they all dismounted, stooped to the sand to see it nearer; they did their best, but it was no good.

The fog seemed to laugh at their efforts. Master Vincent Gueffès—for he was of the party—Master Vincent Gueffès was the first to get up again, his nose was all bedaubed with sand, so near the ground had he approached with his winking grey eyes. 'My opinion is that they have separated into three divisions,' said he, 'by accident or design.'

'Well?' asked Méloir.

'Well, my good Lord. It is said that Le Sire d'Estouville has had orders from the King of France to oppose all pursuit on the French territory.'

'Who says that?'

'Well-informed people, my dear Lord. Old Maurever is cunning. He will have gone to the left of the Mount, to put himself as soon as possible under French protection.'

'Oh, oh,' cried Bellissan, 'the greater part of the band went to the right of Mount St. Michael. Hie, dogs, hie.'

Master Vincent Gueffès might have been right, but Bellissan's hound

carried off all the others, and Master Gueffès remained alone. He stopped for a moment undecided, but on the sands in a fog there is no time for reflection. When he recollected himself he tried to follow Méloir's troop, but it was too late, no sound reached his ear. He turned round to reconnoitre, but this was very imprudent; no one should turn himself on the sands in a fog unless he has a compass in his pocket, for one entirely loses the sense of the direction, and nothing will restore it. There is no exterior object to serve as a guide. The people of the country lost in a fog find their way, when reduced to extremity, by the inclination of the little ridges of sand left by the tide, for they have observed that these ridges rise to a sharp edge on the land side, and towards the sea they slope down so gently as to be almost insensible. But besides that this rule is far from universal, there are only certain parts where the sand is pure enough to form ridges. Marl, which is found almost everywhere on the shore, resists the wave, and keeps its form. Master Gueffès was just in the place where there were no little waves. He stooped to examine the foot-marks. They were all mingled, and each one had become a round hole in the sand filled with water, and soon to be effaced. Master Gueffès was just like a man playing at Blind-man's-buff. His prevailing vice was not courage; he was frightened, and he began to run, taking by chance one of the lines which parted off from the spot where the two companies of fugitives first, and afterwards Méloir's men-at-arms, had successively stopped. Oh, the poor Norman! if he had known what he was to find at the end, he would not have run so fast.

It is notorious that the Fairy of the Sands does not love unbelievers. It is well known that the Fairy of the Sands does not object to strangle in a corner those that she does not love; that is the way of all fairies, Breton fairies especially. Now the Fairy of the Sands glides in a fog as well as by night.

The track which Master Vincent Gueffès followed happened to be that of little Jeannin. As he went on, he took courage, and said to himself, 'A hundred crowns and Simonette, to say nothing of the little rogue, the cockle-picker, who shall be hung in earnest this time. Méloir has promised me all that; let us be doing, it is near breakfast time. If I find the Mount, I shall take off my cap and eat the good monks' soup.'

Just then a sober vibrating sound pierced through the fog. Master Vincent shouted for joy. It was the bell of the Monastery, and he was not a hundred paces from the Mount. 'Well done, well done,' said he, rubbing his hands. 'Jeannin hung, Simonette my wife, and a hundred crowns of gold.'

An undefined form passed so close as almost to touch him. He could not be mistaken; it was a woman's dress; a prudent man may avoid a man, but a woman— Master Gueffès became brave all at once, and rushed forward.

It might be Simonette, it might be Reine, either would be a prize.

He took twenty steps, and the fog opened! The black rock of St. Michael's was before him.

It was beyond the city walls, in a wild and gloomy spot, overhung by the buttresses of the Monastery.

Under their foundations, amongst the enormous rocks, there was a woman! The form that Master Vincent Gueffès had seen in the fog. Well caught, well caught! Master Vincent Gueffès knew the dress of Reine de Maurever, and under her veil he saw the curls of fair hair glistening in the sunshine. He advanced like a serpent.

On the other side of the rocks there were some poor fishermen drying their nets. They had recognized the Fairy of the Sands, for they had often seen her on the sands by night since Monsieur Hugh had been in concealment at Tombelaine. They said to each other, 'Now the Norman Gueffès is going to attack the Fairy.' 'Sorcerer against sprite, let us see the battle.'

It appears that fairies are stronger than Normans. At the beginning of the fight Master Gueffès must have lost his senses, for they heard him cry, 'Jeannin, little Jeannin, mercy, mercy!'

What had the little cockle-picker of the Quatre Salines to do with it?

However, the Fairy took Gueffès by the throat and drew him into the fog. The unhappy man struggled till both disappeared in the mist. When it cleared off at mid-day, the fishermen found Master Vincent Gueffès stretched on the sands, strangled by the Fairy. One must be cautious; it was known that Master Gueffès, when he had his feet in the ashes, and the cider at his elbow, talked too much at his ease of the Fairy of the Sands. One must be cautious: silence is safest; but if you do speak of her call her the good fairy, or never venture on the sands.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAITRE LOYS COMES BACK.

WE have scarcely time to shed a tear over the unhappy fate of Vincent Gueffès, Norman.

He was a jockey, like his countrymen; he had a memorable jaw, he never said yes or no. He was somewhat of an eclectic philosopher, though that gay science was not then invented. Like other philosophers, he was a pagan; he was, moreover, somewhat of a thief.

In quitting him for ever, we love to scatter flowers on the tomb of a man so much in advance of his age, throwing off the foolish prejudices under which his era stagnated.

This said—farewell, Vincent Gueffès.

At two or three different times, Méloir and his men-at-arms were obliged to stop in consequence of obstacles, like those we have before described, and which caused the much regretted decease of Master

Vincent Gueffès. Two or three times the party had divided, either by design or chance. According to appearance, the emigrants from St. Jean and Monsieur Hugh had tried to keep together till something parted them. Perhaps they were lost in the fog, and were looking for each other. But the proverb about looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, is too weak to express the folly of running after a man in this dense opacity.

Méloir and his troop had their blood-hounds ; still they found nothing. Nevertheless, they continued the pursuit. Henceforth Méloir could not draw back.

Méloir had passed half his life in fighting : he was a brave soldier, but that was all. Men of that description become bad suddenly, because their good conduct is not the result of principle. If chance favours them, they may run a very honourable career in the right road, because they are essentially neither good nor bad. But because they are not essentially good, and that they have no motive but self-interest, you see them slip downwards as soon as they embark upon an easy slope. If they are in mud up to the waist they cry out. Mud has been calumniated, mud is a good bed. I came on purpose into the mud. O rare mud ! Dogs turn when they have gone upon a wrong scent, men never.

In the time of the Druids, there was in Armorica a fool, who put a gourd at the end of a pike, and prostrated himself before this august emblem, saying, 'This is the sun.' The Druids, who did not understand fun, invited the fool to return to the worship of Belanus ; the fool would not, so they put him upon a pile of burning faggots : he died like a hero, exclaiming, 'Impostors, you may kill my body, but my gourd was really the sun.'

Méloir one day perceived that his hair was getting grey. He said to himself, 'I want a house, a wife, vassals, &c. ;' and he had explained triumphantly by himself to Aubry de Kergariou the means he employed. 'Terror—at first it was nothing but a bugbear ; the carbine of the Spanish beggar, with neither powder nor ball. But now Méloir had loaded his piece up to the mouth ; he was even desirous of murder : so much worse had he become. So fine and irresistible a thing is logic. State the premises, and the devil will find the consequence.

Having resolved to revenge himself upon Aubry, to get rid of old Maurever, and to marry Reine at all hazards, time pressed. Méloir felt that the political earth trembled under his feet : his zeal, which was agreeable to the reigning prince, might conduct him to death to-morrow.

But in 1450, as in our days, practical minds knew the value of a fact accomplished. What is done cannot be undone, says the odious proverb ; and you may believe that in a dozen proverbs there are eleven abominable ones ; just as in a hundred almanacks, those gospels of the ignorant, there are ninety-nine gross follies.

Méloir thought, 'If I make haste, all will be over before the death

of Francis. I shall be in possession of the heiress and the inheritance; they will show their teeth perhaps, but they will not bite.'

'Come, Rougeot, Tarot; come, Nantois, Gregeois, Pivois, Ardois; come, Leopard and Finot;' poor Noirot was lying there on the shore; 'come, good dogs, trained to help the shipwrecked, hunt, hunt.'

They hunted well; the horses were kept at a slow trot, the soldiers ran behind. The fugitives could not long avoid this eager pursuit.

It is probable that, but for the hindrances occasioned by the hesitation of the hounds in those parts of the sands where the tracks diverged, some stragglers would already have fallen into the power of the men-at-arms.

What had happened to Monsieur Hugh de Maurever and his attendants was this. Aubry had put himself at the head of the caravan as soon as he had discovered that Jeannin was absent; he did not know his way over the sands, but he went straight forward, and that is sometimes the best way. After proceeding for an hour, the noise of the sea was so distinctly heard in front of them, that there was no doubt they had lost their way. Reine suffered from her wound; fatigue and discouragement came; and the fog did not lessen.

The troop found itself in that part of the shore, on the north-west of the Mount, where there is much marl. In retracing their steps, Aubry let his course bend towards the south. They were now not on sand; but it was soft marl that they had under their feet. To avoid this marl and the quicksands, they made many circuits; some passed to the right, others to the left; from time to time a man or a woman was lost.

Once, when Maurever called Reine, he had no answer: dreadful anguish seized upon the old man, and from that moment all was confusion; everyone sought Reine; they turned, they lost their way, the groups separated, and there was now no possibility of uniting. Hugh de Maurever was with his old vassal, Simon le Prioul, who held his wife's hand. Fanchon, poor woman! was crying bitterly, because her two children, Julian and Simonette, were not there to answer her.

Aubry walked alone, mad with grief, running without aim or object to direct him, without a guide, almost without hope, in that bright obscurity. The people of St. Jean wandered about by chance, crossing each other in the fog without knowing it; all were straggling, and Méloir's work did not prosper the better for that; the only good of the dispersion was to baffle the hunters.

After Aubry had left his companions about a quarter of an hour, he heard a slight noise behind him. He stopped, and bent his ear to the soil; his heart beat fast, but when he rose again, the ray of hope that had lighted up his forehead had disappeared. The noise he had heard was the tramp of the horse of Méloir. Aubry reflected which way he should fly, for his first desire was to live to protect Reine. The sound drew near. He could hear the voices of the men-at-arms.

‘Hola!’ said Pean, ‘what is the matter with this thief Ardois? he has broken his leash.’

‘And so has Rougeot,’ replied Coëtaudon.

‘Bellissan, your hounds are going mad.’

‘Hush,’ said the huntsman; ‘don’t you see that they have found? I can hardly hold this great devil of a dog that I bought on the road.—Gently, Reinot, rogue, gently.—Is the Chevalier Méloir there?’

‘Messire Méloir,’ several voices called out; but Méloir was elsewhere, for he made no answer.

‘That is a great pity,’ said Bellissan, ‘for I am sure we are going to find something.—Gently, Reinot, gently.’

‘Well, well,’ cried Corson, the herald; ‘Pivois drags me,—down, Pivois, down there;—he has broken the cord in my hand, and I know not where he is.’

Pivois had sprung forward with that short and plaintive bark of well bred blood-hounds, which is like the cry of the deaf and dumb. The other dogs struggled violently; two or three successively broke their cords, and went after Pivois.

Pivois was a handsome and noble beast, brought up in the noted kennel of Rieux; his colour was dark iron grey, his muzzle pointed like a poignard, muscular body, and sharp claws. In three bounds he reached Aubry.

Aubry was on a sort of tumulus, or swelling, scarcely perceptible, yet the fog was rather less opaque; there you could see the soil, you could even distinguish three feet round. At the centre of this tumulus was a post, wet and slimy, covered with sea-weed, which at high-tide indicated the shallows to the fishermen’s little boats.

Aubry placed his back against this post; he had his naked sword in his hand, for he knew that flight was useless, as soon as he had heard the conversation of the men-at-arms, and felt that the hounds had scented him.

Combat was his only resource. Very unequal combat, no doubt; but Aubry had faith in his strength; and soldiers in these old days did not despair of victory, one against ten. They cut away as best they could, while their iron fingers pressed the cross of their swords. Here there was something more terrible than man—the blood-hounds. But Aubry perceived the error of the men-at-arms, who held tight the leash of every dog, instead of slipping on the whole pack at once. He said to himself, ‘Ah, if I had only Maitre Loys with me, we should be all right. Ten dogs for Maitre Loys, ten men for me, that is our share; but poor Maitre Loys, where is he?’

A dark mass came out of the fog, Aubry felt a hot breath, and his shoulder bled under Pivois’ claws. But Pivois fell, wounded by a cut which Aubry had given with his sword shortened. ‘Fine beast,’ he said; ‘’tis a pity.’ Ardois came like an arrow over Pivois’s body; Aubry cleft his head in his bound with a back stroke.

Rougeot, magnificent animal, dark brown, with reddish mane, with two purple flames under his eyelids, rolled over his two dead companions with his throat cut.

Maitre Aubry warmed to his work. 'Will not the men come at last?' The men were coming; he could hear the dull tramp of the horses; he saw the profile of a rider, who passed on his left hand without perceiving him. As he opened his mouth to call him, for he wanted to find a sword grinding against his, a fourth hound came out of the fog, and darted upon him. Enormous, black from head to foot, beautiful as Diana's fabled hounds in their eternal chase, the Achilles of dogs! He actually bounded over Aubry's shoulder, fell on the other side, rebounded before Aubry had time to turn, and seized him by the throat.

But not to strangle him; oh no! to caress him rather, tenderly and softly, as the favourite spaniel mingles his long silky hair with the tresses of his beloved lady. He coaxed him, he kissed him, sighing with joy. Loys, Maitre Loys! the grand, the proud, the intrepid, the Achilles of dogs! as we have said. It was he that Bellissan had bought at Dinan by chance, to replace poor Ravot, dead of decline. It was Maitre Loys.

Aubry kissed his muzzle like a child, like a friend; there was a tear on his eyelid. He no longer tried to conceal himself; thank Heaven! thanks, brave Loys! Then throwing out his voice, that vibrated like a clarion in the fog: 'Here, rogues! here, cursed traitors! Méloir, Pean, Coëtaudon, Corson, if there are any others, come, come, come!'

A distant clamour answered this appeal. 'They' had passed Aubry, and he might have avoided the fight. But that was not what he wished: while he fights, who knows whether Reine may not have time to escape; a few minutes gained may ensure her safety; and besides, with Maitre Loys, he thought himself sure of victory.

The horses' feet drew near. Loys placed himself by his master's side, his legs well knit, his muzzle in the sand. The name of Reine once came to Aubry's lips; then he seized his good sword. Brave Loys! There was a sound of weapons; the sand round the old green post became red, the strangled dogs howled, the men-at-arms blasphemed. 'Brave Loys, Maitre Loys, they are ours!'

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WONDERFUL TUBE.

It was a strange combat. Aubry on foot, it must be owned, had a great advantage over the men on horseback. Light and active, he made use of the fog as a weapon. He had left the mount, where the fog was too thin, and the men-at-arms had followed him to a bottom of wet marl, where their horses' shoes sunk at every step. To them Aubry was a

phantom, which suddenly appeared and disappeared, only to appear again.

But Aubry's sword was no phantom sword, it worked well. Pean knew it, Corson also, Kerbehel the same; for each had a deep wound.

Poor Corson grumbled, 'The buff of my jacket has become gules.'

'Raise your sword, Corson,' said Kerbehel, 'or the place where we are may be blazoned, sable, with the body of a herald couchant, carnation.'

'Accompanied by four blackguards of the same,' added Corson dolefully.

Kerbehel would have answered, but Loys, who had settled Nantois, Leopard, Tarot, and the others, sprung upon him with his bloody mouth, and mauled him cruelly; at the same time Pean fell with Aubry's sword through his throat. 'Brave Loys, Maitre Loys, they are ours!'

'This man is the devil!' cried Coetaudon, who was giving great thrusts with his lance into empty space.

'No, 'tis the dog that is the devil!' cried Kerbehel, half unhorsed.

'O comrades!' cried Corson, 'there is neither profit nor glory for us here. It is not he that we are looking for. Search for old Maurever, and leave this man, who is too much for us.'

It was good advice.

'Seek, seek!' cried Kerbehel, enchanted with this diversion. 'Seek, seek!' And the spurs were driven into the horses' sides.

Even in these early times, words were ingeniously turned as to their meanings. 'Seek,' was supposed to mean *Sauve qui peut*. But honour was preserved.

Maitre Loys made one more charge, Aubry rushed once more into the fog. Then they stretched themselves on the sand close together like brothers, breathless, exhausted, but victorious.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, the sun gained strength, and slowly dissipated the fog. A light wind from the sea proclaimed the turn of the tide; the moment approached when that great curtain which concealed the sands was to be torn away; whether it suddenly departed, like a scene shifting in a modern theatre, or whether it cleared up by slow degrees, making the gauze more and more transparent, displaying the objects one by one, and struggling to the last moment against the light, which is at last victorious.

The different troops dispersed on the sands, were now going to find each other, to see, and to fight. On the rocks, which stretched from Mount St. Michael towards Brittany, a troop of armed men were ranged in good order. There was with these troops a knight banneret, whose hawkberk bore the scutcheon, *Vair Counter Vair, or, sable*, of the Sires de Ligneville. He and his little battalion remained motionless, as if they had been ordered to guard the Mount against an impending attack.

About the same time, Corson, Coëtaudon, and the others who had rallied, a dozen soldiers, followed in the clearing fog the track of Monsieur Hugh de Maurever.

Behind the troop upon the rocks the standard of St. Michael was planted in the ground under the banner of France. A brisk wind blew away the fog from the foot of the rock, and they saw on the sands an old man surrounded by a few peasants and women. Almost at the same instant, the men-at-arms of Méloir came out of the fog, which closed again. 'Forward,' said the Sire de Ligneville, and the banner of France displayed to the sun its long silver folds.

The troop went down to the sands, and placed itself between the fugitives and the men-at-arms. 'What are you seeking in the domains of the King?' demanded Monsieur de Ligneville.

'We come by order of the Duke,' replied Corson, 'to seek Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, guilty of high treason.'

'Have you leave to pass the frontier?'

Corson answered, 'Monsieur de Ligneville, when our Lord Francis saved your monarch from the claws of the English, he passed the frontier without leave.'

Ligneville made a sign, the soldiers drew up in order of battle.

Hugh de Maurever made his way through the ranks. 'Messire,' said he, 'if these people will return home satisfied with my person, and leaving all the poor peasants of my ancient domains at full liberty, I am ready to give myself up.'

'You must pass the river Conesnon, Messire,' replied Ligneville; 'on the King's land, it is only to the King that you can give yourself up.'

Kerbehel, Corson, and Coëtaudon consulted together. 'Our chief is the Chevalier Méloir,' they said.

'I have heard of this Chevalier Méloir,' replied Monsieur de Ligneville; 'entreat him, for the honour of chivalry, not to come within reach of my lance, for Monseigneur l'Abbot of Mount St. Michael has given me orders to have him hanged.'

Old Maurever's forehead became red. 'Messire,' cried he, 'Duke Francis knighted him; I ask the meaning of this insult to the whole Duchy of Brittany.'

The soldiers of the Monastery laughed, and said, 'Here is this old knight taking part with his assassins against us.'

But Ligneville had taken the hand of Maurever, and pressed it with respect. 'If my words have displeased you, my worthy friend, I retract them willingly; but I shall not let you,' he added, smiling, 'treat these rogues with heroism; it would be casting pearls before the animals that you know of. Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, you are the King's prisoner.'

And before the old man could answer, he had been seized, and conducted to the rear.

'Hold, base marauders!' cried Ligneville harshly; 'go hence, and quickly.'

He addressed the men-at-arms of Méloir. It must be owned that

they had large and not very delicate consciences as to the choice of their work ; but they were Bretons. Ligneville had not ceased speaking, when a bolt from a cross-bow rang against the steel of his helmet. The Bretons advanced resolutely, and caused themselves to be killed or taken.

Monsieur Hugh had asked the soldiers of the Monastery if any fugitives had arrived at the Mount ; and their answers had relieved him as to the fate of his daughter, who he thought must be safe within its walls, with Aubry and the young Le Priouls. They mounted the steps. Aubry and Jeannin, the first who arrived at the Monastery, were waiting with anxiety, hoping that Reine and Simonette were with the main body of the party.

Alas ! poor Bruno ! he was very much down in the mouth ; he had re-entered the fold, and had given himself up to the Penitentiary Brother.

They had discussed the matter of discipline, and that seriously. The execution was put off on account of Bruno's broken arm. 'Brother Eustace,' he said to the penitentiary, 'this reminds me of the history of Jacob Malteste, of Cesson, near Rennes : he was very ill when he was condemned to the gallows ; they cured him first, and then they hung him.'

Happily for Bruno, the influence of the Duke of Bretagne was but slight in the Monastery at this time, and the help he had given to Monsieur Hugh de Maurever was accounted rather a work of piety, so they did not imprison him till they saw what would happen. But what a difference between Bruno handling his famous club Josephine, and Bruno threatened with the scourge ! Not that he was reduced more than was reasonable. If he had been told, 'Bruno, Brother Bruno, renounce story-telling, and you shall escape the scourge,' he would have flatly refused ; and it would even have reminded him of some anecdote, which he would have told at once, and made as long as possible.

It was he who first saw Monsieur Hugh coming up the steps ; he ran to tell Aubry, who rushed to meet the old man. 'Reine ?' said both at the same moment.

'She is not in the Monastery ?' asked the old knight.

'Do you not bring her ?' asked Aubry, in his turn.

It was a moment of agony.

Jeannin, happy Jeannin, had Simonette in his arms ; but when he heard that Mademoiselle Reine was lost, he tore himself from her. 'I go to the sands,' he said ; 'the tide is coming in ; we must hasten.'

Maurever and Aubry had their blood freezing in their veins ; the words, 'The tide is coming in,' had appalled them.

Aubry seized Jeannin's hand, and said, 'Come with me.'

But instead of going down to the sands, he ran up the stairs to the guard-room. Jeannin and Bruno followed. From the guard-room to the platform are many steps. Aubry was there in a second, and Jeannin not a foot behind. But Bruno was panting on the staircase. 'Oh,' said he, 'oh, that reminds me of the history of Master Nicolaine,

the glover, who betted that he would get up to the belfry of Coutances, while Perrin Langerie, his companion, should drink a pint of Angevin wine—ou—ou !

When he arrived on the platform, Aubry and Jeannin were looking all round on the immensity of sand, for the fog had cleared off. At the north-west was the blue line of the advancing sea ; on the sands—nothing—nothing but a dark speck, scarcely perceptible, on the other side of the Couesnon, opposite the village of St. Georges. Aubry showed it to Jeannin with his finger.

‘It is too far off, I cannot distinguish.’ He then added, ‘In ten minutes the sea will cover that black speck.’

Aubry had icy drops on his forehead.

‘Monsieur Jean Couvrault, the prior, is a man of science,’ said Bruno ; ‘he has here, in the bell-turret, a wooden tube, with glasses in it. I once put my eye to the tube, and I saw—was it magic?’ he said, crossing himself—‘I saw the women of Cancale, with their caps and their collars, as if Cancale had come close to me all at once.’

‘The man dreams,’ said Aubry, stamping with his foot.

Bruno ran to the bell-tower, and came down with a sort of hollow stick, formed of cylindrical rings, sliding into each other. Aubry put his eye to one end ; he saw clearly the cows feeding on Mount Dol ; a cry of astonishment was stifled in his breast ; he directed the tube to the dark point on the sparkling sand. This time he let the telescope fall. ‘Reine, Reine !’ he cried ; ‘Julian and Méloir !’

At the risk of breaking his head, he rushed down ; those who saw him pass the refectory and the guard-room, thought he was mad. The horse of the Sieur de Ligneville was tied up at the bottom of the steps ; he jumped on the saddle, and spurred the horse ; he was soon seen galloping on the sands, with Ligneville’s lance in his hand, and a great black blood-hound bounding before him—they went like a whirlwind.

Jeannin had said, in ten minutes that black spot will be covered by the sea. That black spot was Reine.

Bloody spurs ! speed, speed ! Reine and Méloir ! As to poor Julian, Aubry had seen through the glass Méloir’s sword plunged into his side. Poor Julian ! brave Maitre Loys !

On the platform, there was now a great crowd around Monsieur Hugh, who was on his knees on the stones, with his trembling hands raised to Heaven. They watched Aubry’s course ; would he arrive in time ?

Jeannin wondered why the knight and the lady remained still, while the tide came up so near them. He took the tube, and became pale as death. ‘They are in a quicksand !’ The knight has the sand up to his waist ; Mademoiselle Reine disappears, disappears. The bell tolled ; a voice called from the upper gallery : ‘Two unhappy persons are in distress on the shore ; pray for the dying.’

CHAPTER XXX.

THE QUICKSANDS.

WHEN the fog had given place to the bright rays of a June sun, the Chevalier Méloir had found himself alone near the river Couesnon, two miles from land. He did not know what had become of his escort, he was in a very bad humour, something like remorse was speaking in his conscience, for remorse is apt to be awakened by ill-success, and the Chevalier Méloir was too wise a man not to own that he had shamefully failed. Siege and hunt had been alike in their result. He thought—If you get something by selling your soul it is a bargain, but give it gratis! how the father of evil must laugh! and indeed, in this moment of fatigue and defeat, his philosophy failed, he was not very far from confessing his fault, and saying *mea culpa*. In the future he saw nothing but formidable clouds; the plan had failed—an unsuccessful crime is doubly punished. ‘It is well.’ Méloir said that in the tone of Oustes giving thanks to the gods. All, then, is not to be rose colour in the life of a brave man who hopes for tranquillity in his old age, one or two estates, some rents, and a wife of his choice—*aurea mediocritas*, in a word. And who does not deviate a little from the right line to attain such a joyful result?

Alas! there are so many rogues who succeed, that the fates were unjust to this poor Chevalier Méloir!

On a sudden, at the other side of the Couesnon he saw two peasants; he had been in despair too soon. It is true that one of these peasants had a cross-bow on his shoulder, the other wore a dress that awakened some vague memories in the mind of the Chevalier Méloir—a sheep-skin tied like a scarf, and which seemed to have seen long service. Méloir remembered the young guide with fair hair whom he had questioned in vain some days before, and whom Master Vincent Gueffès wished so much to hang.

The poor child walked with difficulty and seemed to be overcome with fatigue; he and his companion were evidently fugitives from the village of St. Jean on the Sands. Méloir thought they might give him intelligence, and ordered them to stop. The child with the sheep-skin and the peasant with the cross-bow took no heed to obey him—on the contrary, they walked faster.

Méloir chose a place where the Couesnon spread itself on the sands, where there are the safest fords; he spurred his horse—the boy and his companion seemed to consult, the first seemed overpowered with fatigue, they stopped—the peasant bent his bow and placed himself before the boy.

‘What the devil does that mean?’ growled Méloir; then added aloud,

‘Good people, I will do you no harm.’ A steel bolt struck the horse on his forehead; he rose on his hind feet, and fell backward dead.

‘Now let us fly,’ said Julian le Prioul; ‘his arms encumber him, he will not overtake us.’

Oh, certainly without her wound Reine de Maurever—who once so long baffled Jeannin’s pursuit—Reine would have easily escaped Méloir; but she was in pain, she was overcome. She tried to follow Julian, she could not, she sank on the sand.

Méloir, exasperated, cried out, ‘Ten such as you would not make up for my horse;’ with a spring he advanced upon Julian with his sword drawn.

That was the moment when Aubry de Kergariou put his eye to the experimental telescope made by Messer Jean Couvrault, prior of the monks, and lover of science.

Julian awaited the stroke with firmness, and wounded him by a second bolt from his cross-bow. But he had only his short knife against Méloir’s sword, he was thrown down at the first encounter.

‘Adieu, Mademoiselle Reine,’ he said as he was dying. ‘May Heaven protect you. I did what I could.’

‘Reine,’ cried Méloir, amazed; but he looked at the pretended boy, and recognized the daughter of Maurever. ‘Oh, ho!’ he cried, ‘this is why the rustic attempted to resist a knight.’ He made a courteous bow, and said, ‘Lady, you have only changed servants.’

This was the moment when Aubry came down upon the sands mounted upon the Sire de Ligneville’s horse, Maitre Loys flew at full speed over the sand; towards the north-west the blue line also advanced—the sea rose rapidly.

Méloir came to Reine and tried to raise her; though he was not aware of all the dangers of the sands, he could not fail to hear and see the advancing tide. Reine was almost fainting. In his efforts to place her on her feet he did not, at first, perceive that he was sinking; he was heavily armed, and, when he became aware of it, the wet sand was touching the clasps of his knee-pieces. He left Reine and tried to disengage himself, but all his efforts, as it almost always happens, only served to deepen the hole that was to be his grave. He found the sand above his knees, and he became livid.

‘Must I die here?’ he thought aloud. Reine heard him, and recovered with the shock. She had not made much impression on the sand, because by lying down she had occupied a larger surface. It would have cost her only one effort to rise and run away, for her feet were not imprisoned, as the knight’s were, in the soft and heavy sand.

The thought of Aubry, which before had overwhelmed her, now gave her new courage; a glance at Méloir convinced her that he was visibly sinking; she murmured, ‘I cannot save him,’ and her white hand was pressed upon the sand to assist her in rising—but another hand, an iron hand, closed upon it.

Méloir had a ghastly smile upon his lips: ‘Reine de Maurever,’ said

he, 'I have sworn that you should be my wife; this is our nuptial couch.'

Reine gave one cry of horror.

This was the moment when from the highest gallery, the voice was heard on the terrace of the Monastery—'Pray for the dying.' All those on the terrace knelt; the bell tolled a knell. Old Maurever, paler than the dead, with firm voice and tearless eyes joined the monks in prayer. Jeannin, Simonette, Prioul, and the other vassals, wept in silence; in the north-west the long blue line advanced, sparkling in the sun's rays. Aubry's horse went like the wind, always preceded by Maitre Loys, the great black bloodhound.

Knight or sea, life or death, which would arrive first?

Reine had uttered but one cry, then her fair head had been raised and her blue eyes turned towards heaven. She prayed: she prayed for her father and Aubry before she prayed for herself. Méloir glared at her with the eyes of a demon. The sand had reached his waist. Once the wind brought from far the sound of the bell of St. Michael's. Méloir smiled; Reine turned away her head, and looked at the distant coast, where a slight rising of the ground shewed where stood the House of St. Jean hid behind the trees. There her happy childhood had been spent, there she had first seen Aubry. Alas! for the visions of her youth!

'Damsel, you are thinking of him,' said Méloir, trying to jest, but with his teeth chattering.

'Think of Heaven,' she replied, serene and calm in the face of death.

The low sound of the advancing waves was now heard, the sand was up to Méloir's breast, but still his iron hand grasped her arm.

Suddenly he turned his head. Maitre Loys was bounding along the bed of the Couesnon, which was already filled with the sea, and Aubry was close behind Maitre Loys.

'Aubry—Aubry—help!' cried Reine. Méloir, with a desperate effort, tried to draw her towards him; his haggard eyes betrayed his design again to grasp the vengeance that had escaped him, and leave a corpse to him who had come to save his betrothed.

'Help, Aubry!' she cried, feeling herself drawn in spite of her resistance, as Méloir murmured, with his face convulsed, 'I shall not die alone.'

Just as his other hand was touching her throat, Aubry came up more swiftly than an arrow—his lance had divided Méloir's throat; he blasphemed and let go his hold. The sand covered the wound, his head alone remained above, and the sea already wetted the garments of Reine as she began to sink.

Aubry leaped upon the sand, having laid his lance down to make his footing secure.

'You will not have time,' cried Méloir, smiling at the wave that bathed his face, that face of a reprobate!

As soon as the horse had felt the water at his feet, he had tossed up

his head, breathing hard, and trying to find out in which direction to fly. Aubry was almost in despair, for the imagination cannot paint a danger more terrible and more near than that which beset him on all sides. If the horse ran away, Reine was lost! Aubry left her, seized the bridle, and put it into the mouth of Maitre Loys, commanding him not to move. The excited horse made a bound. 'Off, off!' cried Méloir's suffocating dying voice, but Maitre Loys kept fast hold of the bridle. The wave covered Méloir's head. Aubry held Reine in his arms, and leaped into the saddle with his precious load; and Maitre Loys, mad with joy, bounded into the advancing sea. 'Speed, speed!' cried Aubry, and the water splashed under the good horse's feet. The last breath of the Chevalier Méloir made a bubble on the water, the bubble burst—all was over.

Reine smiled in the arms of her betrothed, and was thankful; two blessings—saved—saved by Aubry—two unspeakable blessings!

On the terrace of St. Michael's Mount Monsieur Hugh de Maurever was also pouring out his thanksgivings; for, by means of the wonderful telescope, he had witnessed the distant scene that we have described. Not with his own eyes, for his tears had blinded him; but by the eyes of Jeannin, who had possessed himself of the tube of Messer Jean Couvrault, and would not have given it up to the King of France in person.

Jeannin had told all the chances of the race and of the struggle; when the dying fingers of the reprobate had touched the throat of poor Reine, he was near falling backwards; but, Aubry's lance! oh, the good stroke! and the black blood-hound that held the bridle in his mouth! that was a dog! Then Brother Bruno was saying to himself, 'In the year '50 the blood-hound of Messire Aubry, more sagacious than many Christians—' one more history added to the abundant stores of his memory.

As Jeannin spoke, all listened open mouthed. There was a long cry of joy when Reine and Aubry were on the horse; but Jeannin stamped with excitement, for there was still an enemy to resist—the sea!

'Oh,' he cried, as if Aubry could hear him, 'to the right, to the right! in front of you is the channel of Courtils; ah, the dog has found out, they turn to the right.—Come,' said he, addressing the spectators, 'pray that they may get by the quicksand of Haut Moné—an Ave! but there is not time! Oh, the clever dog! he has led them right, as if he had been a cockle-picker all his life! Now they are out of reach of the waves; if they can but get round the pool of Arquil they are safe! No, the wave overtakes them again! Spur, Messire Aubry, spur, spur!' He wiped the dew from his forehead.

'Well, child?' whispered Maurever, scarcely breathing.

It was an instant before Jeannin answered, then he quitted the telescope to cut capers on the terrace like a madman.

'The pool is passed. Oh, the clever dog! now you may go to church and give thanks.'

Half an hour after, Reine was in her father's arms, Jeannin ardently embraced Maitre Loys, and they swore an eternal friendship.

‘Now all is well so far,’ said Brother Bruno; ‘everyone has his desire but me.’

‘What is your desire?’ said Monsieur Hugh, with his lips still on Reine’s forehead; ‘you are a brave man.’

‘I am only a poor monk, Messire; and that reminds me of what happened to Dominnean the baker at Vieuxbourg, when he was singing to his wife Frances Horaine, cousin to little Tinnot of the burnt farm, who had eyes cross-wise like Barabas; he sang—don’t be angry, Messire, I remember that you do not love stories, and I will not tell you what Dominnean sang to his wife; only, in consideration of the silence I have kept for twenty-four hours, I pray you to intercede with Messer Jean Couvrault to let me off the scourging.’

Brother Bruno obtained this favour; and, as he went up-stairs to the infirmary, he said to himself, ‘I have had some good fighting for nothing but a broken arm; by St. Michael! but it was a famous night. It would have been perfect if I could but have told a little story now and then, and that reminds me of Oliver Jenquil the hunchback of Plestin. I shall tell the story to the infirmary brother, to get my tongue into practice again.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

REPENTANCE.

ON the 18th of July, 1450, about nine in the morning, a party were travelling along the banks of the Loire on the road from Ancennis to Nantes; the weather was dull and rainy, and the noble river looked mournful without any bright reflection from the dark sky.

The party consisted of a knight, a man-at-arms, and a young damsel, with some attendants. When they reached the gate of Nantes, the guards lowered their halberts out of respect to the knight, who was very old. When they had passed, the guards said to each other, ‘Here is Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, come to take his revenge upon Duke Francis. In truth it was a favourable moment. The Duke lay dying of that strange and unknown malady by which he had been first attacked at Avranches on the evening of the day on which the funeral service for the repose and safety of the soul of Monsieur Gilles had been performed, in the church of Mount St. Michael, the 6th of June in the same year, forty days before. The court of Duke Francis had been more brilliant than that of any other Breton prince; now, according to what was said in the city, that court was surrounding Monsieur Pierre de Bretagne, his brother and successor, leaving only a few old servants by the death-bed, with his wife Isabel of Scotland and her two daughters. The ingratitude of the courtiers was overlooked by the crowd, in their awe at the justice of the Divine chastisement.

Nantes was not in those days the fine new white city, redolent of

bourgeoisie, scenting of commerce, and vastly proud of its splendid arcades, for there are twenty millions of Frenchmen who judge of a city by those vile, close, damp, unhealthy tunnels that they call arcades.

Nantes was not the city beloved of commercial travellers, because there were none. Oh, happy days! Nantes was the capital of that brave but unpolished country which kept its independence between the two hostile kingdoms, France and England. Nantes was a noble city, reflecting its Gothic gable ends in the Loire, and, unconscious of the future glories of its arcade, was proud only of being the queen of all the Breton cities.

The cavalcade proceeded in the rain, along the dark and narrow streets. Monsieur Pierre de Bretagne inhabited the Hotel de Richemont, an ancient fief of his brother Gilles; at its door were a crowd of men-at-arms and seigneurs, all, as worldly wisdom directs, worshipping the rising sun. As the party passed, they said, Here is Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, come to take his revenge upon Duke Francis, and with reason; for Duke Francis had hunted him like a wild beast, and put a price upon his head.

The city was gloomy, the dirty little brooks rolled down their muddy waters, the walls of the houses, moistened by the rain, gave a dreary aspect to the streets. The cathedral bells tolled out a low musical chime, which prolonged its monotonous and funeral vibrations; here and there, at long intervals, might be seen a poor man or a muffled up citizen venturing out on the wet pavement; but on the door steps, and under the porches, gossip went on as usual, and the words were everywhere heard, as if giving utterance to the doleful chant of the bells, 'The Duke is dying, the Duke is dying.'

Monsieur Hugh quickened his pace; Reine was at his side, still pale from her wound, but beautiful as an angel; Aubry followed.

Two days before, the church at Avranches had been lighted up for a joyous festival, the marriage of Aubry and Reine de Maurever, but it had not taken place; for an hour before Mass, a monk from the convent at Dol had said to Monsieur Hugh, 'I am just come from Brittany. Our Seigneur Duke Francis is expecting to die on the 18th of July, the time fixed by the summons you gave in the name of his dead brother. He suffers much, he dreads to die, his friends have abandoned him, his last hour will be sad.'

Monsieur Hugh had ordered the lights to be extinguished, and mounted his horse; he had said to Aubry and Reine, 'Children, you will have time to be happy;' and they set off, arriving at Nantes on the very day of the summons, the 18th July.

They reached the palace gate at ten o'clock: all the windows were closed; the few servants in attendance at the gates knew the old esquire of Duke Gilles, and said to each other, like the rest, 'Alas, here is Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, come to take his revenge upon Duke Francis.' They did not try to stop him—perhaps they wanted zeal to perform an act of vigour—yet they looked sadly upon this living chastise-

ment crossing the threshold of the palace, and coming to disturb the last moments of a dying man.

Monsieur Hugh, with his daughter and Aubry, dismounted at the foot of the steps; he entered in silence, and went towards the ducal chamber. The guard-room was empty. On the stairs, which used to resound all day with the iron tread of the guards, there was only a little boy crying. He was crying because he could not get the two beautiful little dogs to play with him.

Two little spaniels, of the kind called fidelian, are always carved in marble and placed on the tombs of the Dukes of Brittany, lying at their feet.

These two little dogs were howling piteously, with necks stretched out and heads thrown back.

Hugh de Maurever stopped, sad at heart. In this solitude there was something terrible to him, who, at other times, had seen the ducal palace glittering with gold and steel, and echoing a thousand joyous sounds.

He asked the child if the Duke was in his usual apartment, and the boy answered readily, 'My Lord Duke is at the Hotel de Richemont; when he comes the dogs will jump and caper, and I may play. I mean Duke Pierre, who is quite well.'

'Is Duke Francis dead?'

'Oh, no,' said the boy, sighing. 'They said he would die this morning, but he will not die.'

Monsieur Hugh went up the stairs, and Aubry and Reine followed him dejectedly. The boy went on—

'Yes, yes, Duke Pierre is quite well; he will bring the soldiers and give them wine, the soldiers will sing, the dogs will jump, and we shall laugh again.' Quite enlivened by this thought, the fair boy made a wheel of himself upon the pavement of the ante-chamber, and called out, 'Maitre Giuguené, have you almost finished soldering the coffin?'

Maitre Giuguené was the court plumber, and Monsieur Hugh found him on the landing-place, preparing with care the coffin in which Duke Francis was to be placed, and the hammering of the court plumber could be heard plainly in the Duke's own chamber.

Monsieur Hugh pushed open the door.

The Dukes of Brittany were powerful sovereigns, more powerful than those Dukes of Burgundy, whom romantic history and historical romance have vied with each other in magnifying. The court of Brittany was one of the most magnificent courts in the world.

This silent and deserted place, where the plumber hummed a tune while he soldered the coffin, speaks so loudly of the vanity of all things human, that all reflections would be useless.

The magnificent rooms were empty, only in the little Gothic oratory three women were praying before the altar. They were the reigning duchess, Isabel of Scotland, and her two daughters.

They turned, and made a gesture of alarm on hearing Hugh and his companions enter.

‘O Messire,’ said Isabel, weeping, ‘this is the fortieth day, you need not repeat your pitiless summons.’

The two girls hid behind their mother, seeing in this man a messenger of the Divine wrath.

Hugh de Maurever took the hand of the Duchess and kissed it respectfully. ‘Madam,’ he said, ‘I then obeyed the orders of my dying master. I now follow the commands of Heaven, which says, by the voice of my conscience, Go to your forsaken seigneur with your family, and do homage at his death-bed.’

‘Is this true, Messire?’ cried Isabel, rising.

‘I am very old, Madam, and I have never spoken but the truth.’

By a motion more rapid than thought, the Duchess stooped and placed her lips upon the hand of the chevalier. ‘Go,’ she said; ‘our Seigneur has great need of help in his last hour.’

In the ante-room of the sick chamber, Jaques Huron, the court physician, was composing Latin verses in honour of Françoise d’Amboise, wife of Duke Pierre. ‘He will not die this hour,’ he grumbled, ‘it is long! The end of the hexameter is evidently Francesca coronam. Francesca, co-ronam! Everyone is named Francesca—Frances de Dinan, Frances d’Amboise, Frances la Chantessie, all the same. Ille ego medico primum Francesca coronam. That is well turned, subtil, pretty. I am, O Françoise, the first doctor who has celebrated your coronam-ca-co—never mind.’

Monsieur Hugh, Aubry, and Reine, had approached the bed of their sovereign; Francis opened his eyes, his best friend would not have known him.

‘Gilles, my brother,’ he pronounced with difficulty, ‘your summons was announced to me at twelve o’clock; at twelve I shall meet you before Heaven.’

Aubry and Reine knelt. Hugh remained standing.

‘Gilles, my brother,’ the dying man continued, ‘I swear to you, by the slight hope that I have of softening the Divine Justice, I loved you; evil counsellors ruined me, Oliver de Meel, Arthur de Montauban, and others, and others, for they swarm around princes. Hola,’ he cried, perceiving Monsieur Hugh, ‘guards here!’

Monsieur Hugh bent his venerable head in silence.

Francis trembled. ‘What brings you here?’ he asked.

‘To do homage to my Seigneur,’ he replied, ‘and to offer him my life.’

Francis raised himself on his elbow. ‘I know you, Messire Hugh,’ his voice becoming weak; ‘I know you, you are a knight and a Christian; you speak truth, tell me of my brother.’

‘I will speak of yourself, if you please, my Lord, and of the infinite mercy of Heaven.’

‘Approach,’ said the Duke hastily; ‘I am dying, would you save my soul?’

‘Yes, on my own salvation.’

‘Give me your hand.’

Maurever obeyed. The Duke’s fingers were like marble. Looking at Aubry, he asked, ‘Who is this young soldier?’ Then, before there was time to answer, he said, frowning, ‘I know him, I still hear the sound of his sword falling on the pavement of the church; he was the first to abandon me.’

‘He will be the last to leave you, Monseigneur,’ said Reine gently.

Aubry had his hand on his heart, he did not speak.

‘Rise,’ said the Duke.

Aubry rose.

‘By Heaven and Monsieur St. Michael,’ said the dying man, ‘I make you a knight, Aubry de Kergariou.’

‘Monseigneur!’ cried Aubry.

‘Silence! raise the drapery above the desk.’ The curtain was drawn back, and the portrait of Gilles de Bretagne in his warlike garb was revealed. The Duke made the sign of the Cross; all were silent.

The Duke spoke again in a stronger voice. ‘Listen, Messire Hugh; he loved you because you loved him. When my last breath is drawn, and it will be soon, go to this portrait and say, Gilles de Bretagne, in the name of Heaven I adjure thee to forgive thy brother—will you?’

‘I will.’

Francis replaced his head on the pillow; Reine put her reliquary round his neck; Monsieur Hugh and Aubry prayed aloud; the priests came, then the doctor, composing his second distich. Then Isabel and her daughters.

At the first stroke of twelve, Francis gave a long sigh.

‘Gilles de Bretagne,’ said Maurever with earnestness, ‘I adjure thee in the name of Heaven, forgive thy brother.’

There was something like a smile on the dead lips.

All around the Hotel de Richemont they were saying, ‘Monsieur Hugh may get all he wants from Duke Pierre.’ Monsieur Hugh wanted nothing.

Three days after, Reine de Maurever became Lady of Kergariou; the wedding feast was held in the great hall at Mount St. Jean, where the Fairy of the Sands had carried off Méloir’s purse, surrounded as he was by men-at-arms. The same day Simonette became the wife of little Jeannin: and by special leave Brother Bruno was at the weddings. He was reminded of so many adventures, that the ears of the guests rang with them for a fortnight!

(Concluded.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER VII.

‘ARTHUR, if you don’t choose to tell me what’s the matter with you, I will speak to Papa,’ said Annie Marvin, as Arthur came in one morning and flung himself into a chair, looking even more dull and heavy than he had done for the whole of the holiday weeks; ‘why in the world don’t you read or do something? aren’t you well?’

Her manner was not likely to induce any boyish confidences, and she only got a grumpy answer—No decent books in the house; he didn’t care to read all those twaddling children’s stories over and over again.

‘It’s that Tracy!’ said Annie indefinitely.

‘Well, you won’t have Tracy to bother about much longer; he’s off next week,’ said the boy sulkily.

The end of the Midsummer holidays was drawing very near now.

‘Arthur, dear! tell me,’ exclaimed Annie, with more of her old manner, ‘are you vexed because you’re not going to school? do tell me.’

She was reproaching herself for crossness; perhaps Arthur’s queerness was only disappointment at seeing his friend set off to school—and a public school!—while he was kept with the children at home; and she had been harsh with him, instead of helping him to bear it.

‘Oh! don’t bother!’ said the boy; ‘I’m not vexed—there! It’s a horrid shame if a fellow can’t have a head-ache without being pestered to death.’

He took up a book and pretended to read; and Annie resigned herself.

Things had been going on very badly for her of late. First and greatest of all her grievances, the summer had not done much for her mother’s health; even the much-feared east wind had weakened her in the spring less than something—no one exactly knew what—was weakening her visibly now; and the doctor’s visits were making sad havoc in the monthly accounts. Then, Aunt Catherine was still at the Vicarage; she could not leave her sister, she said, in her precarious state. The Clunes had left the Park, and Miss Salterne was still as painfully polite and quiet as ever, and had done little to increase the wished-for intimacy; indeed, lately, Annie had seldom even spoken to her. There had been no more merry-makings at the Abbey for Annie; her mother’s health had given her a sufficient excuse for cutting the grand hay-making holiday. And Mr. Hatherly’s visits at the Vicarage were rarer than they used to be, and, unlike the old time, were more of a constraint than a pleasure. Arthur’s increasing intimacy with the dreaded Tracy, and the evident change from the old boyish frankness, were no small part of her worries. A catalogue of grievances, quite long and serious enough, she would have said, to account for any change in herself.

‘Don’t speak like that, Arthur!’ she said, in a pleading way that the lad noticed; ‘I’ve got bothers enough without your teasing me, and I didn’t mean to be cross.’

‘I know. I say, Annie, if you want to know, I’ve got into a scrape—there, now you know.’

‘It’s Tracy!’ was Annie’s answer to the hurried confession; ‘I knew he’d do it!’

‘Look here; it’s no use trying to keep it quiet. It’s a bill—Simmonds.’

Annie unfolded the dirty piece of paper he tossed her, and looked at the end of the long list of items; two pounds seventeen.

‘Arthur!’ she said, horrified, ‘how could you? And that horrid Simmonds!’

Simmonds was the shopkeeper of the village, combining all the trades from saddler and ironmonger to confectioner, and making a comfortable income out of his omnium gatherum; with the deserved reputation of a close hard-fisted miser.

‘It’s not a quarter of it mine,’ said poor Arthur, as Annie began to look through the items in despair; ‘that “hire of gun” isn’t mine; I only hired his gun once or twice.’

‘Gun! but you don’t mean you boys have been shooting!’

‘Tracy’s always at it; and I say, Annie’—apologetically—‘how could I help going with him now and then? and that “hire of pony,” that’s a dirty shame, I *will* say.’

Annie had heard of one or two excursions on Simmonds’s pony, and had taken it for granted that the shopkeeper, in a fit of good-nature, had lent it.

‘I thought Tracy meant to pay for it,’ went on the boy; ‘I wouldn’t have had it if I had but known.’

‘But Tracy must and shall pay for it, if he ordered it!’ cried Annie.

‘He didn’t,’ said Arthur; ‘he used to make me order it. I thought it was for him all the time.’

‘Cunning little wretch!’ was the hearty answer; and she repeated it with additional emphasis when she had come to an end of her examination, and discovered how cleverly Arthur had been made to answer for a number of small purchases, which, by his own account, he had benefited very little by.

But it was a comfort in one sense to find that he *had* been duped.

‘I tell you what, Arthur,’ she said, almost cheerfully, ‘you’re not half as bad as I thought! if you hadn’t been idiot enough to let that Tracy cheat you! but that’s better than doing *his* dishonourable tricks.’

‘But, I say, Annie, about the money,’ said Arthur, not at all cheered; ‘that’s the bother. That Simmonds is coming to tell about it if I don’t pay.’

‘But you can’t; and if you could, you shouldn’t pay—to save those rich Tracys, indeed!’

‘I must, Annie,’ repeated the boy; ‘I did order the things. And look here; it’s only for a few days. Tracy means to pay the whole bill if I can keep Simmonds quiet for a day or two. He’ll have heaps of money when he goes to school; old Tracy has promised him five pounds. Fancy, five pounds!’

‘He won’t give you any of it,’ said Annie.

‘He will; he told me so, on his honour.’

‘His honour!’ interrupted Annie contemptuously.

‘I say, Annie,’ said the boy nervously, ‘Simmonds is coming up to-day to tell. And Mamma oughtn’t to hear it, she isn’t fit for it; and, I say, Annie, couldn’t you let me have it for these two or three days? You’ve got a lot of money in the big desk—’

‘House money,’ interrupted Annie.

‘It’s only for a day or two,’ pleaded Arthur, ‘and to keep Mamma from the bother of it. There he is, then! oh, Annie, let me have it!’

Simmonds himself was turning into the court, with no pleasant looks.

‘Oh, Arthur, I mustn’t!’ said Annie.

‘Only for a day or two! he’s off to school the last day of the month; he’s sure to pay me before you show up the accounts! he shall! Don’t let Mamma know!’

Annie hesitated; her right course would be to tell her father boldly, and let him pass on the bill to Mr. Tracy; but her father was out in the village, Simmonds’s determined step was coming close up to the back door, and Mrs. Marvin was in no state to bear the disclosure of Arthur’s folly.

‘There! he’s knocking,’ said Arthur, in an agony. And Annie yielded.

‘Let me speak to him,’ she said; ‘he may wait yet.’

‘He won’t,’ said Arthur; and Annie went out to the kitchen.

‘Morning, Miss!’ began Simmonds; ‘I’ve just looked in for Master Arthur’s little account.’

‘There seems some mistake in the bill,’ said Annie, hiding her fear under her most dignified manner; ‘most of the things charged to my brother belong to Master Tracy.’

‘Ask your pardon, Miss,’ returned Simmonds, in a free and easy manner that was almost impertinent; ‘I’m not much in the habit of mixing up my customers’ bills. Master Tracy have had his in, and paid it too—like a gentleman. And I’m bold to say as there isn’t an article wrote down there, as was not ordered by Master Arthur. If it’s not agreeable to you, I’d like to see the Missis.’

‘I will speak to my brother,’ answered Annie, and retreated.

‘There’s no help for it!’ she said, unlocking the money-box with a sinking heart, and taking three sovereigns; ‘give me the wretched bill, Arthur. I wonder if it’s very wrong of me!’

‘It’s done now,’ she said, coming back in a minute with the receipt; ‘and Simmonds is gone. Well, Mamma is spared the worry.’ But as

Annie stood watching Simmonds's retreating figure, she could not help adding to herself, 'but at what expense!'—'Make him pay, Arthur! if he shouldn't,' she repeated, heartily repenting now the thing was done.

'Oh, he must!' was Arthur's comfort to her. 'He can't go and chisel a fellow like that; he's a gentleman.'

'If his being a gentleman is all there is to trust to—and next week the last day of the month, Arthur!'

She could not help thinking whether her father would not call her 'an unfaithful steward,' and it was very dreadful.

'He'll pay,' repeated Arthur, as confidently as he could; but as the days went by, and the last of the holidays drew nearer, Annie noticed that his unsociable queer ways and heavy looks got worse; and she knew what it meant.

On the last of those days of suspense Tracy came over to say good-bye at the Vicarage, in boisterous spirits at the prospect of setting off to school next day, he not being a boy troubled with many regrets at leaving home; and Annie's spirits rose, till she was capable of giving him a gracious farewell.

Arthur sauntered out of the house with him, and she stood watching at the window for some signs that Tracy had redeemed his promise. But the boys disappeared from sight, before the most sanguine looker-on could suspect Tracy of an intention of pulling out his purse; and Arthur came slowly in, half an hour afterwards, with looks that were quite enough to tell the whole story.

'He says old Tracy hasn't given him his money yet; he won't till he starts to-morrow,' was his whispered explanation.

'Arthur, you don't mean it!' said Annie, feeling as sick with the disappointment as if she had not been dreading the very thing; '*I wish* we'd gone to Papa! *I wish* we had!'

'Too late now,' said the boy; 'I say, Annie, I must go over to-morrow and see him off. He starts by the eight o'clock train—lucky beggar!'

And with a horrible feeling that she was doing a deceitful thing, Annie asked her father if Arthur might run over to the Tracys', just to see the last of his friend.

'By all means, my dear,' said Mr. Marvin, anxious to do everything he could to soften Arthur's disappointment in not going with his companion; 'very kind of you to ask it,' he added, with a smile of approval for what he thought was Annie's meritorious effort to overcome her dislike to the intimacy, that would have made her even more wretched, if she had been able to think of anything but Arthur's return.

He seemed a long while absent.

'I knew it!' she said, when she caught a glimpse of the boy's face; 'what shall I do? and to-night I shall have to show the house accounts!'

She would not blame Arthur, and indeed he was too unhappy to bear it.

'He *had* the money, Annie!' he began; 'I know he had. I saw him come out of the library with a new purse in his hand; he stuffed it into his pocket when he saw me, but I saw it.'

'Just like him! and what did he say?'

'Said he was awfully sorry, but old Tracy wasn't going to tip him till he got to the station, and he could send by post. I *knew* it was a lie! and there was no more time to say anything; he jumped up on the box as jolly as anything, and off they went.'

'Poor Arthur!' said Annie kindly; 'well, you won't have anything more to do with *him*, that's one comfort. But to-night!'

It was not easy to get through the morning's work with *that* thought; and it was almost a relief when Mr. Marvin looked into the little school-room to tell her that she must give up the lessons.

'Poor old Molly Nash is dying, and I think she would like to see you, if she lives long enough to recognize you. I have been giving her the last Sacrament.'

'Who was there, Papa?' cried Annie, jumping up in her quick way.

'Miss Salterne, and one of the neighbours. Make haste, my dear.'

Annie ran off, at her quickest pace, to the tidy little cottage; to find the old woman just alive, but with all sense of the passing life fading rapidly into the great sleep.

Ada Salterne was bending over her old nurse's bed, holding up her head, and speaking a few words from time to time in her ear, but evidently in vain.

'She does not know us,' said Ada, her usual quiet a little stirred by the presence of the coming death. 'She must be dying, her voice gets fainter every moment.'

Annie bent down her ear to catch the whispered words, and recognized the poor old woman's favourite ejaculation, 'Lord have mercy!' and then an attempt to go back once more to the one incident that had lingered alone in her memory: 'He said, "My work's done! my work's done!" and then he laid down his dear head on my shoulder, and died. And Lord, have mercy upon me!'

It was a touching thing to hear the old voice say those words, just as the worn-out spirit was laying down the burden of her ninety years, hardly conscious even yet that *her* life-work was done, and yet so near her rest.

In another minute Ada Salterne looked up, pale and tearful—'I think it is all over!' she said nervously, and laid down the dead white face on the pillow; turning away with a troubled frightened look.

Annie had seen such sights before, and was not too nervous to attempt comforting Miss Salterne; thinking, as she brought her a glass of water, and took off her hat, 'how lucky I came!'

If she had not her great trouble about the money, she would have enjoyed the few minutes of intimacy while she was holding the water to Ada's trembling lips, and making divers suggestions about sending to the Park for the carriage, or getting someone to fetch the village doctor.

'No, thank you; I am almost well,' refused Ada; 'it was only the shock of seeing the last of poor old Nurse.'

'Of course. Very natural,' said Annie; 'but you are hardly well enough to walk home. Do let me send for the carriage.'

'Oh no!' was the answer; and Ada went on almost as if speaking to herself, 'How strange it was! it made everything in the world look small and worthless. I am glad I was here!'

There was something in her tone that seemed relief; as if—thought Annie, incredulously—she had lost the sense of some sorrow in the overwhelming greatness of death. So it was; for temporal griefs *do* fade into strange insignificance before the approach of eternity.

But poor Annie's trouble lost nothing of its sharpness at the sight; it pressed upon her more than ever as she stood by the quiet body, with the old woman's words—'My work's done!'—in her ears. Sorrow alone might be lightened here, but self-reproach was harder than ever to bear. And if she had had any doubt as to the right or wrong of what she had done, that half hour by Molly Nash's bed-side would have made it only too clear to her.

'You are not looking well, you are quite pale,' said Miss Salterne kindly, as they walked up the village, Annie insisting on giving her arm as some little support.

'Oh, it's nothing!' Annie answered, brightening up a little at the question; 'I have often seen things like that before, you know.'

But, in truth, she was not feeling very well; her head was aching and throbbing, though not quite from the cause that Miss Salterne imagined. And she was not sorry to have the excuse of the morning's excitement to account for her paleness and silence through the afternoon.

'My poor little girl! does that music disturb you?' said her father, looking into the little school-room, where Annie was having a half-holiday of quiet; 'he must not play if it hurts your head.'

'What?' said Annie, more miserable at her father's anxious kindness than if he had come in to scold her; 'was Arthur playing? I never noticed.'

Arthur had had a fancy for music lately, and his trick of ceaselessly strumming on the rattling piano in the drawing-room, was becoming a nuisance to any sensitive ears. To-day, Annie never even heard the jingling sounds in the distraction of her thoughts; but when her father left her, she listened. Arthur was picking out, note by note, the 'Dona nobis,' from the glorious Twelfth Mass, which it was his great ambition to play well from beginning to end. At present the performance was very shaky and undecided; but not even the clumsy touch, or hesitating time, could entirely destroy the wild softness of the prayer, with its suggestions of longing and entreaty. And poor little Annie, unused though she was to very deep feelings on such subjects, yet felt her great trouble grow softer, if not less heavy, as the music brought back the words it belonged to, and 'dona nobis pacem' had a new full meaning

for her. Peace!—from the storms of passion—from the trials of life—from the sadness of death—from the weight of sin! ‘Dona nobis pacem!’

A visitor disturbed her. Mr. Hatherly, walking unceremoniously into the house, opened the school-room door before poor Annie could make any attempt to hide her wet eyes, though she tried to give her usual greeting in her usual manner.

‘No, nothing the matter at all, thanks,’ she rattled off; ‘Mamma is no worse—at least, I hope not. And I have only a little head-ache.’

‘Only!’ repeated Mr. Hatherly. It must have been a very bad head-ache to account for her changed looks. ‘Are you sure?’

She could not keep up against his evident anxiety.

‘Oh, I don’t know!’ she sobbed; ‘at least, I am in trouble. Arthur has been getting into a scrape—that’s all.’

The moment she had spoken, she would have given anything to have recalled her confession—to Mr. Hatherly, of all people. But it was too late.

‘What kind of scrape?’ asked the visitor, and Annie knew that his matter-of-fact way of putting the question was put on to hide his real feeling.

‘He is afraid of offending me if he takes too much interest in us!’ she thought bitterly.

‘What sort of scrape?’ repeated Mr. Hatherly; ‘not a very bad one, I expect. I think I know Arthur enough to know that.’

‘But it is,’ said Annie, ‘a very bad one. Tracy has been making him run up a bill. Papa and Mamma don’t know it yet. It will be so bad for Mamma!’

‘How much?’ was the calm answer to her incoherent remark.

‘A good deal—two pounds seventeen.’

Mr. Hatherly almost smiled—though sadly—at Annie’s idea of the great amount of the bill.

‘Where is Arthur?’ he asked. ‘Ah! there is the Twelfth Mass; so he is in the drawing-room. I will talk to him—and good-bye.’

The music stopped, and in a couple of minutes Annie heard the hall door shut, and Arthur rushed into the school-room in his wildest excitement.

‘Look! he gave them me!’ cried the boy, holding up three sovereigns; ‘he did, indeed! and it’s all right now, Annie; and he’s the very best fellow that ever was in the world!’

‘That he is!’ said Annie, eagerly taking the precious coins; ‘and to go away directly, that I might not thank him!’

‘It wasn’t for *you*, Annie; it was *me* he gave them to!’ said the excited boy; and Annie could hardly get up a smile.

She was so grateful, but so humiliated.

‘Give me the three shillings change, Annie,’ the lad went on; ‘and, I say, they’re for you. That book you wanted the other day. You *shall* have them,’ as Annie opened her housekeeping desk, and made the satisfactory change of gold for silver.

'I won't have a farthing, Arthur!' she said, putting aside his rough attempts to poke the money into her pocket; 'I *couldn't*, dear!'

Arthur's generosity was a little disappointed. In the excess of his delight at finding himself out of the scrape, he could not understand why Annie was not quite in such high spirits as himself.

'You're not half glad!' he grumbled good-humouredly; 'I don't believe you care half enough for Mr. Hatherly.'

'Oh yes, I do,' was the truthful answer; 'only, Arthur dear, I was thinking this doesn't make it any better of us, does it? It was every bit as wrong of me to take that money, as if I had lost it all.'

'It was all my fault,' said Arthur, giving her a rough hugging, such as she had not felt since Tracy's influence had been predominant. He might be going back to all his dear old loving ways, now.

'And, you see,' Annie went on with great hesitation, 'I'm not quite certain about it—about telling Papa; I'm afraid I ought to.'

'Annie!' said Arthur, amazed; 'it will do Mamma no end of harm—don't!'

'Not Mamma; only when I show the accounts to-night, if Papa was to call me his good little housekeeper—he often does—I couldn't let him, could I, Arthur? I don't deserve for Mamma not to know; but I'm so glad she won't. I don't deserve it.'

Arthur looked decidedly uncomfortable. If he had been as much spoiled as Annie had believed him, he would have rebelled openly; and it was a great effort to be good, that made him admit gruffly—

'Well, if you must, you must.'

The thought of the disclosure she would have to make, made Annie look forward to the evening examination with no little fear, even though the money she had to account for was lying safely in her desk.

'I hope he won't praise me,' was her thought; but he did.

'You have been a very good little housekeeper,' he said, in his kindest way, when the examination of books showed satisfactorily how the extra visits of the doctor had been almost made up for by greater economy than usual in the other expenses; Annie's doing, as he well knew; 'I do not know what we should do without your carefulness.'

That was more than Annie could bear.

'Papa dear, I've got something to tell you!' she sobbed out; 'don't tell Mamma, but I have been a bad housekeeper—such a dreadful one! I took some of your money, just for two or three days; it's all right now, but it was very naughty of me. And I *am* so sorry, Papa dear! Do forgive me!'

'You, my dear!' said her father incredulously; 'I hardly understand. Tell me about it.'

'I did do it; I *did* take some money for something besides the house; only borrowed it, but I oughtn't to have done it. And it's all there now, every farthing; and *please* not to ask me any more questions, Papa!'

Mr. Marvin looked grave after this confused explanation.

‘Certainly, money held in trust, even in such a little way as this, ought to be as much out of your reach as if you had not a farthing in your hands. But I think I can trust you quite enough to know that you broke through the strict rule for some good reason; I am sure of that, my dear!’

He spoke with greater tenderness than ever.

‘Papa, darling, how good you are!’ said Annie, fairly crying now with the relief of knowing that the confession was over, and the wrong—as far as it could be—undone. ‘It was a dreadfully strong reason; I’ll tell you, if you like, what it was, only I would rather you wouldn’t ask me; if you don’t mind not hearing, Papa.’

‘I can trust you, my dear child,’ was the answer to the entreating question; ‘we will forget all about it now.’

Annie thought she had never been so light-hearted before, as at this moment. Her mother saved from the grief of hearing of the difficulty; Arthur unpunished; and herself, at the very time she had proved herself most unworthy, trusted by her father as much as ever!

Her spirits rose to their old height; and the evening in her mother’s room, when purse and account-books had been safely locked up, was a delightful time; with Arthur laughing and joking as merrily as he used to, and the invalid enjoying his boyish stories.

It was too pleasant to be spoiled even by Aunt Catherine’s croaking voice, ‘Dear me! what can you children find to make such a noise about? I declare that boy’s laugh goes through my head; you forget how weak your Mamma is—*very* weak indeed to-day!’

And Arthur—Annie too, possibly—took refuge in the children’s often-repeated declaration of independence, ‘Who cares for what *she* says?’

(*To be continued.*)

THE STONE-CARVER OF BAYEUX.

BY GEORGE W. BOSANQUET.

THE country whence our Norman ancestors came so many hundred years ago is very beautiful.

Far inland from the rock-fenced coast stretch winding valleys formed by the gentle slopes of hills which meet at the bottom, where there generally runs a still clear stream, marked by a long line of waving poplars. Sometimes the hills are covered with corn and orchards; but most frequently they are shaded by woods of walnut, elm, and beech, mingled with hazel thickets, which stretch down to the bank of the stream, and bend their heads over it as if they wished to touch their own reflections, or to give a hand to their brethren on the other side. The stream itself flows deep and still—not a noisy or a turbulent stream, by any means. It has something to do in the world; for under the

projecting roots of trees it has to scoop here and there a deep hole where the great trout may lie and be sheltered from the heat; and further on to feed a mill, the only mill for miles round; and what not besides! So it flows quietly, and leaves brawling and chattering for streams that have less to do.

How strange an old Norman town—for instance, the cathedral town of Bayeux—seems to a traveller when first he passes through its quiet streets! Few people are moving about, few carts or wagons passing; he may perhaps think that he has reached the town on a day when the people are all attracted by some festivity to a single place. But no! Such quietness is the normal condition of the town. Only a little patch of blue sky shines down on the street between the projecting upper stories of the houses, which last have broad deep eaves, where many swallows build, and gabled roofs of tiles, often stained green and crimson and gold by brilliant moss and lichen. Perhaps, too, the wooden fronts of the houses are carved with rude half-defaced images of saints, each of which is supported by a pedestal, rough hewn, with many a quaint device, and sheltered by a curiously wrought canopy to keep off the trickling rain. The street is gloomy and winding; but suddenly it opens into a square, where the tall houses and the taller elms, encircled by myriads of cawing rooks, are dwarfed into insignificance by the solemn majesty of the giant cathedral. There it stands, strong and firm as on the day when the builders ceased working at it; and there it will stand for ages, a memorial of the zeal, the art, and the devotion of a generation long since passed away.

It is evening now, a bright July evening, and through the great rose window of the cathedral the western rays stream vividly and clear. They fall on the snowy floor in a mist of changeful colour, play in crimson on the white folds of many a Norman cap whose wearer is kneeling at the Vesper service, light with a lurid glow the diaper patterns on the walls of the nave, kindle to a flame on the brazen lectern, and die in sparks of fiery light on the railings of the high choir-screen.

Hark to the Vesper hymn! How the music mounts from earth heavenwards, and faints and reverberates in the distant aisles, and sinks and swells again, till it expires under the far uplifted roof in murmurs like the rustle of an archangel's wings.

At last all is silence. Vespers are over!

Now the congregation issues out of the two side doors, (for the great door is only opened at High Mass,) and then begins such a Babel of voices! Marie must ask after Antoinette's youngest boy, and prescribe an infallible remedy for his whooping-cough. Victorine and Mélanie call to Lisa, and the three begin to conjecture what that strange person in a straw hat can have been doing, who has been sitting all day on a stool just opposite the cathedral front, with something like a large square book in his hand.

Lisa, a practically-minded young woman, says, 'Why don't you ask him?'

'Where has he gone to?' returns Victorine. 'I don't see him now.'

'Look just behind you, my dear. He has been there all the time you have been speaking, I believe, and has heard every word.'

Victorine cast a glance over her shoulder, and then with a little shriek ran off, accompanied by the others, and never stopped till she had turned the corner of the street.

'He is an Englishman, I'm sure, by his queer dress,' she said, when they all stopped for breath. 'Oh dear! how wicked of him to come up so quietly.'

'Perhaps he did not understand,' suggested Mélanie consolingly.

And in truth the Englishman, as Victorine had rightly guessed that he was, had been so wrapped in deep thought and remembrance, that he had hardly noticed the sentences which he had heard. To him, that evening, the past seemed as real as the present. Around him thronged, as in a dream, the Freemasons and the architects, the priests and the soldiers, of the middle ages. He saw the young knights holding their vigil at the altar by their unproved arms; and saw, too, the mitred abbot ride harnessed to battle, vowing in event of victory to build a cathedral in honour of God and his patron saint. He saw the builders and carvers again at their work, and wished that he too might have lived in those days, and have carved with the deepest thought of his heart, and the greatest skill of his hand, even one stone, to set as a memorial and thank-offering in some grand old church.

As the traveller walked down the street which leads to the right from the cathedral door, his meditations were interrupted by a little boy, who in eager pursuit of his hoop ran against him, and in consequence tumbled down, and began to cry most piteously. The traveller picked him up in an instant, and the little fellow was more frightened than hurt; so he soon smiled through his tears, and in answer to the traveller's question, 'Where do you live, little one?' poured forth a flood of Norman patois, which quite bewildered that gentleman. Out of the whole speech he could only understand two words, namely, 'papa,' and 'boutique.' The last, by special good luck, came at the end of the sentence, so the traveller caught its meaning.

'Hm,' he soliloquised; 'father keeps a shop, of course he does—somewhat vague information, though—for there are more than a few shops in Bayeux. What—' Here he was relieved from his perplexity by a man dressed in the blue blouse which all French workmen and many shop-keepers wear. The man, on reaching them, expressed with great volubility a sense of his profound obligation to Monsieur, and then turning to the child, launched out with a smiling countenance into threats of desperate vengeance against the little runaway, and ended by taking him up bodily in his arms, and hugging him heartily.

They all walked on together for a few yards; then, as the workman

stopped at the entrance to a small shed, the traveller exclaimed, 'Oh! I see by the tools and things in there that you are a carver in stone. Will you let me sit and watch you work for half an hour or so? the art is one I am so fond of.'

'Willingly, Monsieur,' was the man's reply. 'Martin, run and fetch a chair for the gentleman who picked thee up out of the gutter.'

Then the stone-carver took a bit of white Caen stone, and began to fashion it into an inkstand 'for a school,' he said.

'How soft the stone is to the chisel,' said the traveller. 'Is that the material of which the cathedral is built?'

'No; the outside is of a much harder stone,' was the reply; 'but the carvings and the sculptures inside are wrought in this Caen stone. Ah, Monsieur, those carvings—have you attentively regarded them? are they not adorable?'

'They appear to be indeed most beautiful,' answered the traveller; 'but I have not as yet spent much time over them.'

'Come then for a minute with me, Monsieur,' said the workman, 'and I will show you something superb.'

He led the way into the cathedral, which was yet illumined by the last rays of the sun. Not a word was spoken by either man till they had passed the north transept, and were behind the choir-screen.

There the workman stopped, pointed to the wall, and said, 'Now look at that vine-leaf scroll, Monsieur. I have carved vine-leaves, *mille fois*—I can even finish them more highly than those are finished; but the spring and elasticity of the plant I cannot render; there is about those leaves a *je ne sais quoi* which baffles me—they are, as it were, alive.'

The scroll he referred to was carved in sharp relief on the back of the choir-screen, and ran in undulations all round it, ending over the crypt door in a festoon mingled of stem and tendril, of leaf and fruit, alike natural and graceful.

After an instant's silence the workman spoke again. 'No, Monsieur, I cannot approach that; I am sure the man who carved it loved the vine dearly. Perhaps he came from Gascony or Auvergne in the sunny south, where he had watched the vine climb over his house year by year, and stretch out its little hands to clasp one after another the bars of his window, through which it would look in upon him in the bright morning gemmed with early dew. Maybe, under its shade he had courted the girl whom he loved first and most fondly, while the nightingales sang in the thickets hard by. So when in after years he wandered here, sad perhaps at the loss of dear friends, and the failure of sweet hopes long and fondly cherished, he may, for a remembrance of happy old times, have carved here the portrait of a few sprays of the vine which grew over his cottage in the south. And so, of course, he loved every leaf and tendril which he carved, and enjoyed every touch of the chisel which carved them; that is, I think, the reason it is so beautiful. But

I weary Monsieur, and the sun has set; let me show you the way out. Behold how the massive grey shadows come marching up the nave as the light fails more and more!

As the two passed out of the west door, the workman did not forget to cross himself, nor to bend his knee before the altar. When they were fairly in the street, he spoke again.

'I once only have seen anyone who gave promise to execute work like that which I showed you there, and that was one of my own sons.'

'The youth whom I saw in your shop?' asked the traveller.

'Oh no, Monsieur. Pierre is a good lad; but I speak of his elder brother: he was a youth of great promise, only eighteen, and already such knowledge, such skill—best of all, such love for every plant and animal he could see. You would ask whether he is yet alive, Monsieur,' continued he, anticipating the traveller's question. '*Ma foi*, Monsieur, I cannot tell. Six years ago the price of bread was very high here, and trade was dull—in truth, one could hardly get anything to do. So Henri said to me one day, "My father, there is little to do here now, and many mouths to feed. Pierre will soon be able to help you; for me, had I not better go away, and take my chance in the world? Perhaps I may be able to push my way." Well, what was I to say? About the scarcity of work Henri had spoken truly, as I knew only too well; but I did not like to give up my son. But after much thought and prayer, and after taking advice from M. le Curé, we determined to let Henri go away for a time, at least, only stipulating that he was to come home if he could not get on. *Eh bien*, Henri started one fine April morning on the Paris road, in his blue blouse, with a flower from his pet geranium pinned in front. He had his tools in his bundle, and ten francs in his pocket. I walked with him to the tenth *kilomètre* stone from the town, and there we embraced and parted. And, Monsieur,' said the poor workman, passing his sleeve across his eyes, 'since that day I have neither seen nor heard of him. And he so good and affectionate, the light of his mother's eyes, the staff of our declining years! Soon after he left us, the cholera passed through France, and I am pretty sure that it must have carried him off, or he would have let us hear of him years ago. Ah, how the cholera scourged Bayeux! My wife and I both had it; but *le bon Dieu* was merciful, and we recovered. Will you come into my house, Monsieur, and see my little *ménage*? It is not grand, like what you are accustomed to; but just now there is as much work as Pierre and I can do, so we are very comfortable for poor folk. Also, I should like to show you Henri's great white geranium, which he coveted so long, and bought with his first earnings. It is still a grand plant, and since he went away the children have insensibly taken to calling it Henri. Permit me that I show you the way.'

They passed through a narrow passage, and entered a tolerable sized room, where crockery ranged in shining order on the shelves, plants in

the window, and a stray book or two scattered about, showed that there was just then a high tide in the workman's purse.

In the arm-chair by the chimney corner sat the old grandmother, gorgeous in a high white Coûtances cap and full costume. Ah, those picturesque dresses, how seldom one sees them now! As the stranger entered, she rose and bowed in stately wise, and he with equal courtesy returned the salute. The old lady began to speak, but her words were drowned in the shout uttered by little Martin on recognizing his acquaintance.

'Such roses, such roses!' said the traveller, stroking the little fellow's cheek. 'Do the narrow streets of Bayeux grow such fine flowers?'

'Indeed, Monsieur,' answered the old grandmother, 'he goes for three months in the year to his aunt at the pretty village of Serquigny, some distance from Rouen. I think that he gets his red cheeks there. But his aunt spoils him worse than we do; and indeed we say we are glad to get rid of him, nevertheless we count the days till the little naughty one returns.'

'Serquigny!' said the stone-carver musingly, 'this is a wonderful age. In my youth it would have taken at least a whole day to get there from here; now this child can be sent there in a few hours. A comrade has told me, too, that they can make the sun take portraits!'

'Quite true,' answered the traveller, 'and I have some portraits in my pocket-book so taken. Look, Martin, take these to thy father,' said he, taking two or three photographs out of his pocket-book, and giving them to the child.

But Master Martin had not the least idea of taking them to anyone else before he had seen them himself; so off he trotted to the door-way, and stood there looking at them. While he was doing so, his brother Pierre came in from the shop, and stooped down to look over his shoulder. The other three were talking, and did not take any notice of them till a sudden exclamation from Pierre drew their attention.

'*Mais!*' he cried; 'how like this is to Henri!'

'Henri! like Henri!' exclaimed father and stranger at once, and sprang to Pierre's side.

The stone-cutter first took the likeness in his hand, and after examining it long, he said, 'This is indeed a likeness of Henri, or of his spirit! What is its history, Monsieur?'

The traveller glanced at it a moment, and said, 'The man, whose likeness that is, is a young sculptor who lives in England, a Frenchman, too—his name is Henri-Marie Sauvage. What is your surname?'

'My surname, Monsieur, is Sauvage! The name of my son, *c'est ça précisément*, Henri-Marie—it is he without doubt; how strange are the ways of Providence!'

Up to this time a breathless silence had chained all tongues; but when so decided an assertion passed the father's lips, all order was lost in a tumultuous scene of rejoicing and embracing. In this Nannette,

the mother of the family, especially distinguished herself. She had entered the room just in time to hear her husband's words, and having almost fainted in the first shock of joy, relieved her feelings by hugging everyone all round.

As soon as those present had regained some degree of calmness, the Englishman said, 'Now I will tell you all I know about this affair. About five years ago, in mid-winter, I was skating in one of the great London parks. The ice gave way suddenly at the place where I was, and into the water I went. I was encumbered by my great-coat, and the water was deep, so I should have stood a bad chance, if Henri, now my friend, had not forthwith jumped in and pulled me out. I got from him his name and address, so next day I went and found him. He was, poor fellow, in great poverty, could hardly talk enough English to make himself understood at all, and being entirely unknown, he had not much chance of getting employment. I found him in a little room, up three pair of stairs, dividing his attention between a tattered old English dictionary, which he was trying to learn by heart, and a bit of black chalk, with which he was scrawling quaint designs all over the white-washed walls of his room. I said I was sorry to find him so badly off—what was his trade?

“Carving in stone.”

‘I asked him if he had managed to keep his tools through all his distress.

“Ah, yes, Monsieur, I will never part with them, they are my friends.”

‘I then asked him to come with me to a friend of mine, an architect, who was engaged on the building of a new church in London. We found him superintending the works in the midst of dust and confusion. I explained to him that Henri was a stone-cutter who wanted work, and that he had saved my life.

“Could you carve like this?” said the architect, pointing to a newly-finished capital.

“Sir,” said Henri in his broken English, “may I show you what I can do with yon broken fragment of sandstone?”

“Certainly,” was the answer.

‘Henri took out his tools, and I saw his eyes glisten as he felt their edges. Then he began; but before he had worked two minutes, the architect tapped his shoulder, and said, “Stop, that’s enough; young as you seem, you are a thorough good workman. Look, my man,” continued he, pointing to a huge unshapen mass of stone, “hew me that into a six-sided capital—the foreman will give you the measurements; wreath me a festoon of ivy leaves round it, and let a swallow’s head peer out of them. We shall not quarrel about wages.”

‘So, in short, Henri has now made himself a great name in London as a master of his trade, and has as much work as he knows what to do with. Besides, he now begins to execute busts with wonderful success,

and aims to become a sculptor. But I think he is fonder of flowers than of anything else; when I was last in his room, it was filled with wild hyacinths and foxgloves, and daisies with many-coloured petals, which he had got from the country.'

'Why has he never written us even a line?' said Nannette. 'Does he never talk of his father and mother, and of his old home, and of the great white geranium which he used to sit and dream over for hours in the evening? We have kept it for his sake through all our trouble in the hard times, when nearly everything else in the house was sold; and since his departure I have always watered it morning and evening—with my tears sometimes. Look, Monsieur, there it stands, in such bloom!'

'I only once asked him about his family and his wanderings,' answered the stranger, 'and then he replied sadly, "My relations are all gone—all dead, except my young brother, who has gone to America." And he wept bitterly. I never asked another question on the subject; but one day, when I went into his room, I saw his Breviary open on the table, and a dried white geranium flower in it. I did not make any observation, for I thought it was a *gage d'amour*; but it must have been a relic of home.'

'*Sí, sí,*' assented the workman gravely. 'Monsieur has been very kind to the poor stone-cutter's son. I thought that the gentlemen of England had too much hauteur to take interest in a lad of a lower rank than themselves.'

'Well, he saved my life in the first instance,' said the traveller; 'and then, I liked his brave spirit, and the loving heart which he bore to all created objects. But ah, M. Sauvage! if a man's heart be tender and noble, it matters little whether he wear fustian or broadcloth.'

'But where is Henri living?' asked Pierre, who had stood listening open-mouthed. 'I will go over and bring him back.'

'No, no,' said the workman, 'he is making his way well; don't bring him back; we will write to-morrow.'

'Here is his address,' said the traveller, who had just finished writing on a card. 'And now, will someone show me my way back to the Hôtel Luxembourg? for it is getting late.'

'How can we thank you enough, or sufficiently praise the Providence which brought you to our door?' said the old grandmother. 'Do you always, wherever you travel, leave behind you a ray of happiness, like the silver path of a wandering star?'

'I am thankful to have been enabled so to do in this case, at least,' answered the traveller. 'I shall stay a few days longer at Bayeux, so if Henri writes you a letter, you must let me hear of it.'

Then, with Pierre for his guide, he passed out into the twilight.

A few days more brought a long and affectionate letter from Henri, with an account of his adventures since he parted from his father, ten *kilomètres* from Bayeux.

Almost immediately after he reached Paris he had fallen ill of cholera, and had nearly died of it. He recovered slowly in one of the public hospitals, and was beginning again to feel hopeful, when he met a fellow-townsmen, who told him that Bayeux had also been desolated by the cholera, that the stone-cutter Sauvage, his wife, and his old mother, were dead, and that Pierre, the only remaining member of the family, had sold everything, and gone off to America. So he had shunned returning to Bayeux, had worked his way to England, and was now doing well, thanks to the English gentleman who had stood his friend. The letter ended with anxious inquiries after the writer's old love, the white geranium, and an earnest request for a cutting of it should it still be in existence. 'For,' wrote Henri, 'the fairies, whom I used to think that I saw hovering over its velvet-like white blossoms, do not seem much to frequent the flowers which I have here in my room, born and bred in this smoky city. Perhaps they might visit more often a flower which should come from our little latticed window in dear old Bayeux.'

After a few days, the young Englishman started southwards from Bayeux. Since then he has wandered through many distant lands, and heard many strange tongues. But he knows no country to his mind more beautiful than Normandy—no spot more peaceful than quiet Bayeux. Often he returns thither, and amuses old and young with his stories of regions far away. He is welcomed alike by rich and poor, applauded by the elders, and loved by the children, who familiarly call him 'The Wandering Star.'

A DAY IN SPITALFIELDS AND ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

It had been an old promise, that Mrs. S——, a Bible-woman of our acquaintance, should take me with her some day into one of the worst parts of London, as she had done once before; and I had only waited, to fix the day, till M——, a friend of my own age, should come to town, knowing she would like to go with us. We told her what was in store for her; and she wrote back that she was 'charmed with the proposal—there was nothing she would like better.' So on the appointed day, M—— and T——, (enthusiastic young girls, I suppose, will be the readiest way of describing ourselves, and I know that our friends would endorse the description,) dressed very plainly, got into a Whitechapel omnibus with Mrs. S——.

Travelling to our destination, we took such snatches of conversation as the noise permitted. The day was bright, and not very cold, which we were almost sorry for, as it would prevent our seeing everything

in its worst aspect. 'You should have been with me this day week,' said Mrs. S——, 'at Bethnal Green, in all the snow, if you wanted to see things look miserable. It was dreadful. I was in one such dirty place, and the name was Sweet-apple Corner. . . . I got a letter the other day, and what do you think it was? "Dear Mrs. S——, I received your blanket safely this morning—God bless the sender."' Continuing our conversation, we asked how she dared to venture into places where the police and the city missionaries dared not be seen. 'Oh, Miss!' she answered, 'they've never insulted me but once or twice, and I'm not afraid. Once some people collected round me, and an old man with crutches said he'd knock me down, so I just said to him, 'Well, knock me down afterwards, but hear what I've got to say.' So I spoke to them, for an hour and a half; and then all he said was, "Sure, and what woman is it?" I said, "I'm the daughter of an Irishman, who'd blush to think that his countrymen wouldn't let a woman come down their court without insulting her." Another time, in church, the clerk said to me, "You see to this noisy woman; I daren't turn her out." I said to her, "Now, my good woman, I can't have you using bad language in church, or I shall have to turn you out." "I should like to see the woman, or man either, said she, "that could turn me out." "Well," says I, "if that's a sight you have a great envy to see, I'll show it you; and I pushed her out. She was very much astonished to find herself outside. "I do declare," says she, "I'm licked at last; but only let me catch you up at Somerstown, and I'll pay you out."'

Arriving at Whitechapel, we got out, and turned down a bye-street, to pick up another Bible-woman; and the two friends confabulated as to what streets would be bad enough to satisfy us. The pavements were so narrow, that walking two abreast, you could not avoid stepping over the area gratings—a thing of the selfishness of which I never dreamed, till, sitting in similar kitchens, I found partial eclipses two or three times a minute were anything but cheerful. 'If the young ladies want bad places, they must see London Terrace and St. George's, mustn't they?' suggested Mrs. S——'s friend, taking us down a narrow alley, with a dead wall on one side, and low small houses on the other, with broken panes in all the windows, and three families on an average in every house. The coming of a party of four respectably dressed people, created quite a little excitement in this miserable court. It was painful to go into a room here and there, with tiny packets of tea and sugar, and tickets for a loaf, and not into all, when we were sure that in all there were starving families in the same degree of want. After visiting one ragged and wretched family, an equally ragged boy ran up from the kitchen, saying, 'Please, Mother says will you come to her?' Here was the same old story of want and misery: the husband out of work for months, if not years, and the wife, who was expecting her confinement, with no clothes except a ragged gown, and nothing for herself and children to lie upon but two small and filthy mattresses, with no attempt

at a covering of any sort. 'How many children have you?' we asked. 'I have had sixteen,' she answered, 'but twelve of them are dead, thank God. It is so sad; the widow up-stairs is starving, and I owe her money; I'm in debt three weeks' rent, but I can't pay it.' Still she was a cheerful looking woman; and even here there was a blueish liquid called milk and water, in a cup for the cat. A farthing's worth of milk is generally afforded for 'my pussy,' the children's pet and plaything, where hardly a necessary of life is procurable. 'We must have her for the mice; and we can't keep her and starve her—the children are so fond of her,' is a most common speech.

Wherever we went, that line of Dr. Neale's kept running in my head—

'The hopeless, helpless poor.'

And yet so sorry did these poor people seem for one another's trouble—so glad to put in a word for their neighbours—so eager that we should 'go to them too.'

'Do you know what they call a West-end drying ground at St. Giles's?' said Mrs. S——. 'A broom-stick out of window is called by that name. But look at this East-end one,' pointing to the ropes stretching across one narrow alley.

We went by previous appointment to the lodging of Miss B——, another Bible-woman, to dine, and rest ourselves a little before proceeding to Spitalfields. This friend related to us several interesting details of her own work. 'They don't call us "Bible-women" now; they say, "*Here comes the Bible!*" I am sure never Sodom and Gomorrah was wickeder than Essex Street; and Robert Street, when I first came, seven years ago, used to be called a little hell.' 'But,' said Mrs. S——, 'you won't see the sights we used to see, for the places are improving, and the Street Act coming into force has affected all the lanes and alleys; they are obliged to be kept nice now.'

'This is the young lady,' Mrs. S—— had said before to the other Biblewoman, 'whom I ask sometimes for old clothes.—You couldn't give them to people who wanted them more, now could you, Miss? A woman whom we know had made herself a jacket, and we counted seventeen pieces of cloth in the back.' I asked whether clothes in this neighbourhood would be pawned for bread as soon as given. 'No,' she answered; 'but let me tell you one thing to do. Take away the old ragged gown when you give the new, and then they *must* put on the new, and will not be able to part with it. We once gave a child of seven in V—— Street a new shift, for regular attendance at school. The child was showing it in triumph to an old lady friend. "Why," said the latter, "do you wear it over the dirty one? You should have gone home and taken the old one off." "Indeed I would not," said the child, "for Mother would have made me put off the new one directly and taken it to the dolly-shop." (pawn-shop.)

After our dinner, we took leave of Miss B—— and proceeded to a mothers' meeting room at a top-maker's in Spitalfields, to pick up a third Bible-woman. We mounted a circular stair-case, with a rope hanging down the middle by way of banisters, and knotted at regular intervals for the old ladies to help themselves up-stairs with, and started on our next round.

Different trades appear in different parts. Hoxton, we were told, is famous for wood-chopping, and Bermondsey for pipe-making; Spitalfields is full of fusee-box makers and weavers. We went down a turning in a little court, to visit an old woman and her grandchild, making these boxes. The former was very pleasant-mannered, and much more cheerful than most we had seen. She told us that she and her granddaughter of six years old could earn sixpence a day at it, if only they had enough work. The pay was threepence a gross for the common size, and twopence halfpenny for the smaller, out of which they had to find the flour necessary for the paste. 'I may say she's been born to it, for she's always seen me do it,' explained the grandmother, when we praised the little one's quickness. I turned to the child, a bright sturdy little thing, standing over her work, her hands moving with the regularity of a machine, as she tossed one box after another on to the heap of finished ones on the floor. I gave her some scraps of meat and potato left from our dinner at the Biblewoman's, and of which I had defrauded a great fat cat, which was accustomed to come in from the next house every day at one o'clock, with the regularity of clock-work. 'What do you say for it?' said the old woman. 'I say thank you,' replied the child. 'Have you got a doll?' I asked, feeling in my pocket for a doll's hat, though almost ashamed of such a childish question to this business-like little personage. 'Mother's got a baby,' was the only answer vouchsafed. So I fumbled again in my pocket for a little pincushion, and asked if she would like it. She said 'thank you' gravely, but could not spare more than half a minute to look her new possession; she positively seemed to grudge her fingers from her work to take it up, and on she went again with wonderful rapidity. She did not stop to unwrap the parcel of scraps, but when we put a loaf into her hands, her eyes brightened as she said, 'Here, Grandmother!' I may as well describe the process of this box-making, as it interested me. Pink paper was cut in strips and laid on a table, and smeared as it lay with the pasting-brush: one little heap of tops and bottoms of shavings, and another of side-pieces ready creased by a machine to bend into shape, lay near; and the child, hardly taking her eyes off her work, took up one after another of the side-pieces, laid it on the sticky pink paper, folded it at the bend into a square, pressed down the paper round the upper sides, put in the bottom and pressed the paper round it, then tossed it lightly to join its fellows on the floor. At one time the child would do the outer covers of the fusee-boxes, at another, the inner, not mixing the two together, for the movements of the hands

required for each are different, and time would thus be lost—at least such was my conclusion. Last year half London was talking of the little match-box maker of Bethnal Green, the poor child of four years, who earned the rent with her labour; and I, amongst the number, exclaimed at and would hardly believe it. *Now*, with this child, or rather little woman of six, standing before me, at the very same work, it was quite easy of comprehension. I heard of a child of three at the same employment.

In another house, where the father was a chair-maker, the three girls were at these everlasting match-boxes; and on my praising the quickness of one of them, the mother said proudly, ‘Oh, you should see my eldest daughter; she’s much quicker, but she’s making the paste.’ We saw her a minute after, untwisting the tiny three-halfpenny bag of flour for the purpose.

After this visit, we came to a large, cheerful, white-washed room on the ground floor, where a widow with six children supported herself and her family by making skewers for tripe and cat’s meat. Very cheerful they all were, as they shewed us the different stages of their work. ‘My husband,’ the woman said, ‘met with an accident, so that he couldn’t do his common work, six years ago, and as we had several relations in the tripe line, we thought of trying this for a livelihood. I and the children together can make a thousand an hour, and we get sixpence a thousand for them, but we find the wood out of that, which takes seven farthings. I buy the wood in these blocks, and saw each into two pieces, then I chop it into flakes with this hatchet, and the children split the flakes into three or four pieces and cut each into a point.’

‘And how are all the children now, after the fever last year?’ asked Mrs. S——.

‘Oh! they’re all nicely. I’m sure when I and they all come safe out of the hospital—I came first home, and the others when they were well—I felt so *built up* with ecstasy and gladness. I was better off than my sister was, for she had one of her boys died in the hospital, and her husband’s ill now. He was so bad when we went to see him in the hospital, and I’m afraid when we go on Friday, we shall find he’s dead.’

Everywhere there were traces of the cholera and fever of last year. We were pointed out one house where a young woman was well early on Sunday morning, but dead before noon. The buildings were mostly old and dirty, and everything to match. In one court, clothes as dirty as could be desired for the wash-tub, were hanging out to dry after having passed through that ordeal. Wherever we went, faces looked lean and hungry, with wistful eyes; but there was little or no begging, except from the Irish. In one court of the latter, seeing our party distributing tea and sugar, they all gathered at their doors to ask us in; and it seemed very hard not to go into every room where we were invited, but time did not

permit. When M—— could stand the wistful faces no longer, we went to a baker's and armed ourselves with loaves, hid them under our cloaks, and produced them when occasion served; for the district was almost new and unknown, and not yet brought into working order. Mrs. S——, as I said at first, is a 'pioneer,' whose business it is to venture out into unexplored regions, and organize all the machinery of soup-kitchens, mother's meetings, &c. Nobody seemed to mind our all coming into their rooms, though we filled them up if small.

'Don't think we are going to take you by storm,' Mrs. S—— continually said; 'these young ladies come from the country,' (which was the case with my companion only,) 'and they want to see London, and where you live. They don't know by half how clever you all are.' We were obliged to leave them, with merely the promise of 'coming again soon,'—a promise with little comfort in it, for time which would seem *soon* to us, would drag by wearily enough with them, the 'hope deferred' making it seem longer still. What enhances the sadness of this sort of courts, is that they are so conveniently out of the way, out of sight and mind; the poverty of their inmates will never offend the eye, for no one will pass and notice it; the chance of a well-to-do person passing down their courts is one of rare occurrence. 'It is so long since you came,' was the common sentence to the Bible-woman. We gave our loaves to one or two applicants, but Mrs. S—— was not so *soft*. 'Oh yes, they want it,' she said merrily; 'but the Irish never sit at home and stare at bare walls; they go out and see what's to be got elsewhere. *My* people are they that sit alone in their cellars and attics, and starve and say nothing about it.'

Wherever she went, Mrs. S—— was an universal favourite; her jokes and bon-mots, ('Mrs. S—— and her antics,' as a poor woman expressed it to me) cheered everyone that *could* be cheered; and even her inquisitorial questions, as to husband and children, with her pencil and paper in hand to note it all down, never gave offence. 'You don't mind my asking you all these questions,' she would say cheerfully. The particulars just mentioned were necessary, to enter in a book; but I caught her once varying it, by saying, 'Is your husband ill?' instead of 'husband living.' 'No,' the poor woman replied, 'but he's got no work;' implying that a husband out of work was a husband not worth having.

Going on a round, Mrs. S—— has generally some relief to distribute. This morning she had £1 to lay out as she liked, besides tea and sugar and a bottle of wine. This latter we bestowed on an old woman for the healing of her leg, broken out in sores, with the exception of one glass, given, on our way, to a consumptive child. One of the first things she did, on going to each neighbourhood, was to find a baker's shop, and pay for a certain number of quartern loaves; and then, as she went along, to give tickets for these to the most distressed cases, the tickets being merely small pieces of paper with E. S. pencilled on each. A few

minutes after giving a ticket to one woman, we met her munching a huge slice out of her loaf, with hearty good will. She could not pass us without new thanks. Different work this from some country relief, where one woman, with a dish of sausages on the table, will ask the Lady-bountiful of the parish for a meat-ticket, and another confess she only begged 'because she was passing by and thought she might as well call in and ask,' though her husband and sons were in work.* In the house of one very poor widow, with six children, who have been found sitting without a fire, (after having had nothing to eat the day before,) we perceived a curious smell. The poor thing apologized for it cheerfully, saying, 'She hadn't got any firing, and was burning two or three old boots on the fire.' 'Do go to Mrs. C——,' said one of the people we had helped: nowhere did they seem to think that helping another was taking away from themselves. So we went up one pair of stairs, and found Mrs. C——, a very gentle pleasant person, who talked easily and cheerfully. By the way, some of the houses have seventy-two stairs to get to the top, where poor things are starving whose existence is forgotten. 'My two little girls,' said Mrs. C——, 'I've called them Mary and Martha after Lazarus's sisters. If they grow up like them, I know they'll give me comfort. They've come into a bad world, haven't they?'

'Wouldn't you like to come and see our Granny?' we were asked by the Spitalfields Bible-woman, 'she's ninety years old.' *Our Granny* was a dear old body, sitting up in bed, with a smiling face, deaf, but inclined to be very sociable, and vastly pleased with a pair of muffatees that I produced and put on her hands. She was slow at taking in what was said to her, but safe in her memory were stored texts that she had learnt. It was touching to hear her take up and finish the two or three texts that Mrs. S—— began for her. 'In My Father's House are many mansions;' . . . 'if it were not so, I'd have come and told you,' as she involuntarily paraphrased it. In the room above 'Granny' was her elderly daughter, with a dying husband. He had been a silk-weaver, and had waited six months for a piece of work; but when it came he was too ill to do it, and there it lay, hardly begun, upon the loom, a common piece of dark silk for sun-shades, with a few lines of green at the edge, near the powerless hand that would never finish it. Another loom we saw, standing still for want of work, while the poor man was sitting dull and abstracted in his chair. He also had an old mother in bed, in one corner of the room.

Mrs. S—— told us how once, going with a coal-ticket in her hand, she found that the woman was out, but a neighbour, without knowing what was brought for her, said, 'Mrs. —— knows she shall get some coals, because she's been praying for them.'

Another trade that we came across, was that of 'the needy knife-grinder.' The man was out himself, but wife and children were at home, and the wheel in the corner, with a heap of black-handled, rusty knives,

* These are M——'s own and recent *experiences*.

very old, and worse than what we should use for scraping shoes. These, the wife explained, were what he got from the dust-heaps or the dust-men, and ground and polished carefully to sell at a penny apiece. Mrs. S—— had a joke or an answer for everybody that came in her way. ‘The people know me here,’ I heard her say to one of the women. ‘Yes, and love you too,’ was the hearty rejoinder. Her perfect fearlessness and good temper, and ready wit with everybody, are among the secrets of her success. ‘You little cat,’ we heard a child say crossly to her little sister. ‘Oh, my dear,’ said Mrs. S—— as we passed, ‘that is too bad, to call your sister a little cat; can’t you call her anything better than that!’

She says that the children, picking up stray odds and ends of teaching, that we are all God’s children, are fond of saying, ‘We’re all relations;’ and that another one, hearing this, said to her, ‘Then you’re my aunt,’ and has stuck to it ever since that Mrs. S—— is her aunt. ‘They don’t mean to be disagreeable, they only mean to be saucy,’ she said of some boys who made personal remarks on us as we passed them; ‘they are only enjoying themselves, and we must enjoy ourselves in our own way.’ One important piece of news that she told us was, that, as she expressed it, ‘Husbands are not so fond of beating their wives now, for they get six months imprisonment with hard labour for it;’ which announcement of the probable increase of connubial felicity of course greatly delighted us young ladies!

Another piece of good news was, the opening of the Whitechapel Meat-market. ‘Mind I shew it you when we pass,’ said Mrs. S——. ‘It was opened on Saturday week; and as I was passing by, Whitechapel resounded with the benedictions of the people—“They’d got a market for themselves at last!”’ So we went in, and found the meat below, and the groceries up-stairs, and a tariff of prices at the door. The groceries did not seem lower than elsewhere; but the prices of the meat it did one good to see. Ribs of beef were ticketed at sevenpence; shoulders of mutton at fivepence-halfpenny; and I believe legs were the same or lower still. And this in a locality where butcher’s meat used to be very dear.

We would not let slip the opportunity of going the whole length of Middlesex Street, better known as Petticoat Lane—a narrow alley, the great depository of stolen property, frequented by pick-pockets and Jews, and famous for sham jewellery and pickles. We were duly warned to mind our pockets, and also not to make our remarks and strictures aloud till we were safe out, for fear we should offend people; and then the curiosities of the place were pointed out to us—the Passover cakes, and the tubs of onions and gherkins. Every shop has a little of everything. But the greatest curiosity of all, in my opinion, was the halfpenny half-pint basin of pea-soup, at a tiny open shop-window, which I could not let pass untasted. So, as I dared not take my purse, out came two of the three farthings (which Mrs. S—— had boasted should not be stolen

from her in Petticoat Lane) and with a delightful sense of being incognito I stepped forward to the valorous deed, took the basin and tin spoon and began to eat. Virtue proved its own reward, for I found it uncommonly good, out in the chilly evening air; but it was so hot, it would have delayed us too much had I stopped to finish it, so after a few spoonfuls I offered it to a boy who was standing there with potatoes. To my vexation he civilly declined, and I began to be afraid the soup would be left on my hands and in my hands, but the next comer accepted my generous offer, and we passed on.

It was getting dark, and we soon reached an omnibus station and got home, having seen in six hours enough of misery to think and talk and dream of for a long time. But shall we only think and dream . . . ?

M. S. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOME FOR FOREIGN GOVERNESSES.

Among the many perplexities so often recurring, is the want of a home for a Swiss, German, or French governess, when it may be desirable for her and her pupils to part company for a short interval, or when she is changing her situation. The expense of the long journey to her home would be a drain on the purse she is so anxiously filling; and moreover, she would be losing the opportunity of seeking for new employment. She is therefore obliged to take a questionable form of holiday in the same place among the same pupils; or if unengaged, to seek for some dreary lodging, and remain there as 'an unprotected female.'

We are sure therefore that many governesses, and likewise the ladies who are interested for them, will rejoice to hear that a Home is open for them at Brighton. It was established by Monsieur le Pasteur A. Gonin, of the French Reformed Church, in consequence of the many applications which he received from ladies in difficulties as to a residence during unemployed intervals. It is presided over by a lady of much kindness and experience, who has spent many years on the continent. It is chiefly intended for Protestant ladies, since a Roman Catholic would usually have some connection that would enable her to find a temporary home in a convent; whereas a Swiss, German, or French Protestant is peculiarly isolated and desolate. For a payment of twelve or fourteen shillings per week, a secure and comfortable abode, and congenial society, can thus be obtained; and likewise a recommendation to a fresh situation, since a register is kept open, free of charge, to which it may often be convenient to mothers to apply when in search of a foreign instructress.

Subscriptions and donations are much needed from persons interested in this veritable work of hospitality towards the friendless stranger, in order to cover the primary expenses which have been incurred, and likewise cases of distress, where the funds of a lady have become exhausted. Nor do we think such assistance will be thrown away. There is a library set on foot, to which additions will be gratefully welcomed.

The address of the Superintendent of the Institution is—

MISS HOLDITCH,

8, SILLWOOD PLACE,

BRIGHTON.

THE EAST LONDON NURSING SOCIETY.

Sir,

The Correspondence in your January number begins with the following remark :—‘I believe there are thousands of women in England whose hearts are at this moment stirred, as the heart of “Gladys” is stirred, and who with her are feeling, If I can do anything for the kingdom of God I must.’ The writer then goes on to suggest various ways in which women, who have more or less time or means at their command, may be of use to the poor and suffering around them, and mentions many of the best known and most useful Charities, in any of which woman’s help would be at all times, and in many ways, acceptable.

My object in writing you these few lines, is to ask the attention of your readers to a Charity, little known indeed at present, for it is but just starting into existence, but which is one where female help is especially desirable, and which will be found, I think, to appeal especially to female hearts.

To recapitulate the circumstances from which the East London Nursing Society sprang, it will be necessary to go back as far as the outbreak of cholera in the autumn of 1866—a time distant, perhaps, to most of your readers, but still fresh in the recollection of those who laboured in those scenes of suffering and of terror.

Many will remember something of that period. The sudden outburst of the pestilence, the equally sudden outburst of desire in the hearts of thousands to do ‘something’ to help; the meeting of the merchants of London at the Mansion House, and the rapid organization of local committees which followed. Many of your readers, I say, will remember something of this; and while as a member of that Committee, I do not wish to overrate our work, I may appeal both to my own local experience and to public opinion as to the effect we produced, both in calming fears and in giving timely and useful aid. The great difficulty, however, in all the afflicted districts, a difficulty which neither money nor medical experience could remedy, was the want of well-trained and obedient nurses; * a want which is terribly felt at all times, though especially apparent in periods of epidemic attack; indeed, it is difficult for anyone who has not spent some time in the cottages of the poor, to estimate the ignorance that exists, of all belonging to good nursing, and that too even in the better class of families; and bitterly that ignorance avenges itself, especially in cases of accident or severe wounds, or in the care of children.

To remedy this state of things, and to establish a higher standard of nursing, is the object of this Society; we do not expect our nurses to confine themselves to the care of the invalid only, they must be apt in teaching the women of the family, in shewing them what to do and what to leave undone, in inculcating some general knowledge of the laws of health; laws which, especially on a sick bed, can never be violated with impunity.

It occurred then—to go back to the point whence I started—it occurred to some members of the Mansion House Cholera Committee, that it would be a most desirable result of their labours, to establish such a society as the one I am now describing.

I do not of course propose, in the limits of this, I fear, too long letter, to enter into the details of the working of our Society; the prospectus, which goes thoroughly into these, can at any time be obtained of our Matron, Mrs. Du Cane, at the Nurses Home, 48, Philpot Street, London Hospital. I intend only to give as short an outline of our

* I do not wish, in writing this, at all to underrate the various Sisterhoods who volunteered their services at that time; but they were of course far too limited in numbers. None could be got for our own district with its 70,000 inhabitants, and most thankfully would we have welcomed any from any quarter.

plans as possible, and to mention some of the ways in which we invite ladies to help us.

Our nurses are, in the first instance, thoroughly trained in the London Hospital, going in turn through physicians', surgical, and the children's wards; six months is the minimum time for this, during this time they live at the Home. When the probation is over, each nurse goes to her appointed district; here she is under charge of a Lady Superintendent, who directs her as to the cases she is to visit, orders such medical comforts or food as she may think fit, interests herself as far as she may wish in the work, and keeps herself, from time to time, in correspondence with the Society on such points as she may desire. Of course, many a useful hint may be gained from our Lady Superintendents.

Our Society was only started last autumn, so that two only of our nurses have yet completed their training; one of these has been sent to the Parish of Poplar, and the other to that of Bromley-by-Bow; for both of these we have been fortunate enough to find most kind and active Lady Superintendents.

In about six weeks we shall have two more nurses ready, and probationers to step into their places, and after these two more; but our ultimate numbers must of course depend on the amount of our subscriptions, we can never hope to provide enough for a population of nearly half a million of the poorer class, it rests with the public to say what our limit is to be.

Now as to the ways in which ladies may help us. In the first place, donations or annual subscriptions may be sent either to our Bankers, Honorary Secretaries, or to our Matron; they will be most gratefully acknowledged.

As Lady Superintendents. Any lady who wishes it may have a nurse put under her charge, the Society pays the wages of the nurse, the Lady Superintendent finds her lodging, and the medical comforts and other necessities for the sick. The nurse is entirely under the Lady Superintendent's orders, visiting such cases as she may send her to, and reporting to her at such times as she may appoint. The Society charges itself only with seeing that the nurse is efficient in the discharge of her duties; this is done through their own agents. It is desirable, if the Lady Superintendent live at a distance from her district, to have some lady near at hand, (a clergyman's wife is often the best person,) to whom the nurse may refer. Lady Superintendent, is of course a post of some expense; two or more ladies may advantageously unite in undertaking it.

In finding us nurses. A nurse must be a really trustworthy, high principled woman, with a natural love for nursing. Anyone who can recommend us such a person will do us a service. These qualities are indispensable. Some people seem to think that women who are fit for nothing else are fit for nursing; that is a mistake.

In working for us. Few things come amiss to a Nursing Society. We should be glad of linen, lint, bandages, blankets, medicines, especially quinine and cod liver oil; in fact, all the requisites for a hospital are wanted for our work. Then we should be glad of texts, of picture books, or of help in making the nurses' dresses. Port wine, too, is always useful.

But it would be needless to occupy your space, in recapitulating all the items necessary in such an establishment as ours. My principal object in writing to you is to make our existence known to those who may be inclined to aid us in our task; more than this could not be attempted in the limits of a letter. I will only add that those who seek to know more of us are most welcome, at any time, to visit our Home, where our Matron will gladly shew them all they may wish to see of its working, either in the Hospital, or in the districts where our nurses are stationed.

That many may pay us this visit, and thus acquire a first interest in our success, is the earnest wish of

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER ON 'SPARE FUEL.'

Madam,

Will you allow a not very young lady to thank you for the very kind advice given to young women of a somewhat studious turn of mind, in the chapter on 'Spare Fuel.'

If very young girls doubt the danger, at all events to some minds, probably to all, of reading books on subjects above the scope of an ordinary woman's mind, or (and this is far the greatest danger) of perusing some work which may be engaging the public mind, and which she reads *only* to say she has read it, or to comply with the advice of some man of whose powers of mind the girl has a high opinion. 'Oh! you *should* read So-and-so, though you won't agree with him perhaps.' Or, 'Do send for So-and-so!' Some women have a delicate body and a not very strong head; but a strong memory, with little to occupy it. They sit at home for hours, or lie awake and think and think. Then back come all the arguments in the books they have so thoughtlessly read, unsuspectingly following the lead of a not unkindly meaning man. He goes into the 'world, into life's jostle,' and forgets much; and probably, as years roll on, his '*views*' may modify; for I am not speaking of a hard sceptical man. Not so the woman. She may indeed suffer under her doubts, and prayer may somewhat bring back the old peace; but years after she has ceased to read the books, the words will echo in her ears. Then why run into danger? why risk the agony? For is it not agony to have doubt in one's mind even at the most sacred solemn moments—cold doubt, instead of living faith and love?

I will not touch on more holy things. That such may not be the trial, through their own seeking, of any of your readers, is the sincere hope of

F.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Dear Author of 'Spare Fuel,'

I heartily concur with your letter; but the worst danger of the present times seems to me to lie in the way of many who would never attempt to read books of any length directed against their old hereditary faith, some from genuine desire to avoid all that is evil, others from mere want of taste for anything requiring an exertion of mind. If all the loose theology and dreary scepticism of the day were enclosed within their own volumes, the poison at least would be labeled, and could be avoided. But no. It is far more diffused throughout every form of current literature, so that unless, as St. Paul says, 'we go out of the world,' we meet with it everywhere.

Take up a popular novel: the hero is a sceptic, or at least a loose believer; the heroine, if sensible, is half way in the same line, if 'a mere woman,' thinks nothing of the matter, or is quizzed for gentle tendencies to ritualism; and the stock objects of ridicule are curates, clergymen's wives, and religious ladies; while a favourite form of wit is the misapplication of Scripture words, or an irreverent allusion to some Old Testament narrative, sometimes even a sneer at the improbability. Magazines again, of high reputation, admit what is called free discussion, real faith and truth are spoken of as respectable old-world attributes, pleasant possessions, but arguing an infinitely inferior stamp of mind to that which ventures to examine and to doubt. Creed and dogma have almost become well-nigh

contemptible words, and in their stead is set up only Pilate's question, 'What is truth?' The Articles of the Christian Faith that are treated with scorn we could scarcely dare to specify. Newspapers, literary ones especially, in their notices of books, their partizanship of causes, their strictures on manners, take for granted that their readers have their minds in the same state of solution as themselves, and like them look with scornful pity upon positive belief and those obliged to proclaim it.

It is this taking for granted that is of so much force. Assertion always goes further than argument, and young people who turn over such pages as they meet on the drawing-room table, or in the railway carriage, are not willing to be ranked among those who are too dull to hatch a doubt, or be left behind in the old world with their fathers, mothers, aunts, and the curates.

Perhaps one cause of this temptation may be that one class of the writers of ephemeral literature form a little world of their own, scornfully ignorant of the real state of things beyond it, and finding the assumption of doubt and common-sense views a good opening for smart and clever writing. Their shafts are too slight and widely scattered to be seriously answered, their anonymous position shields them, and thus they can shoot their tiny but fiery darts from their ambush. I verily believe there never was a time when, without wilful running into temptation, so much of mischievous neology, rationalism, and irreverence, was placed before the young.

Now what is to be done? I am not thinking of those in whose flesh the darts are rankling, or who have been led on to doubt and bewilderment, but of those who are just passing beyond the age when every book is chosen for them, and who begin to think it their privilege to handle the papers and read the publications that fall in their way.

I do not tell them to abstain. To stop short of any individual article that is manifestly dangerous, is of course desirable; but to avoid the whole of the reading current in ordinary society is hardly possible. No; all that can be done is this: 'Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the darts of the wicked.'

But how take it? They think they have it! I hope they have. But how long do you think they will keep it if they are content to let your religious studies stop where Confirmation left them? Perhaps they have learnt to think that 'reading good books' is a Puritan burthen to Sunday, and that reading sermons on other days is like a maiden aunt, or the tiresome person in a novel. And the Bible? Moreover, there has been a cruel cry against Sunday schools by those who are impatient for visible fruit, and there is in consequence a disinclination among young people to undertake the task of teaching, which involves constant recurrence at least to first principles. And among all these neglects, it may come to pass that when the blasts of various doctrines begin to rock the vessel, the tacklings are loosened, the anchor has been let go! -

Let me then entreat of the young to strengthen their faith by some real study of religion. Do not choose those books only that treat on what are called subjects of the day. Go deeper. Take some real old divine of cooler times, or some sound comment on Scripture, and also some devotional practical book, and read ever so little, but read that little every day, and depend upon it, your mind will thus acquire a shield against which the darts will fall harmless. You will not be ignorant and shallow enough as not to see their fallacy. The majestic oneness of Scripture will have made itself felt. One difficulty with many girls at present is want of access to deep books. If they see a library, they think bound books are dry and unreadable; and often they live in places where their provision is from Mudie and Magazines. But the books that I mean are real possessions—worth an effort of self-denial to purchase, and study one at a time; or they can almost always be borrowed from a clergyman, or from any ordinary

domestic library. A few names, old and new, may serve as an illustration: Bishop Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ;' his 'Holy Living and Dying;' his 'Golden Grove;' Bishop Bull's, Bishop Wilson's, Jones of Nayland's, Sermons; 'Plain Sermons,' by the authors of 'Tracts for the Times;' Isaac Williams's 'Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels,' on 'Old Testament Characters,' and on 'The Catechism.' All these afford much field for real and profitable study, if only of a few pages at a time. If you would build your foundations deep and strong, take for those of general Christianity, Butler's Analogy; for the individual Articles of the Faith, Pearson on the Creed. Read ever so little, *only* really read, and look out the Scriptural references. For actual devotional reading no meditations are equal to those of Thomas à Kempis. The daily habit of reading one of his short chapters at bed-time has no doubt leavened many whole lives; for Biblical study, it would be well for the young, to whom we chiefly write, to read a small portion of Mant's Bible each day with its notes. Much of research has gone on since Bishop Mant's time, and there is an avoidance also of doctrinal depths, but it is the best accessible comment for beginners, and if it be well studied, it will be a forearming against half the shallow difficulties that are talked of now-a-days. Most houses possess the old quartos, but in case they are not within reach, the notes can be had from the S. P. C. K. in a separate volume. Separate studies on the Gospels can be found in 'A Plain Comment on the Gospels;' Isaac Williams's Commentaries; or Archdeacon Churton's New Testament; and again, in such comments as Horne on the Psalms; A Plain Commentary on the Psalms. Dr. Pusey's 'Minor Prophets;' Archbishop Trench's 'Parables;' Dr. Goulburn's 'Acts of the Deacons,' &c., illustrate parts. Paley's 'Horæ Paulinæ;' Blunt's 'Undesigned Coincidences,' teach much, and confirm the faith without controversy. I have mentioned things new and old without exhausting the store; but the great thing to guard against is the taking up some book of the day, because it is talked about either as controversy or novelty, thinking that because it is about religion it is religious reading. Not to be invidious, I will mention as instances very opposite books: 'The Church and the World;' Dean Stanley's 'Lectures on Jewish History;' and F. Robertson's Sermons; are all engrossing, but they are not to be taken instead of religious reading—they do not *build*. I do not say *never* read them, but not without other reading. Ruskin has said that no woman should learn theology—this is absurdity, for how else should she learn faith? but to throw her sympathies into modern controversies, without strengthening the foundations, or cultivating the more Catholic and universal points, is to become liable to be either a mere narrow partizan, a reed shaken by the wind, or still worse, a mere rootless toy of every blast.

This consummation, a pleasing uncertainty, is what we are in these days taught to think sublime, and the characteristic of a great soul. But look back. Did you ever find a doubter who became a real great man? Frederick the Great is the nearest instance, but his Deism was the mere reaction from his father's tyranny into the fashion of the day, his nature was practical, and he never really gave himself time to feel or sicken over doubt. Joseph II.'s unhappy failures come much nearer the general rule; and the real thinking doubters, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the rest, were mere literary men, great in nothing but intellect, and absolutely small as *doers*. Every real great man, who has done a deed worth doing, has been a believer. Such we verily believe will be found by examining history. No one can act with his feet on a morass. It is the falsest lie with which the power of evil arms his unconscious messengers, that a want of faith (sentimentally lamented) is a sign of grandeur. It is only a sign of conceit, and of fancying oneself wiser than God's own Revelation, and than eighteen centuries of wise, learned, and holy men.

I remain,

(ONE OF THE NARROW-MINDED.)

TRAINING FOR LADY NURSES.

Dear Sir,

A few months-ago there was a question in *The Monthly Packet* from E. C. K., as to whether there were any other means, by which a lady could earn her own livelihood, besides the usual resort of becoming a governess. This question was answered by the information that the Superior and Sisters of St. John's House trained as nurses ladies, whether or not associated with them.

But there is another answer to that question. Those whom God calls to work, not for love only, but for remuneration, have another sphere, and a very large and important one, opened to them by the Nightingale Committee. The nature and extent of the prospects placed before *ladies*, (as well as a lower class,) by this committee, are too little known.

There are many ladies, obliged by circumstances to maintain themselves, and perhaps to assist relatives, who, at thirty or upwards, would prefer a wider field than that of a governess, and a less dependent position; or they may have less natural love for teaching, than for nursing and superintending. To such as these, if they are willing, patiently, to learn their profession, (for, like other branches of learning, it does not come by nature) and if they are found, when trained, to have the requisite qualifications, a variety of responsible and well-salaried situations are now open, in connection with various hospitals and infirmaries; situations where the good that may be done by Christian ladies is incalculable.

Numbers of such appointments are now placed at the disposal of this Committee. The want is for people qualified to fill them. But then—'Ladies don't like to be trained!' It is wonderful the want of thought which exists on this point—as if a woman could undertake hospital management, in which more than in anything else thousands of lives are involved, without having learnt anything about it; any more than a man can undertake, *e. g.* to be professor of Greek without having learnt Greek. The *best will* in the world, the *utmost talent for languages*, indeed, will not do, if he has no teachers in that particular branch. And in the same manner there is a technical and a practical knowledge of nursing, which can only be properly learnt in a large and well-appointed hospital.

There has hitherto been a moderate charge for the year's training; but, at present, the Committee are able to admit a few gentlewomen gratuitously, to study at St. Thomas's Hospital. And should any Probationer shew signs of prospective fitness for the work, the Committee would even be prepared, after a month or two, to allow her a moderate salary during the time of training. The Committee have, at this time, applications from Institutions in want of Superintendants, Matrons, or head nurses—from hospitals in India, and at home; and for a Lady Assistant in a large workhouse infirmary.

Perhaps some of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* may have read, a few weeks since, a touching account of the life and death of Miss Agnes Jones, at the great Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary. She was one thus trained and sent forth, and nobly she did her work. Those who can at all realize what that work was, the way in which she raised the whole tone of the institution by the astonishing influence for good which she had over nurses and paupers alike; the devotion of her whole life and energies to the service of God's poor; and their love to her in return—those, I say, who can realize to themselves the blessedness of such a life as hers, must see that this is a sphere worthy the energies of really superior women, and a most fruitful field of labour.

But then a lady must be willing to be trained for it, as Miss Jones was. The Nightingale Committee do not say, 'The test of your fitness for such a work is to be willing to do it all without pay.' They rather say, 'The test is whether you will

consent to be trained and taught, so as to command the highest pay, and so as to be henceforward a more useful and helpful woman, whether you abide continuously in the profession or not.' For three years after training a lady is expected to accept such posts as she is found qualified for; after that, she is free to do as she likes.

Will our readers make these facts known among such of their acquaintance as may feel the care of the sick and poor more congenial to them than the work of education?

For further information apply to

MRS. WARDROPER,

MATRON, ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL,

NEWINGTON,

SURREY. S.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—E. S. T. R.; F. H. D.; O.

X. Y. Z. wishes to know if any of The Monthly Packet readers can inform the writer for what reason are Hot Cross-buns eaten upon Good Friday, and when and by whom was that custom first introduced.

Maud will be glad to know to what address she can send a manuscript, on approval, for The Monthly Packet.—ANSWER.—6, Paternoster Row.—Also, can anyone tell her of a simple plan of drying flowers so that they retain their colour.

K. A. asks if there is any practical book on teaching a child of two years old the principles of religion.—Madame Neckar de Saussure's is by far the best we know; but it is unfortunately lengthy, as well as being French. Its première age is excellently treated.

The words—

*'What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music.'*

are to be found in Othello, spoken by Emilia after Desdemona's death, in Act V., Scene II., of The Blackfriars Edition, edited by Charles Knight.—M. H. C.

Bessie would be much obliged if any of the Correspondents of The Monthly Packet could inform her who is the author of the following line:—

'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'

A. A. L. would be glad to know where she could get a book with directions for Fret-work, the price, and whether the tools necessary for the work are expensive.—Also, in which of Wordsworth's poems are the lines commencing—

'Had this effulgence disappeared.'

Also, who is the publisher of Mr. J. Dayman's Terza-rima translation of Dante's Divina Commedia, and the price of the work. Also, the publisher and the price of Robert Browning's Poems—not the small collection, but the edition containing The Christmas Eve, King Charles, and King Victor, Lines on Trafalgar, &c., and all his later poems. Please mention the cheapest edition of Browning's Poems.

Pen would be much obliged to anyone who could point out to her a means of obtaining money for charitable purposes. Writing of any kind, translating, or illuminating, Pen would gladly undertake. Also, can any use be made of etchings or coloured architectural sketches?